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THE
MONTHLY PACKET
OF
EVENING READINGS

FOR
Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME III.

PARTS XIII. TO XVIII. JANUARY—JUNE, 1867.



LONDON:

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PRICE 1s.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

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YEAR after year brings on the customary round of changes: the seasonal aspects of outward nature come with their visible reminders; the Church comes with her calls to reflection, her upward pointings, her devout and precious observances; the friends, the relatives, the various people we are accustomed to see, also come, speaking to us as the years pass on, in their own special language—always that, more or less, of change. Those of us who are old, remember the infancy and childhood of some now perhaps parents themselves; then, as time goes on, we observe the whitening heads of those who have lived long as our cotemporaries—the older look about the gesture and movements. Pain and sorrow may have written their records on the aspects of some; in others, it may be that the conquest of an infirmity, or a greater peace in the conscience, may have imparted so fresh and happy a glow to the countenances, that we think and say, our old friends are positively growing younger. Yet, all the while, the wheels do not stand still; and there comes a day when the cheerful engaging old age is brought to a close, and all that remains (besides the inestimable legacy of faith and hope) is a precious store of serene recollections.

Wonderful work of the years! Let us say rather, Wonderful work of Him who rules the years in their infinite variety! There is indeed surpassing comfort in the thought of that over-ruling Hand. And yet it would be untrue to deny, that seeing so dimly as we must while here, we cannot always escape from melancholy thoughts as the changes we have noted make themselves present to us. A feeling of unrest—a certain vanished charm—

‘The tender grace of a day that is dead,
And will never come back to me,’

—haunts the mind. Our long accustomed lights disappear, and other luminaries, perhaps equally bright in themselves, do not seem so to us; at any rate, they are not so SURE.

You, my Reader, who have passed the middle point of life, are perhaps angry with yourself for such feelings. You think it altogether fault of your own, and want to conquer it; but Nature, and it must be said TRUTH also, are too strong for you. Often, if you would talk about a parent or a very dear old friend departed, you can find few, or none, who have in their minds the very image you cherish; the countenance, the manner of speech, the peculiarities, that of course signified little to many at any time, but were all in all to you. Also, when you are opening your old letters, papers, books, can you help looking round with a questioning eye on the few likely to care for these things? No doubt, many people's sensibilities harden as they go on; but there are some hearts which seem to feel deeper yearnings after sympathy every year they live; and when their natures are generous and unselfish, it is pathetic to see the efforts such as these will make to accommodate their own range to that of others. To a certain extent, they are surely right in this. It never will do to let the young see them always bent over the records of the past, insensible or indifferent to the present. Only this we would say—that no amount of complaisance should induce us to part with or smother our accumulated store of high and precious memorials. How often, if so, might we sacrifice the great to the little? If you desire to live a noble spiritual life to the last, never let go THAT, in any form, which you feel has deepened your reverence—has allied itself in your mind with good. The associations you prize, may not always be easy to explain to others. Sometimes they may have a tinge of mere sentiment in them; but for all THAT, look well to the matter before you part with them.

It is happy for us, whether we are among the young or the old, if some one great and good human being has especially peopled our memories with the best of thoughts; if one—either by his books or his life, or both—has taken such hold of our spirits as that it would be a work of positive difficulty to get out of the reach of the influence. And who is there, to whom, at the opening of this year, one name is not specially present? Most of those among us, who have long been our readers—and many many besides—know what the name of KEBLE has been to them—how, from early childhood, it has held a sacred place in their memories—how, through the changes of the year, a voice has been heard in their ears, sounding ‘like minute-bells at night,’ and calling to recollection, adoration, and prayer. Can that voice be less to us now, when the hand that left its mark on so many days and years is mouldering in the grave, and the spirit has entered on the eternal years?

Let it not be thought that we would overlook the mercies of the past year—the comparatively limited ravages of the dreaded disease which has appeared amongst us—also the almost extinction of that which so fatally attacked our flocks and herds. If we dwell briefly on these calls for thankfulness, it is not that they are not remembered. But we try to look at human life as it stands connected with eternity; and in

that point of view, our memory clings with more and more thankfulness to those who have helped us on our way—whose own lives have been a comment on their thoughts, and who stay by us when calamity comes and goes; we pray that they may return to us again and again, (even if our infirmities repel them for a time,) pressing upon us the obligations with which we are but too apt to trifle, and helping to calm our souls in the issues of life or death.

T.

SONNETS FROM THE COLLECTS.

THE EPIPHANY.

EXHORTATION TO THE GREAT AND WISE TO ADORE THE TRUE GOD
WITH ALL GOOD GIFTS.

With earnest hearts and eager steps they came
To Israel's land—the noble and the wise;
For they had seen afar, midst orient skies,
The star whose rays the Saviour's birth proclaim.

On, through the desert, on that mystic flame
In joyful longing fixed their steadfast eyes;
They sought the Light that should on earth arise—
The Hope of man—the 'Prince of Peace' his name.

Whom having found, (as erst by seers foretold)
In Bethlehem born, they bowed with hearts elate,
And worshipped, bringing gifts of purest gold,

And costliest perfume. Thus, ye rich, ye great,
In spirit prostrate, with the wise of old,
With all good gifts, on God the Giver wait.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

A PRAYER FOR FAITH IN GOD'S SAVING MERCY.

LORD, who in wondrous glory didst reveal
Thyself unto thy blest Apostle Paul,
—The Church's foe, the persecuting Saul;—
That so by means of his most fervent zeal,

Through every land thy Cross thy Gospel preaching,
Thou might'st in mercy to Thyself recall
An erring world. Oh, grant that we, and all
Whose ears are opened to his holy teaching,

Through faith in thy redeeming love, may share
 The gift of his most sacred ministration,
 Illumined by the Spirit and the Word :

In toils, in perils, labouring to declare
 Thy truth, thy love, 'till each remotest nation'
 Proclaims how good, how gracious is the Lord !

SOCRATES AND ARISTODEMUS.

FROM THE 'MEMORABILIA' OF XENOPHON.

ARISTODEMUS, Socrates had heard,
 Nor oracles consulted, nor the fire
 Kindled of sacrifice, nor prayers preferred,
 And thus addressed him, once : 'Dost thou admire,
 Aristodemus, any among men
 Pre-eminent in skill ?' 'Yes.' 'Name them, then.'

'For dithyrambic verses, I esteem
 First, Melanippus ; Homer stands alone
 In epics ; Polynètes chief I deem
 Of those who make a hero breathe in stone,
 As Zeuxis does, in painting.' 'Is more skill
 Displayed by those who fashion at their will

'The mimic forms that but *appear* to live,
 Or those who active life infuse with mind ?'
 'By Jove ! the last—if what they seem to *give*
 Is not the play of chance, but was designed.'
 'Which, deem'st thou, does design or chance produce—
 Things, of which clear or hidden is the use ?'

'That which to use subserves, must be designed.'
 'What deem'st thou, then, of Him who first made man ?
 Since for each object senses apt we find
 Prepared ; things visible, the eye to scan ;
 The ear for sounds ; and odours all were waste,
 And flavours, but for sense of smell and taste.

'Shows it not forethought to preserve from pain
 The delicate eyes, that eyelids soft at night
 Close to protect them, and, unclosed again,
 Restore them to their use in morning light ;
 And from cold winds to guard them, too, with care
 The lids are garnished by a fringe of hair ;

'Then for complete protection, over all,
 Lest moisture from the forehead should distil,

—Like frieze or cornice on a well coped wall—
 Projecting eyebrows guard the eye from ill :
 The ears, receptacles of every sound,
 That still receiving never full are found :

'The teeth anterior, for dissection keen
 Of food, which by the double teeth is ground—
 And then, that food may wholesome be and clean,
 The mouth near to the eyes and nostrils found ;
 While all the refuse that could give offence
 Is borne by ducts far from each finer sense ?

'Of organs thus so fit for certain uses,
 Rests then, Aristodemus, on thy mind
 Doubts whether chance the harmony produces
 Or that such means and ends have been designed ?'
 'Not so, by Jove ! reflection these describes
 As works of a Creator good and wise.'

'The parts, Aristodemus, of thy frame
 Component, are of water, air, and earth ;
 But thine *intelligence*—from whence this came
 Canst thou declare ? Owes it to chance its birth ?
 And is there none in all the world beside ?
 Does chance o'er all its order fine preside ?'

'But, Socrates ! we see not, as below,
 Those who perform the works, that here we view.'
 'Nor canst thou see thy mind, which thou dost know
 Directs thy body whatsoe'er it do.
 Such reasoning will empower thee to advance,
 That naught thou dost by will, but all by chance.'

'Tis not, O Socrates ! that I condemn
 The gods—but deem mankind beneath their care ;
 Thought I our worship could avail with them
 Straight would I offer sacrifice and prayer.'
 'How can they look on man as little worth,
 When they to him, of all that walk the earth,

'A form erect have given, whereby he views
 All things above, below him, and around,
 And danger thus more easily eschews ?
 On other animals that walk the ground
 Feet only they bestowed ; on man, the hand
 New power confers new pleasures to command.

'And though all animals a tongue possess,
 Yet only man's is with such cunning wrought
 As by inflections various to express
 Whate'er he wish, of feeling or of thought.
 Nor to the body is their care confined :
 What else that lives, is gifted with a mind

'Of such discourse, fit *them* to recognize
 As authors of the objects great and fair
 That meet his view, where'er he turns his eyes—
 What other race asks of the gods their care?
 In whom, but man, dost thou the art behold
 To ward off thirst and famine, heat and cold,

'Sickness to cure, and vigour to regain,
 Science to learn, and, all he sees or hears
 A memory tenacious to retain?
 Of all that live he as the god appears,
 Superior by the mind within him dwelling
 As other creatures in his form excelling.

'With evidence like this, of care divine,
 When wilt thou think it does to thee extend?'
 'When what I should assume, and what decline,
 Their indications manifest shall send.'
 'Of portents which their will to all declare,
 Art thou alone exempted from thy share?

'Deem'st thou the gods have woven in man's mind
 Persuasion that from them or good or ill
 Is given, and that this instinct was designed
 Not to conduct, but to mislead him still?
 States, nations, ages that most wise appear,
 With worship most devout the gods revere.

'Since, then, the mind within thy frame directs
 Whate'er thy hand performs or wish requires,
 Think that the Mind above, which all inspects,
 Disposes all events as it desires.
 Thine eye some stadia off can objects see—
 The eye of God commands ubiquity;

'Events at Athens, Egypt, Sicily,
 Thine intellect can follow and embrace;
 Believe that His attention can apply
 'To all, whate'er occurs in time and space:
 His presence, power, and care, o'er all presides,
 And them who counsel seek, His wisdom guides.'

By such discourses, Socrates, methought,
 Those who conversed with him not only led
 From vice in public, but his hearers taught
 Even in solitude its stain to dread;
 Since all things to the gods appear in light,
 Obnoxious to their power as obvious to their sight.

March 31, 1864.

ST. AGNES, THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

JANUARY 21st.

BY THE REV. E. MONRO.

THE Virgins of the Church, and especially the early Church, stand out amongst the most prominent of the followers of Jesus Christ—following their blessed Leader, the mother of our Lord; while the vanguard of their advancing procession is composed of many, who, in the present day, have voluntarily forsaken the world and given themselves up to Christ and His poor. Enrolled in that noble catalogue, we find the names of Agnes, Margaret, Agatha, Cecilia, Catharine, and many others whose names are not recorded. And very high has been the praise bestowed in Holy Scripture in various parts, upon those who have thus consecrated their lives to God.

Eminent amongst these stands St. Agnes. If we may say it with all reverence, as St. Stephen the Martyr youth follows next after the King of Martyrs, so does Agnes the Virgin Martyr follow next after in Church story the Queen of Virgins. But not only on this account is her history so remarkable. Her extreme youth, her stainless beauty, her spotless character, her vast wealth, all combine to bring her before our eyes as a most lovely character and bright example.

Her parents were Christians, and were holy people, who had brought up their child in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord.'

Their home was in Rome, though they retired from the Great City to spend part of the summer months in the lovely valley of Tivoli.

It was here that Agnes imbibed her first and earliest lessons from the beauties of nature. The magnificent outline of the surrounding mountains, the deep shadows of the woods which fringed the hill-side, leaning their heavily laden boughs over the delicious stream which wandered through the valley; these were her instructors in the works of God, while the voices of her parents and the priest instructed her in His Word.

In all her wanderings, Agnes was attended by a dog, a noble animal nurtured on the estate, who, like the lion to Una, was her protector and her guardian.

Through glade and grove the lovely girl wandered with her companion, through the livelong Italian day, keeping her hours of devotion, and striving to reach, through the objects of nature, the glories of the eternal world. With one thought she was possessed—that she was the Bride of Christ. Occupied with this imagination, she wandered for hours through her dreamy solitudes; and impassioned with this thought, the world and all its glorious scenes appeared to her as 'a dream that passeth away, and as a post that hasteth by.'

The parents of Agnes, good Christians as they were, could not understand the deep enthusiasm of her character: they bore with her, they loved her, they venerated her; but they could not understand her. One of her most beautiful traits was her undeviating veneration and affection for her parents. And although during her many musings through the valley of Tivoli, her soul was wrought up to all but inspiration with the love of our Blessed Lord, and the expectation of the glory of eternal happiness, she never forgot her domestic duties, or the necessity of attending punctually to the calls of her parents' household.

But the beauty and the wealth of Agnes were already famed, not only in Tivoli but in Rome. Many a noble youth ventured to aspire to her hand in marriage, but had not yet dared approach the holy and devoted girl, of whose charms they had heard so much, if they had not witnessed them; until the son of Symphronius, Prefect of the city of Rome, from his high position and his father's vast authority, ventured to declare his love, and to offer his hand in marriage. The alarmed and modest girl flew to her father, and through him announced to her noble suitor that she was the 'Bride of Christ.' Jewels of priceless value were sent continually to the palace in Tivoli. Entreaties, solicitations, offers of magnificent position in the Imperial City, offers of aggrandizement for her father, came incessantly from the youthful son of the Prefect; but in vain—'the Bride of Christ' was impervious to the allurements of this world.

The son of Symphronius fell sick, and the physician declared that nothing but his union with Agnes would save his life. The fury of the Prefect, his father, can better be imagined than described—that his idolized boy, occupying the high position that he did, should be brought to the verge of the grave by the what appeared to him to be contemptuous indifference of a girl so young—and above all, that girl one of the detested sect of the Christians—was looked upon by Symphronius as a crime of the deepest dye. Solicitations and entreaties had all proved vain; the offers of high rank and splendid position had been rejected unhesitatingly by the Christian virgin. It remained now to be proved what terror and punishment might achieve.

While the storm was brewing, Agnes remained quietly in her father's house, trembling, not from fear of what might come, but because her modest nature shrunk from realizing the possibility that she might be destined to wear the Martyr's Crown; little knowing as yet that she was not only to win it ere long, but to occupy for after ages the honoured place in the Church of the first of Virgin Martyrs, to be an example of tens of thousands, and to be remembered through the years of time, and the boundless ages of eternity. Brightest star of a galaxy of purity and lustre, leader of the long array which was to follow in her heavenward steps.

We are almost inclined, though with deep reverence, to suggest the comparison between that longing, which marked the holy women under

the elder dispensation, to be the mother of the Messiah, until at last the Blessed Virgin in her modesty and humility trembled to accept the tidings from the Archangel, with the yearnings in the early Church, to win the crown of martyrdom, so eagerly sought for by some, while so tremblingly and humbly expected by the first of Virgin Martyrs.

The storm burst, and Agnes was summoned into the presence of the Prefect. He fiercely demanded her reason for rejecting the suit of his son. The maiden stood alone in the midst of the multitude that crowded the court, unprotected and unguarded by any, save her guardian angel and her Saviour. Her answer to the infuriated magistrate was her usual one—‘Sir, I am the Bride of Christ; I can be united to no other.’ The altar was brought forward, the knife was laid upon it, and the victim. She was sternly bidden to offer sacrifice to the heathen gods. ‘I cannot,’ said she, firmly but gently, ‘I cannot; I belong to Christ, how can I worship another? He gave Himself in death for me, how can I forsake Him?’ She made the sign of the Cross upon her brow, and stood calmly but pale before her judges. Many out of the vast multitude pitied her on account of her youth and beauty; scarcely any could withhold admiration at her courage and saintly determination of will. The Prefect, in his fury, ordered her to be exposed to ignominious treatment; those who were the executors of this base design, were struck blind by the interposition of God. Church story tells us that the prayers of St. Agnes restored their sight.

Uninjured by the last cruel effort to disturb the serenity and purity of her soul, she was led forth to immediate execution. The block had been prepared, the executioner waited with his sword, and crowds were already assembled around the scene prepared for death, but which the noble and Christian girl looked upon as her bridal chamber. She walked forth, followed by vast multitudes, joyfully, calmly, and steadfastly, to meet that stroke which was to set her soul eternally free—free from temptation—free from the allurements of the world and wealth—free from the lingering affection of parents, which might have made her hesitate upon ‘The narrow way’—free from the vile solicitations of persecutors and the cruel decrees of earthly judges—free before the Throne of the Lamb—and free for ever in the boundless realms of Heaven. She sung Christian hymns as she went along, and gently laying her head upon the block, it was severed by one blow with the stroke of the sword. She was buried in the *Via Nomentana*, near which she had suffered Martyrdom; and for a long time after, her grave was visited by devout Christians, who were often stoned by the Pagans, who gathered round the receptacle of the relics of the Martyr, which were so long honoured and beloved by the Christians of her own and future generations.

Very sweet and very lovely is the tale of the first Virgin Martyr. Full of high incentive, to those who, being of her condition, give up the world to follow Christ; replete with lofty example, to those who in after days would ‘make ventures for Christ’s sake.’

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXXI.

THE PARLIAMENT OF BATS.

THE *Planta genista* may be viewed in two lights. It is one of the hardiest, firmest plants of the heath; yet, its brilliant blossom is so frail and fleeting, that a rough blast shakes it from the stem, and leaves no remnant behind. The family who bore the broom flower as their badge, and latterly called themselves after its name, partook of both characteristics, and widely, as individuals, differed; but they always followed one or the other type.

The firm daring nature appeared in Edward I. and his grandson of Windsor, and in the two Henrys—the Fourth and Fifth; the feeble frail brightness, in Henry of Winchester, Edward of Carnarvon, Richard of Bordeaux, and Henry of Windsor; and around these recurring royal characters, there are branches of the same stem, still shewing the same repeated resemblances.

Thus there is a curious, almost confusing, likeness between the sons of Edward III. and Henry IV. In each family the warlike first-born left a feeble heir; the second, entitled Clarence, died sonless still earlier; the third, named John, was his nephew's best support; the youngest, bearing the title of Gloucester, was turbulent and mischievous, and perished mysteriously. The advantage in ability and force of character was on the side of the younger generation: Henry V. was a man of greater talent, wider views, and more beneficence, than the Black Prince; Thomas of Clarence was far superior to Lionel; John of Bedford infinitely surpassed his grandfather of Gaunt in disinterestedness and ability; and even Humfrey of Gloucester was cleverer, stronger, and braver, than his prototype, Thomas. He had considerable talent, and such popular manners as won him the appellation of 'the Good Duke Humfrey,'—a title which has adhered to him, and done him great service with historians and with Shakespeare, in after years—as with the people in his life-time. He had considerable learning, collected books, sought deep into science, and was the patron of the first book on heraldry, the work of Sir Nicholas Upton.

But a blight seemed to be on all the children of Henry IV., however nobly endowed. The daughters did not escape it. Blanche, the beautiful eldest daughter, was married to the heir of the Emperor, Rupert Count Palatine of the Rhine, and was exceedingly admired and beloved, but she died in her eighteenth year, at the birth of her son; and her sister Philippa, for whose wedding we saw Whittington providing part of the wardrobe, had a far sadder fate.

Her husband, Eric, was the son of the Semiramis of the North, who had united the three Scandinavian kingdoms. As long as the great

Margaret lived, Philippa was valued for her noble qualities; but on the elder queen's death, in 1412, she became exposed to the brutality of her half-crazed tyrannical husband. For a time, she endeavoured to influence him for good, and she was passionately beloved by his subjects. Their poets wrote of the gentleness that restrained his harshness, and called her his guardian angel; but he continually became more savage and licentious, and was so passionate, that when a papal letter was brought him, the contents of which displeased him, he flung it into the face of the messenger, commanded him literally to eat it, and, failing to force him to swallow it, threw him into prison.

Philippa was fourteen when she was given to this wretch in 1406, and she had been seventeen years a childless wife, when—to the universal relief of the three kingdoms—he set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, leaving her the regency. She ruled like the sister of Henry V.—purified the coinage, put down all the many libellous songs circulating against her husband, some of which accused him, among many veritable crimes, of preventing the herrings from coming to the coast of Denmark; and she had brought back respect for the royal authority by the time her husband returned. He had run great perils; for while travelling through Turkey, in disguise, he was recognized, and forced to buy his safety with all the money and jewels he carried with him.

Soon after his return, the Holsteiners made a sudden attack on Copenhagen, while he was visiting the Monastery of Sora. The brave Philippa rose at once to the occasion, and girding on a sword, placed herself at the head of the citizens, and directed their defence so that the enemy were beaten off in confusion and disgrace.

She presided at a brilliant Easter festival, full of rejoicing and thanksgiving, and was completely the heroine of Denmark. The next year, fired by her newly acquired martial ardour, and by the example of her brothers, she hoped to secure a welcome surprise for her husband by fitting out, in his absence, a fleet and army to besiege and take Stralsund; but she did not herself accompany it, having, at last, in the twenty-third year of her marriage, the long delayed hope of offspring. Alas! the expedition was a total failure; storms damaged the fleet, the Holsteiners attacked them, and took forty ships with three hundred men; and other disasters happening at the same time, the brutal king was enraged to such a degree, that he not only reproached his wife with savage fury, but absolutely beat her severely. A terrible illness ensued, her child was born dead, and she only recovered enough to be carried to the Convent of Wadstena, where she devoted herself to religious exercises; but the consumptive tendency that all the family had inherited from their mother, Mary Bohun, shewed itself, and in less than a year, she died on the 5th of January, 1480; her husband bitterly reproaching himself for his ungoverned passion.

She was one of the most brilliant of this noble but short-lived family. Another off-shoot of the House of Lancaster was, at this time, visiting

England, Pedro Duke of Coimbra, the second of another band of five brothers, who bore a sort of likeness, in character and fate, to their uncles and cousins. They were the sons of Joao, once Master of Avia, and of Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, who had reigned in Portugal ever since the Battle of Aljubarota. The five brave youths, in 1415, stood round the death-bed of their excellent mother, and each received from her a sword, while she charged them to use it in defence of the widow, the orphan, and above all, of the true Faith. Then, with their father, they set out to win their spurs on the battle-field, and well deserved their knighthood by the valour that conquered Ceuta from the Moors. Two years after, in 1417, Henry V. sent the Order of the Garter to Pedro, the second brother, who, after having, with his brother Henrique, saved Ceuta from another attack of the Moors, set out on a sort of knight-errant expedition by land, while Henrique did the same by sea.

Don Henrique of Portugal, Duke of Viseu, was, in fact, one of the greatest men of the time; he was a profound mathematician and astronomer; had an observatory at Cape St. Vincent, and directed the first efforts in naval discovery, sending out the expedition which first found the Island of Madeira, and prepared the way for Columbus. But while Henrique sought new lands to the West, Pedro's heart turned back to the old lands of the East, and his journey was a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and even, it is said, he went to Babylon, and was well received by the Sultan. In 1425, he came to England, and there saw a scene of dissension that was, unhappily, in after-years, to be copied in his native land.

In 1433, his father died; and Duarte, the Black Prince or Henry V. of the family, succeeded, and—like them—shewed himself a brave, true-hearted, but short-lived warrior. He was far less fortunate than they were, for his expedition to Africa resulted in a miserable lost battle, and the capture of his youngest brother, Fernando, that noble youth who, from his steady refusal to let himself be ransomed by the surrender of the city of Ceuta, earned for himself a martyr's death, and the title of the Constant Prince.

Duarte, while striving to collect an army for his deliverance, caught the plague, and died in his thirty-eighth year in 1438; leaving a six years old son named Alfonso, and three brothers, to repeat the storms that had raged round Henry VI. in England. Wise Henrique's influence placed the regency in Pedro's hands; and he gave his young nephew an excellent education, and governed with great wisdom, till, at fourteen, the young king was declared to be fit to rule, and was married to Pedro's daughter. Joao, the youngest brother, died; and an illegitimate brother, who had lately been created Duke of Bragança, stirred up a great division in the family, and at last persuaded the young king to believe the admirable Pedro guilty of having poisoned his brother! In 1449, he was driven to take up arms, after having first confessed, and heard High Mass, at the Abbey of Batalha; but, in the first battle, he was slain by an arrow, and his nephew would not allow his corpse to be buried. However, some peasants secretly interred it; and all Europe rang with

indignation ; the Pope tore up young Alfonso's letters without reading them, and Pedro's memory was completely vindicated ; even the king repented, after a long lapse of years, and caused his uncle's corpse to be laid in his own tomb at Batalha.

Little thought Pedro that he was seeing a rehearsal of his own difficulties and struggles, when he was gallantly welcomed by the Regency in England, on his arrival there, in 1425. The foremost person then at home, was Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, who was carrying on the government while Humfrey of Gloucester was gone on his expedition to obtain Jaqueline's duchy of Hainault. Beaufort was Chancellor again ; and, whether from his own character, from the growing dislike to political clergy, or from the insinuations of Gloucester, he was extremely unpopular, and was universally regarded as covetous, rapacious, and ambitious—the type of the violent and licentious ecclesiastic of high birth.

Ambitious, no doubt, he was, and probably he would have made a better knight than priest ; but for his attention to secular matters he had the precedent of his almost sainted predecessor, William of Wykeham ; and as a prince of the blood royal, he, no doubt, thought it his duty to withstand the imprudence of Humfrey of Gloucester. The report of his covetousness arose from his possession of very large revenues, and the frugality of his personal expenses ; and no account was made of the enormous sums that he advanced to support, first, the wars of the late king, and then of the regency ; besides which, he was completing Wykeham's work at Winchester Cathedral, repairing Hyde Abbey, Alfred's foundation, and almost renewing the Hospital of St. Cross, the foundation of his namesake and predecessor, Henry de Blois, King Stephen's brother, and a prince-bishop of much the same reputation as Henry Beaufort himself. He rebuilt the whole hospital, excepting the exquisite Norman church, which he had the good taste to leave almost untouched—save for the tower that he added. But he built the gateway, with a chamber above it, still called by his name ; and formed the quadrangle, with a simple cloister on one side, supported by wooden posts, and with a large airy fair chamber above, for the accommodation of the sick, with windows opening on the downs, and another window communicating with the south transept of the church, so that the sick could hear Mass from their beds. Three hospital nuns were endowed to nurse them, and the maintenance of thirty-five brethren, and two chaplains, was further provided at his expense.

This green retreat was the Bishop's favourite resting-place, when he could escape from the turmoils of the court and city. He probably was devoid of that conciliating manner, that gained the hearts of all to the Duke of Gloucester.

On Humfrey's departure for Hainault, Beaufort gave the custody of the Tower of London to Sir Richard Wydvile, with orders that he was to admit no one 'greater than himself ;' and when, in 1425, Gloucester

deserted Jaqueline, on finding that his brother, Bedford, would not break with Burgundy on her account, and came home with his new love, Eleanor Cobham, he found the gates of the Tower closed against him. Attributing his exclusion to the malice of his uncle, Beaufort, he went off to the Lord Mayor, and obtained from him that the gates of the City should be closed, and that he himself should be attended by a guard of five hundred men—without whom, he pretended, he could not safely visit the little King, his nephew, at Eltham.

When, however, the next day, the 30th of October, he would have set forth on this visit, he found London Bridge crowded by Beaufort's retainers, who had blockaded the road, filled the houses with archers, and loudly protested that if my Lord Bishop was shut out of the City, my Lord Duke should be shut into it.

Archbishop Chicheley called the Duke of Coimbra to his aid, in the endeavour to reconcile the uncle and nephew, without bloodshed; and together they made eight expeditions to and fro, between Beaufort and Gloucester, before they could be persuaded to lay down their arms, and wait for the return of Bedford to decide between them.

Beaufort wrote that very evening to Bedford the following letter:—

I recommend me unto you with all my heart; and as ye desire the welfare of the King our Sovereign Lord, and of his realms of England and France, and your own health and ours also, so haste ye hither; for by my troth, an ye tarry, we shall put this land in jeopardy with a field; such a brother as ye have here. God make him a good man! For your wisdom knoweth that the profit of France standeth in the welfare of England. Written in great haste on All Hallow Even, by your true Servant unto my lives end,

HEN. WINSTON.

Bedford could ill be spared from France, but the crisis was too great for him not to obey the summons at once; and he instantly set forth, travelling with so much speed, that he was in England by the 20th of December. He marked his displeasure with his brother, by riding into London with Beaufort at his side; and when the citizens presented him with two basons, of silver gilt, containing one thousand marks, he scarcely vouchsafed a word of thanks to these fosterers of Humfrey's presumption. Nor would he summon the Parliament to meet so near London as Westminster, but convened it, for February, 1426, at Leicester—as among more impartial spectators—and gave strict commands that no one should appear there with weapons of any kind.

The last Parliament had been a very grand one. The little King had been brought to its opening, on his mother's lap, on a tall white horse. Gloucester, and Exeter had led him to the choir of St. Paul's, where he had been made to kneel before the high altar, 'looking gravely and sadly about him.' He was then refreshed with food at Westminster Palace, and was taken to the House of Lords, where, instead of the present speech from the throne, the Chancellor preached a sermon on the text—'Glory, honour, and peace, to every man that worketh good;' and after

inculcating obedience even to imperfect councillors, described a real good councillor, by whom he was thought to intend himself, as resembling an elephant for three properties—‘the first, that he wanted a gall; the second, that he was inflexible and could not bow; and the third, that he was of a most sound and perfect memory.’

After this edifying discourse, the little King was taken, on a fair white horse, to his manor at Kennington; and thence was several times carried to Parliament, the people crowding round his horse to bless him all the way thither. The Queen sat on her throne, and he sat on her lap; and he was formally made over to the care of a governess, Dame Alice Boteler, with orders, as from himself, ‘from time to time reasonably to chastise us, as the case may require;’ and many little nobles, from among his subjects, were brought to the palace to grow up in companionship with him.

He was again taken to the Parliament of 1426, that the presence of the five years old sovereign might impress respect on the stormy meeting. It was called the Parliament of Bats; for the retainers of the nobles made up for not being allowed to bring their swords and daggers, by carrying clubs, or bats, over their shoulders; and when this was forbidden, they hid stones and plummets of lead in their sleeves; but Bedford’s wisdom seems to have prevented any actual conflict from taking place.

The Duke of Gloucester absolutely refused to come to Leicester; and it was necessary to send a deputation to him at Northampton, to assure him that violence was impossible, and that, if he had any accusation to make against Bishop Beaufort, he must make it in person, and in due form of law, if he expected any proceedings to be taken in consequence.

Still, Humfrey remained sullen, and Bedford was obliged to send him a royal order to appear in his place in Parliament; and so he did, but with an impeachment against his uncle, not merely for shutting him out of the Tower, and into the City of London—but for having attempted the life of the late king, when Prince of Wales, and having instigated him to take the throne from his father. These two most inconsistent and improbable stories, Humfrey professed to have derived from a witness who could not be appealed to—namely, his brother Henry; and nobody seems to have believed a word of either.

Beaufort proved, temperately, point by point, that he had good cause for the personal offences that had so angered his nephew; and as to the other two outrageous charges, the confidence and the employments with which King Henry had honoured him were, he said, quite sufficient reply.

Bedford and the nobles swore to judge impartially, and took three days to conduct the trial—of which, unfortunately, there is no record; but at the end of that time, the Duke and Bishop were persuaded to put their cause into the hands of the Archbishop, and eight other arbitrators. These wrought with them, so that, on the 12th of March, when the little King was placed on his throne, Beaufort standing before him solemnly declared his own innocence; and Bedford truly replied for the unconscious little fellow, that the King’s grace had no doubt of it. Then

Beaufort turned to Gloucester, and protested that he had never intended any injury to him, or to his greatness; and Gloucester made the very cold compulsory answer—'Fair Uncle, since you so declare you such a man as you say, I am right glad that it is so, and for such I take you.'

Then they shook hands before all the Lords: but Beaufort seems to have resolved to leave Humfrey to himself, for the next day, he laid down the Great Seal and asked leave to travel, but he remained in England as long as the Duke of Bedford did; and John—a much harassed man—found that he could scarcely be spared from either kingdom. Queen Catherine, who her true knight had fondly believed would be the most desolate creature on earth, seems to have ceased to pay attention to her son. Her name appears no more on state occasions; and the child was entirely left to Dame Alice Boteler and the Earl of Warwick. The truth was, that Catherine had given away her heart and hand to one of the private gentlemen of her son's establishment, Owen ap Meredith ap Tudor—a Welsh gentleman, who claimed to be descended from one of the many Welsh princes, by name Theodore. His father had been a follower of Owen Glendwyr, from whom he had received his Christian name; and he himself had been among the brave Welshmen who fought so gallantly under David Gam, at Agincourt. Henry V. had made him squire of the body to himself, and he continued in the same office to the infant Henry VI. While dancing before the little King and his mother, at Windsor, Owen contrived to overbalance himself, and fell down, with his head in the Queen's lap. Catherine's manner of apologizing for him was so strange as to startle her ladies; and when they saw her continuing to give him every token of favour, they remonstrated with her, and said—among other objections—that Master Tudor was not even an Englishman, but belonged to a barbarous race of savages, beneath even an English yeoman.

Of course the Queen told her lover; and he, in reply, declared himself a descendant of Arthur, Brute, Priam, and immeasurably more royal than were such mushroom kings as the Valois or the Plantagenet; and to show how noble looking were his kindred, he brought her two handsome cousins of his from the guard, John ap Meredith and Howel ap Llewellyn, to whom the Queen tried to talk in all the languages she knew, but finding they could answer her in none, she pronounced them the goodliest dumb creatures she had ever beheld.

But one of the many troubles prepared for Bedford, in this brief visit to England, was to find his noble brother's widow absolutely married to this 'clerk of her wardrobe,' the highest position Owen ever acquired. When or where the marriage had taken place, is unknown, but Humfrey seems to have been already convinced of it; and Bedford appears to have decided that the scandal would be least felt, if—without making known the private marriage, or attempting to separate Catherine from her husband—he merely set her aside from all public functions, and removed her son from her influence. With Catherine's mother before

his eyes, he was probably thankful that it was no worse. But an Act of Parliament laid heavy penalties upon any bold man who, in future, should marry any royal lady, without permission from the King.

Preparations were making for John of Bedford to return to his French regency—when, behold, it was reported to him that Humfrey of Gloucester had been saying, ‘Let my brother govern as him lusteth, whiles he is in this land. After his going over into France, I woll govern as me seemeth good.’

Upon this, Bedford, the upright and honest, subjected himself to an almost humiliating ceremony, in order that, by placing himself on an equality with his turbulent younger brother, he might cause him to be reminded of his duty. On the 29th of January, 1426, the nobles of the Council of Regency summoned both the royal Dukes to the Star Chamber, to be admonished. Bedford appeared, but Gloucester did not come, being confined to his ‘inne’ by sickness, which probably was not feigned; for all the children of Mary Bohun inherited her consumptive tendency; and though both Henry and John preserved health and activity until their brief final illnesses, by means of a temperate hardy life, Humfrey, the only dissolute member of the family, was continually in bad health.

Though Bedford was alone, the Chancellor, John Kempe, made him a speech setting forth that the young King, the true lord and master of England, was entitled to the obedience of all his subjects of whatever degree; and that, he being represented by the Council appointed by Parliament, no ‘one person might, or ought to, ascribe to himself the said rule and government.’

To this Bedford cheerfully agreed, and signed a declaration fully and freely setting forth his determination to be as entirely ruled by the united Lords in council, and to obey them, ‘as lowly as the least and poorest of his subjects;’ and he confirmed this by a solemn oath.

The Lords then proceeded to Humfrey’s inn, where the Chancellor read to him the very same exhortation, and he found himself obliged to follow his brother’s example; but he made the declaration, which he signed, as brief and grudging as possible; and he took no oath of obedience.

With this scanty concession, Bedford was forced to leave the affairs of England, for his presence was greatly needed in France. He is a man for whom one cannot but feel much respect and compassion; his purpose seems to have been always so pure and high, in the endeavour to carry out faithfully the intentions of his gallant brother, without one sign of selfish aim, of personal ambition or jealousy, or violated faith; and in spite of all his wisdom and forbearance, he was so cruelly thwarted by all who surrounded him—one failing him after another—until he was absolutely harassed to death. His portrait—in the most exquisite illuminated Prayer-book, which he caused to be written and painted as a choice gift to his little nephew—shews his keen aquiline face, worn, thin, and weary, as one who had more than all the cares of royalty in two kingdoms at once—and none of the compensations in either.

(To be continued.)

MARLBOROUGH AND HIS TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

THE object of the following pages is, whilst bringing out into clear relief the life of an individual renowned in the annals of our history, at the same time by this very means to impress the circumstances of one of the greatest contests in which England was ever engaged, upon the attention of the reader; that contest is the War of Succession, and that individual is Marlborough. For by connecting an individual's life with the great events occurring at the time, and in which he has principally figured, we are able to grasp in our memory with greater accuracy and clearness the events themselves, and so to gain a more definite notion of the epoch during which the individual flourished.

John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was born at Ash, in the county of Dorset, on June 24th, 1650. His father, Winston Churchill, afterwards made a knight, was of an old Devonshire family, who had suffered much for the Royal cause during the Great Rebellion. His mother was descended from a relation of Sir Francis Drake, the famous English Admiral, and was staying at Ash, where her father's house was situated, when the birth of Marlborough occurred.

His father at first educated him at home, assisted by a neighbouring clergyman, from whom he imbibed a strong attachment to the English Church, and a sense of religion which never entirely deserted him through life. He was afterwards sent to St. Paul's School in London, to finish his education. His family, owing to their staunch adherence to the royal cause, had been early brought into favour in the days of Charles the Second; and both John and Arabella his sister entered the service of James Duke of York, the one as page, the other as maid-of-honour to the Duchess.

At sixteen John received a commission in the Foot Guards, and being remarkably handsome and most winning in his manners, he captivated all with whom he came in contact. This was six years after the Restoration of King Charles the Second.

In the year 1672, when twenty-two years of age, he served under the Duke of Monmouth in the war between Holland and France, the Duke's forces forming a contingent under the command of Turenne and Condé, the great French generals.

Thus young Churchill learnt under Turenne, one of the greatest generals of the age, the art of war as carried on in those days; learnt at the hand of a Frenchman those military tactics with which in after years he was enabled to shake the throne of Louis the Fourteenth, then the most powerful monarch in Europe.

The next two years he continued to serve under Turenne at the sieges of Nimeguen and Maestricht; at the former he signalized himself for his indomitable courage in taking a post of considerable difficulty, receiving the highest commendation from Turenne himself. At Maestricht he likewise behaved very gallantly, and was, at the personal request of Louis, made the Colonel of an English regiment, the commission being given him by King Louis himself, who publicly expressed his thanks for the services he had rendered.

In 1675 he was engaged to be married to Sarah Jennings, afterwards the most remarkable woman of her age, the great Duchess of Marlborough! Attracted by her extreme beauty and grace, he soon won the young girl's heart, and urged on his suit with all the vigour of ardent love; and though in a worldly point of view it was deemed a most undesirable match, yet he prevailed in the end. •

Many were the love scenes between these two. At one time Sarah treated him coldly; at another, overwhelmed by his chivalrous love, by his yielding and beseeching earnestness, she warmed towards her lover.

But as there was no money in the lady's case, Sir Winston Churchill strongly objected to the alliance. Piqued at the conduct of her lover, Sarah on one occasion requested him 'to give up an attachment which might injure his prospects.' But though true love never runs smoothly, yet in the end it generally succeeds; and all difficulties succumbed to his great attachment—an attachment which lasted throughout his whole life as a golden link between them till the hour of his death. Truly, the sentiment expressed by William regarding him was correct, that 'to the coolest head he united the warmest heart.'

In 1678 they were married at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and began that remarkable career which affected the fate of nations throughout the length and breadth of Europe. His young bride was immediately attached to the suite of Mary d'Esté, the lovely Duchess of York; whilst Churchill received an appointment in the Duke's household, and soon afterwards was despatched to the Prince of Orange to arrange military operations against the French, in consequence of a misunderstanding between Charles and the French monarch; but the affair was brought to an amicable arrangement through the concessions made on Louis' part, owing to the prompt measures adopted by Charles. The religious and political views entertained by James forced him at this period to retire from Court, to the Hague and Brussels. Thither Churchill accompanied him; and, during the three following years we find him in constant attendance on the Duke in Scotland, where in 1679 James finally resided, in consequence of the popular outcry raised against him.

~~It was not till~~ the year 1682 that James was permitted to return to England, where he arrived, still attended by Colonel Churchill. On his passage home, the vessel in which they both sailed was wrecked, and all lives lost with the exception of those who were fortunate enough to accompany James in a boat, which effected a landing. Churchill was

requested by James to leap into the boat to save his life. Complying with his royal master's entreaty, the future hero of some of England's greatest victories was most providentially spared, and reached the land in safety.

Once during the above period he was commissioned to superintend a treaty of alliance between Charles and Louis of France : and in 1682 was created, upon the Duke's return from Scotland, a Baron of that country, under the title of Baron Churchill ; the Colonelcy of the gallant regiment of Horse Guards, which at this period was first formed, being offered to and accepted by him.

And now began that intimate friendship which subsisted for so many years between his wife and the Princess Anne, daughter of James, lately married to Prince George of Denmark ; a friendship of the most sincere and intimate character ; but which, owing to the arrogant behaviour of Lady Churchill, when launched on the sea of prosperity, finally ceased, and was exchanged for a lamentable hostility and a biting acrimony, which embittered the peace and happiness of both.

Sarah Lady Churchill was at the Princess's request accustomed to address her royal friend by the name of 'Morley,' and the latter to call Lady Churchill 'Mrs. Freeman,' her husband ever afterwards being designated 'Mr. Freeman,' this proving of itself the intimacy and ease which existed between the Churchills and their future Sovereign.

It was at this period of Churchill's life that his two elder children were born—Henrietta and Anne. The affectionate regard entertained towards them by their father is remarkably illustrated by his letters to his wife concerning them ; in fact, he enjoyed the greatest happiness in his domestic life.

From 1685 to 1688 we find the husband and wife in great favour with James, now King of England. Churchill was firmly attached to the Church of England, and in this differed widely and conscientiously from his master. With his religious opinions James had promised not to interfere, and therefore their connection was not for some considerable time in any way injured by serious differences of views regarding this all-important question.

He was favoured still more by James when king than he had been even before the accession of that monarch—created a Baron of England, and shortly afterwards, appointed to command under Feversham, he frustrated the attempt made upon the established government by the Duke of Monmouth.

Ever since the failure of the Rye House Plot, set on foot by the worst portion of that faction, who desired in the interests of the Liberal party to coerce the King's authority, Monmouth had resided abroad. He and Lord William Russell had both been implicated in the general views of those who had desired to effect a revolution in the government ; the one was executed, the other exiled to Holland. Weak though affectionate in disposition, Monmouth was too easily persuaded by wicked and designing men to undertake the invasion of England.

Landing at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, a body of fifteen hundred Somersetshire rustics gathered round his standard. Churchill was quickly in the vicinity, and took up his station at the village of Chard, at the head of a considerable force, with which he continued to harass the movements of Monmouth's army. After considerable marching and counter-marching in the neighbourhood of Taunton and Bridgewater, Monmouth ventured to attack the Royal troops at the latter place.

At one o'clock at night, on a marshy plain called Sedgemoor, a fierce engagement took place; but owing to the vigilance of Churchill, the attempt was signally frustrated, the insurgents cut to pieces, and Monmouth himself captured, tried, and executed.

To Churchill were due all the honours of the last battle ever fought on English ground.

It is impossible to study the history of this period without perceiving the infatuation with which James was afflicted. Never did a king ascend the throne of England with a better prospect of his authority being respected and his political principles duly appreciated, and never did a king more entirely disappoint the public hopes. The failure of the Rye House Plot, the offspring of the heated imagination of some rebellious Whigs, the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion, promoted by some of the same party, had the effect—the one, of discountenancing Whig principles: the other, of proving the powers with which he wielded the royal sceptre. In fact, at James's accession to the throne and after Monmouth's rebellion, the general and prevailing policy was so thoroughly of a Tory character, that the very name of Whig was only employed as a term of derision; and yet in three short years the unpardonable misgovernment of the Sovereign both in political and ecclesiastical matters, brought down destruction upon himself, and a total revulsion in public feeling.

The course which James saw fit to pursue, both in civil and ecclesiastical matters, was arbitrary and impolitic in the extreme. He stretched the prerogative and authority of the Crown beyond the limits of the plainest law, and yet imagined the country would tolerate his conduct.

As the extreme of Liberalism and popular government had lately flourished under Cromwell, so now James went to the other extreme of absolutism and monarchical authority, advancing at the same time the interests of the Church of Rome in every way he could. To instance a few particulars:—at his coronation, the Bible, which is usually placed in the Sovereign's hand, given with an injunction to prize it beyond all other books, was never given at all. Shortly after his accession, High Mass, which had been discontinued for more than a century, was celebrated in Westminster Abbey. He forced Magdalen College at Oxford to receive a Roman Catholic head, whilst Cambridge was compelled to confer a degree upon a Benedictine monk. He desired the 'Habeas Corpus' and 'Test' Acts to be annulled. The last act had been passed to exclude Roman Catholics from any office in the government or army; and the

desire to rescind it appeared in the case of James (himself a Roman Catholic) highly significant! and when Parliament proved refractory and would not obey his injunctions, he exercised the prerogative of the Crown in issuing a dispensation, whereby Romanists escaped the penalty attached to the infringement of the law. The Bishops were ordered to publish the King's dispensation in all the churches of the land; but seven, amongst whom were Kenn and Sancroft, refusing to comply with this command, were sent to the Tower. Such were some of those acts which led the way to the ruin of James and the exclusion of the Stuart dynasty from their legitimate rights.

The love of the old Cavalier and more modern Tory languished and sickened under dangers of this momentous character. They loved their King, but they loved their Church as well; and yet how were they to act consistently when the King and the Church were opposed to each other? It was in this manner that doubts and misgivings arose in the minds of men; and the great Tory party, which but an instant before seemed so strong and united, began to be rent asunder by the conflicting elements of Church and State.

To this party, however, had Churchill been ever attached. In religious and political principles he had followed in the steps of his father Sir Winston, espousing the cause of Church and King. Every association of his life had been connected with those who professed the divine right of kings, and were ardently attached to the Church. In his early days, when Cromwell ruled at Whitehall, he probably remembered his father driven an exile from his home in consequence of his political views. His young mind must have been nurtured in those doctrines and principles which he now professed to love. Every sentiment of gratitude and affection bound him still closer to his royal master, and to the side of legitimate rule.

His early friendships had been formed with those who through good and bad report had adhered to the Royal cause. His most intimate friend, Sydney Godolphin, had been a page at Whitehall, whilst he had himself held the same office in the Duke of York's establishment; and their friendship and regard for each other lasted through life. It was therefore with bitterness of spirit that Churchill now watched the progress of events; yet nothing can ever obliterate the ingratitude of one who, owing all his worldly position to an ever kind and generous master, betrays him in his utmost need, and reaps earthly advantage as the reward of his perfidy!

The two years which intervene between 1685 and 1687 reveal nothing of importance in the life of Churchill; but events were hastening to a climax.

It was the summer 1687, the King was staying in the city of Winchester, at the present old Deanery in the Close, Lord Churchill being with him; and as they were walking in the garden a remarkable conversation ensued. The King had touched in the Cathedral several

persons for the evil, and this gave rise to the remarks which ensued between them.

'Well, Churchill,' says the King, 'what do my subjects say about this ceremony of touching in the Church?'

'Truly,' answered the other, 'they do not approve it, and it is the general opinion that your Majesty is paving the way for the introduction of Popery.'

'How!' cried the King; 'have I not given my royal word, and will they not believe their King? I have given liberty of conscience to others; most certainly I will not be abridged of that liberty myself.'

Some further remarks ensuing, he again exclaimed—

'I tell you, Churchill, I will exercise my own religion in such a manner as I think fitting.' And afterwards they dined at the Deanery, and the poor Dean had to stand behind the King's chair all the while, and hear James discuss 'passive obedience.'

Before and after this little incident, Churchill had been and was now in communication with William Prince of Orange, who had married Mary, James's eldest daughter, and was moreover himself a grandson of Charles the First. William held what had virtually become hereditary in his family, the office of Stadtholder, or chief magistrate of the Dutch Republic, and represented more than any man then living the popular and Liberal element of government; consequently, he had already become the barrier to that despotic and overbearing power which Louis at this time exercised so largely over many nations of Europe. He was also the confident and ally of all those who, desirous of promoting liberty in their country, sought in him a leader and counsellor.

It is quite impossible to describe the state of popular feeling at the period of William's invasion of England. Every sense of right and fair play had been signally violated by the misconduct of the King—every class in his dominions were incensed at his unreasonable and dangerous policy regarding both civil and ecclesiastical matters.

The very day that an outrage upon public feeling had been committed by the trial of the Bishops in the Court of King's Bench, overtures were being made to William respecting his immediate interference in the public affairs of Great Britain. From the highest to the lowest, from the palace to the cottage, amongst the rich as well as poor, whether Tory or Whig, was discontent prevailing to an alarming extent.

In the midst of this turmoil in the public mind, the birth of a Prince of Wales added to the national alarm; no hope now existed of these evils ceasing with the life of James; for the succession of his son would, according to the general notion, continue the danger of mis-government. As long as there was the expectation of his daughter Mary ascending the throne, a remedy was near at hand; but now this hope was destroyed.

William's eagle eye scanned accurately enough the condition of things, and seized the brilliant opportunity offered to his acceptance. The Stadtholder of Holland had been born and bred up with one great and

absorbing desire, which fired his naturally phlegmatic spirit with almost a superhuman energy. The great motive which had actuated his life from the earliest days of his recollection, had been an intense longing to humble to the very dust the power of Louis the Fourteenth. Never were two princes, who have exercised any influence upon public affairs, so diametrically opposite to each other. The one was the upholder of European liberties; the other the proud despot, whose influence had been exercised in crushing those liberties, and ruling with an iron hand the kingdoms which had succumbed to his power.

By the invasion of England, and ascending the British throne, William instinctively perceived that his great object in life would be promoted, and probably accomplished. In fact, he was correct in his conclusions, as the event clearly and undoubtedly proves.

Early in November, William having obtained the co-operation of a considerable force from the reluctant States General, and surrounded by those English gentlemen who more directly favoured the enterprise, set sail from the Hague. On the flag which floated at the mast-head of his vessel were inscribed the following remarkable words, indicative of his general sentiments and of the object of this vast expedition—'I will maintain the liberties of England and the Protestant religion.'

Never since the days of the Spanish Armada had there been witnessed such a spectacle as this! Six hundred vessels steered their unmolested course down the Channel, accompanying the hero of Nassau; a gentle breeze propelled this mighty armament along the Straits of Dover, multitudes from either shore of England and France (so says the historian) watched its magnificent progress with feelings of intense and unutterable interest. In fact, it was an epoch in the world's history; and though the expedition was iniquitous in many respects, yet as good is often permitted by Divine Providence to come out of evil, so no doubt the glorious constitution of our native land is greatly indebted to the work which that expedition effected.

William landed at Torbay, on the 5th of November, 1688, and established his head quarters at the ancient city of Exeter. Thither many gentlemen, after a delay of a few days, resorted. The first of whom was Lord Cornbury, the eldest son of Clarendon. Oh! where was the loyalty of his noble ancestor, who effected such wonders on behalf of the nation!

It was, however, a bloodless invasion; several regiments of English troops joined the expedition, whom William immediately had the wisdom to employ as his advance guard, avoiding thereby the jealousy which might otherwise have been excited by the presence of the Dutch contingent.

From Exeter the Prince advanced upon Axminster. Every day fresh recruits augmented his army; in the north, in the east, in the Midland Counties, the nation was rising; rising not so much to assist William as to support the cause which he professed to have at heart.

And now, trembling in his palace, the Sovereign of England was perplexed and amazed—perplexed as to what course he should pursue—

amazed at the universal treachery around him. But yet, like the ancestors of his royal race, he finally determined to meet his enemy in the field. Five thousand men were placed under the command of Lord Churchill, who was at the same time appointed Lieutenant-General in the army, and entrusted with the grave responsibility of arresting the progress of the Dutchman.

To Salisbury, therefore, James, accompanied by Feversham and Churchill, hastened. There, late at night, in the Bishop's old palace, situated beneath the shadow of England's most beautiful spire, sat a council of war. James, surrounded by his officers, ruminated over the plans of defence. Feversham already had informed him of Churchill's hesitating and mysterious conduct, and hinted at the suspicions which had crossed his mind that a traitor was in the camp. Feeling himself suspected, early next morning Churchill disappeared, with the Duke of Grafton, one of Charles's sons, and joined the Prince of Orange at Axminster. Bitterly did the King feel this marvellous ingratitude—the defection of his chief support in the person of his most reliable and hitherto faithful servant.

Thus do we behold Churchill first accepting the command of five thousand men at the hand of an indulgent master, and then when arrived at Salisbury, on his very way to oppose the Prince, actually deserting his Sovereign's cause and joining William's army, who of course received him with every mark of favour and distinction. He had likewise the baseness to use the influence he possessed over his own troop of Horse Guards, (the commission of which he had obtained through the instrumentality of the King,) to persuade them also to join the invader. James, deserted in his utmost need, retreated hastily to Andover, where Prince George of Denmark, following the example of Churchill, left for the Prince of Orange's head-quarters. Anne, about the same time, escaped with Lady Churchill from the palace at Whitehall, under the protection of Compton, Bishop of London, and joined the insurgents at Nottingham, who were hastening to the assistance of the western rising.

Then did the stricken-hearted King, upon returning to his palace, find himself deserted by those, who by natural ties as well as by every claim of gratitude, should have defended his cause with the last drop of their blood. In bitterness of soul, hearing of Anne's flight, he exclaimed, 'God help me! my own children desert me!' and gave himself up to despair. Of Churchill he was heard to remark, 'Churchill, whom I raised so high—he and he alone has done all this! He has corrupted my army, he has corrupted my children.'

It is sufficient to add that after the most vacillating conduct, throwing away every opportunity offered of re-establishing his power, James, with his wife and infant son, escaped to France, and was received with the utmost kindness and magnificence by Louis the Fourteenth.

Though William was now possessed of the reins of government, it was by no means settled that he was to ascend the throne of his uncle. This

must depend to a great extent upon the decision of Parliament, who now vigorously took the matter in hand.

It had never entered the mind of Churchill, if we are to believe the solemn assertion of his wife, that William would necessarily ascend the throne. When the question of a Regency was discussed in Parliament, he voted in its favour, which decidedly corroborates that assertion; but when a vote also was demanded declaring the throne *vacant*, he purposely, with several others, absented himself from the house, and in consequence it was carried by a majority of seven. In so doing he incurs just reprobation; for had he, with a few others, opposed this motion, the throne might still have been reserved for the rightful Sovereign. And finally, when the Prince resolved to accept nothing short of the throne itself, Parliament acquiesced by declaring William and Mary Sovereigns Regnant of Great Britain.

The Stadtholder of the United States of Holland had no sooner acquired the crown of this kingdom, than he hastened to reward those who had been instrumental to such a glorious acquisition; and as the reward of perfidy which had infected not only his mind but the minds of most public men with whom he was associated, Lord Churchill was created the Earl of Marlborough!

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER I.

THE Choral Society at Allingthorpe had just finished its practice, and was dispersing up and down the irregular street, in the dim light of a midsummer evening.

The Reverend Charles Foley was standing at the door of the reading-room, looking out into the twilight with such a strain of attention that he was not conscious of his wife's approach from within till she touched his arm, and asked,

'What are you looking at?'

'I was trying to make out who have been walking home with Miss Brockensha.'

'Where?'

'There—just at the door of the girls' school. Don't you see her talking to two youths? I am not sure of them.'

'One is certainly Albert Stebbing—I think the other must be Harry Newton, "our hardy Norseman." How grandly his voice came out in that to-night! But what's the matter? you have not seen anything amiss?' Mrs. Foley added in a voice of anxiety. 'There—it is over,

any way; there—she goes in at the porch; and the lads walk off their different ways. Old Mrs. Brown is a very good chaperon; and I never saw a more modest well-conducted girl than Miss Brockensha; though, certainly, if sweet-hearts did not exist, it would be an easier thing to have a young school-mistress. And this one is so refined and nice altogether, that I *did* hope we should have nothing of the kind just yet. I hope—as there were two together, and both so much better off—that you saw nothing ominous.’

‘Nothing—nothing. I hope it was only in the way of a neighbourly good night.’

‘Yes—for though she is infinitely better educated and more lady-like than any of the Stebbings, they would despise her; and besides, Albert is a goose. As to Harry Newton—in ten years time, I should not—’

‘Your consent is not likely to be asked, Mary,’ interrupted her husband. ‘You must prepare to take a long leave of Miss Brockensha.’

‘Of Miss Brockensha! Charles, you don’t mean that she has been offering herself for another school! Now I call that using us very ill, after all the arrangements we made for her.’

‘So should I!’

‘But how do you know? Has anyone written to ask about her? I saw you had a letter by the second post.’

‘I had one from Beatson of Stanborough. What should you say, Mary, to your assistant school-mistress turning out an heiress on your hands?’

‘Heiress! Of what?’

‘Of some sixty thousand pounds. Hush! Come in, and I will tell you about it. It is a curious story.’

They were by this time at the door of the parsonage; and Mrs. Foley was too much astonished to utter a word till she had entered her drawing-room, and almost dropped into a seat, when she gasped out, ‘Miss Brockensha! Impossible! Why, the girl was the daughter of two servants of Mr. Beatson’s, who married, and died; and he sent her to school!’

‘Quite true.’

‘But how *can* she be an heiress?’

‘Ah, such windfalls don’t come to poor clergy! only to servants’ children! Well, it appears that the girl’s father had a good-for-nothing brother, who ran away, and became the being hitherto fabulous—the uncle from the Indies. He seems to have made a great fortune in Australia, without ever writing, or being heard of—till about a month ago, the whole of Stanborough was in a state of excitement at this Hiram Brockensha turning up again as a gentleman. He had come to the village inn, and there sent for Beatson, who found him evidently dying. He had not left his sheep farm in Australia till his health was broken, and had been getting worse ever since he sailed; and now he only wished to find his relations, and dispose of his property. A shrewd old fellow he was—not at all disposed to admit of uncertain claims. He

had made up his mind that his brother, or his brother's children, and nobody else, should have his money.'

'And is this girl to go to him?'

'No; he is dead. He would not hear of her being written to. He said he would not have women crying and fiddling over him; and he was so thoroughly resolute, that Beatson did not choose to cross him. He would not even let anyone tend him, but an old tailor whom he had known as a lad—the only person to whom he left a legacy; and was like nothing so much as an old bear dying in his den. In fact, he had no confidence in anyone—except perhaps an odd hereditary feeling that "the young squire" would see justice done; and he would take no one's advice but his, and not much of that. He lamented himself much over there being nothing left but a bit of a maid, who could only make a fool of herself with such a fortune; and he applied himself with all his might to making this process as difficult as possible. The property is to be entirely into the hands of trustees, Beatson and his old solicitor, for the use and benefit of—what's the girl's name—Dorcas, or Damaris?'

'Damaris—unluckily for her.'

'Of Damaris Brockensha, then. The interest is to be paid to her from the time she comes of age; then, if she marries with their consent, a fresh trustee, appointed by her husband, is to be added. If she does not obtain their consent to her marriage, all but £300 a year is to go away from her to the Sailor's Home.'

'Well, poor child! I suppose it is as good a settlement of the matter as could well be made. And she is only nineteen, and very thoroughly educated at her training-school—as good a girl, too, as I ever met. It might have been worse! But what are we to do? to tell her?'

'That is what I am thinking about. The poor man died the night before Beatson wrote; and immediately after the funeral, which is to be on Monday, he and the lawyer, Mr. Thrupp, propose to come here and see their charge, and consider what is to be done with her. Now, what would be best, Mary? I fancy it would be the best plan to keep this to ourselves till they come.'

'And let her spend her Sunday in peace. Perhaps it would. Only she ought to be in mourning! Ah! you may say "Woman! woman!" Charles; but it would hardly be respectable for them not to find her in mourning. Let me tell her that her uncle is dead, and no more.'

'If you *can*,' said Mr. Foley, smiling.

'There, you have dared me. Let me go down at once. Tea is not ready yet; and I feel as if I must *do* something, or I shall be shouting the wonderful fact over the whole house, if not the town.'

'Well, I will walk down to the school with you, if you like. I shall have the pleasure of hearing your humble confession the sooner.'

'As if your contempt were not arming me!'

Ten minutes walk brought Mr. and Mrs. Foley to the prettily built school-house, where good old Mrs. Brown, after teaching many

generations of little Allingthorpites, now lived amicably with the young assistant, who had been educated up to modern requirements.

The window was open, and Mr. and Mrs. Foley paused a moment before knocking at the door, to listen to the voices. 'Quite a lady's tones, as I always said,' whispered Mrs. Foley.

'May she only prove herself as true a lady as good Mrs. Brown with all her provincialisms!' added the vicar anxiously.

It was tempting to have listened, for Mrs. Brown was saying in her deliberate voice, 'Quite right, my dear. No good ever came of a young man as thinks he demeans himself to you;' but Mrs. Foley resolutely knocked before any more could be said; and the door was opened to her by a young girl of nineteen, who, with a slight curtsy and pleased gesture of welcome, admitted her into the little tidy sitting-room, where the elder school-mistress rose up from their neatly laid supper of bread and cheese and water-cresses.

Anxiously as Mrs. Foley had scanned Damaris Brockensha, when eighteen months before she had arrived fresh from the training-school, it was as if it were a new individual whom she now surveyed. Then, she was studying a school-mistress; now, a lady. There was nothing unsatisfactory in the augury from the present dress: a pretty light-coloured summer print, neatly sprigged, and perfectly fitting the rather unusually tall, slender, and lithe form; the dark hair was smooth as satin; and though Mrs. Foley had fretted a little at first at its fashionable arrangement, she now felt it far from objectionable. At any rate, it was perfectly becoming to the features, which were not exactly pretty, but full of intelligence, and free from all tinge of vulgarity, and exceedingly pleasing when the pale clear complexion glowed with exercise or feeling, and the brown eyes smiled sunnily, as they always did when she spoke. It was quite possible, thought Mrs. Foley, as she took all in with a single glance, that the pale pointed face, when set off by dress, and with the fortune in the back-ground, might attract a great deal more genuine admiration than would be at all good for its owner. And there was real commiseration in the tone in which she said that she was not going to stay and interrupt, but that Mr. Foley had had a letter from Mr. Beatson, and they thought that Miss Brockensha ought to hear of the death of her uncle. Did she know that her father had had a brother?

'Yes, Ma'am,' returned the girl; 'there's his name in my poor father's great Bible, that came to him from my grandfather; but I always thought he had died long ago.'

'I believe, instead of dying, he—left the place,' said Mrs. Foley.

'Yes, Ma'am,' said the unconscious heiress. 'I am afraid he never was a credit to the family. But perhaps he may have seen his errors,' she added with a little of the demureness of her profession. 'Did the event take place at Stanborough, Ma'am?'

'Yes; he came home from his wanderings very ill, and died in about ten days time—early yesterday morning. Mr. Beatson does not say

much of his state of mind, except that he did not like to have women about him, and did not wish for you to be sent for.'

'Thank you, Ma'am,' said Damaris, pausing, as if she hardly knew what to say next.

And Mrs. Foley, being in somewhat the same difficulty, made a civil remark to Mrs. Brown, and took her leave, highly satisfied, and proud at having said no more than just the thing she ought.

Early in the morning, however, Mr. Foley anticipated that her pride would have a fall, and that it would prove that she had said too much; for it was announced that Miss Brockensha wished to speak with them. They were at breakfast, and desired that she would come in; their little Mary fetched a chair for her, and colouring rosy red, she explained that she was very sorry not to have recollected at first, not till Mrs. Brown spoke about it, that she ought to have asked about her poor uncle's burial: she should not like, and poor father would not have liked, that he should be buried by the parish; and she had brought her savings-bank book, that Mr. Foley might be so kind as to say whether there were enough for the purpose.

'Oh,' said Mr. Foley decidedly, 'you need not be troubled about that. Your uncle brought home enough of his own to bury him respectably.'

Mrs. Foley looked out behind her urn; but the face, though flushed, betrayed no suspicion; and the girl only added, 'And I did not know whether it would be expected that I should attend, Sir. If so, and you would be kind enough to spare me, Mrs. Brown and Anne Light could manage for a day.'

Mr. Foley had let her go on for the pleasure of deciding that she had no phrases or accents to unlearn; but he now replied that he did not think it at all desirable that she should be present at the funeral—it would be awkward to be the only woman there; and Mr. Beatson was taking care that everything was properly done.

'Very well; thank you, Sir; if you think it is proper, I shall be glad to avoid the expense.'

'Putting on mourning is all the token of respect that could be desired of you,' added Mrs. Foley.

'Yes, Ma'am; Mrs. Brown did say it would be respectable. Good morning, Ma'am.'

And Damaris moved away with a little indication of a curtsy, secretly a little disappointed at missing the break into her school life; though there was some slight consolation in the necessity of a shopping expedition to the town; and decidedly baulked of her pleasant hope that she should have heard some commendation of 'Come unto these yellow sands,' after all the pains that she and her colleagues had taken with it; she really thought it had been successful at last, and that Mrs. Foley had been coming last night to tell her so. Mr. Albert Stebbing had complimented her plentifully; and Mr. Newton, she knew, had liked it; but if Mrs. Foley said nothing about it, it was plain it was a poor

performance after all. Unless, indeed, it was very wrong to think about glees so soon after hearing of one's uncle's death ; but then it was not very easy to feel much for an Uncle Hiram, that one had never seen in one's life, and heard little of, and that little to his disadvantage. And the bright face put on rather an unnatural gravity as she walked into school.

Mrs. Foley's reticence cost her a good many discomforts during those three days. Just suppose some young man among the farmers should actually make incurable love to Miss Brockensha, while they would seem to her as much above her in station, as she would soon seem to be above them ; and to exercise supervision, or even put Mrs. Brown on her guard, was impossible without betraying the secret ! And if the shopping took place on Saturday, Mrs. Foley felt a moral certitude that Albert Stebbing in his tax-cart, or Harry Newton in his trap, would overtake her, give her a lift, and improve the occasion. Against this dreadful contingency the Vicareas guarded, by a gracious offer herself to take Miss Brockensha into the town, and perching her up on the driving-seat beside that very safe individual, old Harrison.

And it must be confessed that Miss Brockensha thought a most extraordinary spirit of extravagance, and of toleration as regarded the dress of young school-mistresses, had come over Mrs. Foley. She actually recommended the more fashionable shapes, and said 'Never mind,' when Damaris demurred at the best kid gloves, and at the well-made hat. The purchases were not extensive, for Damaris owned one black silk dress and jacket, and most of her other dresses were of quiet lilac ; so that a bonnet, hat, and a few lesser matters, were all that was required.

On Sunday, the *tout ensemble* was very ladylike ; and Mrs. Foley would have been highly satisfied if the girl had not also looked startlingly pretty ; and it was quite impossible to watch at the going out and coming in to evening service, to prevent either Albert Stebbing or Harry Newton from telling her so.

(To be continued.)

WARFARE AND REST.

THE DIARY OF GERTRUDE VANBURG, BEGUN IN LEYDEN
IN THE YEAR 1574.

26th May, 1574. KAKK has been here to-day to ask me to do something for him ; it is this—he does not like writing himself, but would much like to have an account written of all that is going on around us just now ; and as I have been made a good scribe by my dear father, he thinks it is a pity I should not use my 'talent,' (I have but few, I am sure,) and keep a brief history of these troublous times.

To begin with to-day. The news is indeed sad; the Spaniards are again outside our walls, with thousands of Walloons and Germans—our foes are gathering on every side. Karl wished me to hasten our marriage, which was put off for a year after my father died; but I cannot make up my mind to let him have his wish—this is not a time to be marrying and giving in marriage. I would rather wait on patiently till Prince William comes and drives away our enemies, and our city is once more at peace.

28th. John Van der Does, Seigneur of Nordwych, has been appointed our Military Commandant. We all love him, and believe he will do all in his power to help us; but it is on Father William, next to our Heavenly Father, that all our hopes are fixed. He has sent word that we must hold out for three months, and our citizens have promised they will do so. It is a weary sad time to look forward to, but we must 'wait and quietly hope,' as we were told last Sunday. Karl tells me Prince William is in deep sorrow just now; his brother, the brave Prince Louis, has been slain; they loved each other most tenderly. Count Henry, too, another brother, was killed in the same battle; nevertheless, he thinks and plans for us poor people here as if he had no cares or sorrows of his own. He has faults, of course, as we all have; and his youth, I have heard father say, was badly spent; but perfect unselfishness, and care and thought for others, are virtues seldom found in such completeness as in him.

Our home-party is a sad one. Poor mother still misses father every hour, and remembers, and will tell us frightful stories of, other towns which have been besieged; which histories certainly do not aid to keep up *our* courage. Rose says but little, but looks white and frightened; John, boy-like, rather likes the excitement; and I do not think I am very timid; but then I have Karl to cheer me, and so much to do, that I have not time to think of fears. I feel more angry than anything else, I am afraid, and half long to be a man, and to fight against those horrid Spaniards. It drives me wild to hear of the barbarous Alva and his men; one can hardly believe they are human beings.

2nd June. I went to-day to see my friend, Johanna Stein; she was lying looking so peaceful, with her little one by her side—such a placid little face it has. I took her in my arms, and said 'it had come into a troublesome world at a troublesome time.' Johanna sighed. 'Yes,' she replied; 'but she will only have to bear so much, and no more than is good for her. And though she is born in war-time, we may trust she will live—and better than live—die in peace.' She went on talking, and then asked me to be one of the sponsors for baby. Of course, I said 'Yes.' It will give us yet another tie. Johanna and I have been friends all our lives, playfellows as children, companions as maidens, and we were to have been married the same day last year. I felt half-envious this afternoon when I saw her so full of joy and happiness at her new dignity of motherhood; but all is for the best, and I am sure just now

I am clearly wanted at home. Mother grows old so fast, Rose is ill, and John minds no one but me.

3rd. Our city is filled with anxiety and fear; France will give us no aid, neither will England. As both these nations hate the Spaniards as much as we do, it seems hard they will not help us against them. When one thinks of that vast army round our walls, and the few of us in comparison with them who can fight against them, how hopeless seems our chance of freedom! Rose is looking over me, and says I must not use the word *chance*, there is no such thing. Truly the child is right. I should think few had such clear entire faith as she has; I really believe, were the Spaniards at the door, she would not be frightened, but believe a way of escape would be opened for her. I find her alarms were in my fancy, and fear her white looks come from weakness. She is so fond of reading the history of the Prophet's guard of angels, and says she is sure, if only our eyes were open as his were, we should see a glorious band of them round our city. We ought to be ever grateful to father for having taught us to read; he was to have been a priest, and was brought up in early life by the monks, but never liked the notion of it; and when an uncle of his here offered him a share of his business he took it, and as years went on became a wealthy citizen.

7th. I heard to-day of a device, which is supposed to represent our Prince, which I think beautiful: it is a rock in the midst of waves; they are all storming and bursting over it, while it stands firm and unmoved, unhurt, and heeding them not. On that rock how many place their hopes, and fly to it for shelter! Rose again tells me I must remember Who is the true Rock. I had not forgotten; but we must also feel grateful to our Prince, who has been given us by Him.

10th. During the past week little has happened; the days go on one much like another; we hear all sorts of reports and rumours, and a few days after, what we have been told as a fact is all changed, and fresh reports spring up: it is a weary anxious time. Nearly every evening Karl and I go up to an old tower, from whence we can see the sea; and as we gaze over to it, we long and long that its waves could roll over here, and bring the large ships we see on it to help us. Karl loves the sea; he says it is an emblem of freedom, and is so noble, and works on regularly and patiently day by day, doing its work. So it does; but I love it not—it may be bold and grand, but it is deceitful and uncertain. Perhaps on a fine bright day its calmness and smoothness tempts one to go on it, when suddenly a storm arises, and one is tossed up and down, and then it may be lost for ever under its waves. I said something like this to Karl, and he did not answer me for a long time, when at last he said, 'There are many worse deaths, my Gertrude, than sinking in the waters to sleep; remember Who by that means "brings us into the Haven where we would be."' He then wandered on in one of those talks of his, which I dearly love, but I fear do not half enter into the

meaning of, of the City which He hath founded upon the seas, and prepared upon the floods—the sea of Baptism, on which we begin our journey, and have to toil over wave after wave, till we reach that sea of glass like unto crystal, which is about the Throne of God. There shall we find the Heavenly City, whose Maker and Founder is even He to Whom we are looking for help now. In such like thoughts the time went swiftly on, and the darkness came on before we had thought it possible; the bright stars and the moon were shining over our heads as we walked home; and in spite of all our woes, and dread of still more woe that might come to us, calm and peaceful thoughts filled our minds.

12th. Johanna's child was baptized to-day; she wished to call her Gertrude, but I entreated she might bear her mother's name, so we ended in giving her both names; but Johanna insisted that Gertrude should be first. I hope she may be more like her mother than her Godmother. Poor Johanna! she looks very weak and ill, I fear she will be a long time getting up her strength; and food is already dear and scarce; her husband, too, is not well off, and cannot easily get her all she ought to have; however, as far as money goes we can help her if she will let us, as father was a wealthy man, and left us well provided for. Gold and silver, though, in time of siege, is oftentimes but a mockery; who would take it and give away their hopes of life? Let us trust, however, we shall not be driven to such fearful distress as they were at Middelburg.

25th. The city has been ringing from one end to another with the offer of pardon issued by King Philip. Not for one instant do our citizens think of accepting it. We to ask pardon from that man, who has well-nigh ruined our country, broken all his oaths, burnt our cities, taken our wealth from us, and burnt, beheaded, and hanged, our countrymen! No; there is not a man, or I believe a woman, in Leyden who would not rather die than yield to that wicked man and ask his pardon. Pardon for what, too? for loving one's own country, and not wishing to have it taken from us by a set of savage Spaniards? There have only been found two poor cowards who are willing to agree to Philip's terms, and have given up the Reformed Religion; one is a brewer in Utrecht, and the other the son of a pedlar here.

Until I was about nine years old I was brought up as a Catholic; but father, after years of doubt and difficulties, at last embraced the Reformed Religion, as it is called. It was a great grief to me to leave Father Ambrose's teaching; and O how I missed the daily Mass! and it was very hard not to pray to our dear Lady to help me in all my childish troubles. I seemed to fancy she would have pity on me, and ask her Son to forgive me. But I cannot shut my eyes to the dreadful errors that had grown up around the beauties of the Catholic Church, and I try to be content with our new forms; still I do not from my heart love them, we have so little outwardly to help us.

One thing I really am grateful for, and that is, that my faith and the faith of Philip and his Spaniards is not the same.

27th. Everything now is settled for a severe siege. Account has been taken of all the provisions in the city, and people in authority have bought them all. Every grown person is to have half a pound of meat, and half a pound of bread a day—children, of course, less. The only communication we can have outside the city is to be by the aid of carrier pigeons, and no man may pass the gates. I am thankful I am strong, and need but little meat: Johanna shall have my share. And Karl managed in some mysterious way to keep our cow for us, so the mother can still have her milk, which is her principal food always: the calf they were quite welcome to.

There is scarcely any work doing now. Karl and John spend the best part of their time with the soldiers, and bring us in all the reports that are about. Karl drew us a little plan, which I will try and describe, as perhaps it may some day interest anyone into whose hands this chronicle may happen to fall, to know exactly how we were placed. Leyden is some distance from the sea; and between the sea and it are numerous dykes. Our Prince is at Rotterdam sometimes, at others he is at Delft; these places are near us; and in between them is a most important and strong fortress called Palderwaert, which is in his possession. The two rivers, the Yssel and the Meuse, run down each side of it; by holding this fortress he could at any time unlock the gate of the ocean, and send its waves over to us laden with ships. But the coast from the Hague to Vlaardingen is in the power of the Spaniards. Yet, again, the dykes all along the two rivers are in our Prince's command. So, though much is against us, yet much is in our favour. I am writing after they are all in bed, but I felt inclined for it to-night. The mother and Rose are fast asleep. I was looking at dear mother just now; she looks so old and care-worn, I fear she will never live to see peace reign here again; it would be hard to part from her, just now harder than ever, but she would be spared much sorrow and care.

The city is so hushed and quiet, one finds it hard to believe that thousands of our enemies are watching round, waiting to devour us. It makes one think of the unknown armies of good and evil spirits, who are ever round us. I cannot give up my belief in guardian angels; it seems to me we are taught so clearly in the Bible that they minister to us. Our old pastor shakes his head at me, and says I am only half *reformed*. It is striking two, I must indeed leave off.

1st July. This morning, when I went into mother's room to call her and take a cup of milk, I found her fast asleep; she looked so happy and peaceful that I would not disturb her, but sat down by her side. Presently she woke up, and with a sigh said, 'O Gertrude! am I still in this world? My dreams were such happy ones, it is hard to wake from them. I thought I was standing on our city walls, and saw the sea

rolling nearer and nearer; while straight down, reaching from me to the far distance, was a line of bright light; down this line presently I saw a small boat coming towards me, and as it drew close, in it I saw my dear husband. He opened his hands, and reaching them out to me, said, "Come, my wife, and together we will sail to the Land of Everlasting Peace!" How eagerly did I press forward once more to take those hands in mine—when I woke; and here am I still in our troubled city.' She went on to say that she was sure it would not be long before her dream was fulfilled. And my heart tells me her words are too true; she has so changed, and seemed so broken since all our trouble came: formerly she certainly was rather impatient, and somewhat hasty with us girls; now she is so gentle and kind, it will make it more hard than ever to part with her.

6th. Everything is just the same. Karl is always bringing in news of some Spanish man or other being caught lurking about, and being put to death. It makes me shudder: I would far rather hear of a battle fought hand to hand than go on in this weary manner day after day. Mother gets weaker and weaker; Rose, too, looks ill, but she never complains, and is always ready to help and nurse others, and I fear my skill may have to be exercised in behalf of many yet.

9th. This morning our dear mother passed away from this world of care and woe, to—I humbly trust—a world of rest and peace. Our hearts are very heavy; I can write no more to-night.

14th. My mind is full of care and doubt to-day. We this morning committed our loved mother's body to the earth; and with heavy hearts we were sitting in the twilight talking over our loss, and making plans for the future, when Karl came in, and persuaded me to take our favourite walk with him up to Hengist's Tower.

For a long time we sat silent when we reached the tower; and as I looked over on the sea, my mind was full of mother and her dream, and I pondered over the thoughts of our after life, and longed to know if father and mother were once more together, and if they knew all the trouble and care those whom they had left behind were having to bear. Then I thought, if they did, perhaps they saw the end of it too, and so it would not seem to them hard to bear; but still I would rather think of death as that which gives us life—and that life, which finds its blessedness in freedom from sin, and rest eternal. My thoughts were brought suddenly to earth, by Karl once more pressing me earnestly to become his wife. He said we girls needed a protector, as John was too young to be of much use to us, and it was impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that great troubles and dangers lay before us; so why would I not give him the right to shelter us, and be the sharer of all our cares? I could not answer him for a long time—it seemed hardly right to have such a bright gleam of joy creeping into my heart, that was so full of sorrow a few hours back; however, I have promised to think it well over, and answer him to-morrow.

17th. Well, all is now settled; I went and had a long talk with Johanna, and she said the wisest thing I could do would be to do as Karl wished, and be his wife; so to-morrow has been fixed for our wedding-day. Rose is longing to have him for a brother; John sagely thinks it will be a wise step for me to take. I rather think he is glad that a little of the small amount he now has of responsibility will be taken from him; and I—what can I say! my love for Karl has been growing stronger and deeper as years have gone on, and I cannot but feel glad our waiting-time is drawing to a close; still I think this is hardly a time to marry, it will be so sad a trial to either of us should death part us. St. Paul says, though, we are to 'bear one another's burdens,' and that we can do better together than apart; and just now we must indeed not only bear our own, but help others to bear theirs.

My diary as Gertrude Vanburg will end to-night, but I shall hope to continue it as Karl's wife. My heart sinks as to what I may have to write in it during the next few weeks. Though my married life begins in warfare, God grant it may end in rest.

(To be continued.)

AN ONLY CHILD.

THERE is no question that my little nephews and nieces ask me so often as, 'What did you do when you were a little girl?' and though I have nothing remarkable to tell, the same question is still so often repeated, that at last my eldest niece suggests: 'Aunt Mabel, if you were to write down what you used to do, and how you lived in South Wales with your old aunts, I could read it to Arthur and Emmie till they are old enough to read themselves.'

This niece is a wise little woman; and I mean to do as she proposes.

I was born in India, where my father was a magistrate; but as I left it at four years old, I remember nothing at all about it; and yet the strong sweet scent of certain flowers, if I happen to smell them in a hot-house, brings back confused recollections of something that is not England; but the first place that I really recollect is my aunts' house—the house which was for many years my home. A red brick house, with high walls shutting it off from the street, a flagged court, and a pyracanthus covering all the front of the house with its close green, varied in autumn by bunches of red berries. The windows were all defended by knitted blinds, the manufacture of which employed great part of the time of my eldest aunt. A dining-room and sitting-room opened into a hall paved with slate, like many old rooms in that part of Wales. There was an old clock, that chimed the hours and half hours very sweetly, in it; and grim old portraits on the walls. An oaken door

shut in the staircase leading to an ante-room and drawing-room : higher up, and higher still, came bed-rooms and sitting-rooms, for the house was a very large and rambling one. I hardly know how many apartments there were in it, for most of them were shut up and empty, and no one but the maids and their dusters ever entered them. I was more than half afraid of those uninhabited, distant, silent rooms, where the moonbeams lay chill and white on the floors at night, and the mice rustled and trotted about.

A large family had once lived in this great house—father, mother, and eleven children. There were ten names now on the monument over our pew in church : of all that family, there were but left the eldest and youngest sister, and my father, far away in India.

My mother's health had suffered from the Indian climate, and she remained in Wales a year or more with my aunts. Her own relations were all in India ; and when she went back, she could leave me with none but her two sisters-in-law. She and I were very happy during that year, except that we both knew my aunts thought she spoiled me sadly ; and I fancy that she was much more at her ease in our own rooms than we were in the drawing-room. She was of an Anglo-Indian family. It would not have been easy for my father to have found a Welshwoman for his wife at Madras : and no one could have been more attractive than my mother, though she was not what is generally called pretty ; but her English birth was a great fault in my aunts' eyes. The Welsh patriotism far exceeds the English : to this day the rivalry between the Celt and Saxon has not died out : the English are still regarded in out-of-the-way places as foreigners and intruders ; and the jealousy of England, the pride of race, with its twin feeling of contempt of all that was not Welsh, was very strong in the town where my aunts lived. They were rich, and represented one of the oldest families in the country, tracing back their descent—through their mother, a Miss Tudor—to the Princes of Wales ; and the only family more important than theirs in the neighbourhood was that of Sir Edward Anwyl, who lived at the Castle.

Lady Anwyl and my aunts exchanged stately visits, and were on friendly terms : we seldom went anywhere else, though my aunts gave a regular weekly party, to which the same people always came. They arrived at five o'clock ; after tea, card-tables were set out, and everybody played whist till nine ; when they all went home, some in sedan chairs, some on foot, escorted by their maid. Our servant Betsey always announced the moment for departure by looking into the drawing-room, and saying, 'Miss Jones's sedan,' or 'Miss Parry's lantern and pattens are come ;' and it was the duty of the two or three old bachelors who came to the party to see Miss Parry and all the other walking ladies home. Luckily the town was small, and they lived close together. One street seemed really peopled by elderly spinsters. I remember that (unless in the very height of summer) the shutters were always

shut, and the curtains drawn as soon as the guests arrived, 'because it made us look comfortable.' No doubt there was a great deal of gossip at these re-unions; but I was too young to think about it, and only remember my Aunt Myfanwy's enjoyment of them, and her little bustle of preparation beforehand. Indeed, she would gladly have joined in the parties which these good people used to give at their own houses; but it had never been the custom for the Miss Wynnes to join in the tea-parties of the doctor's wife, or the lawyer's, or, in short, to accept hospitality, except from the Anwyls, or occasionally from the head of the grammar-school; and the habits of old days were a law to the two remaining sisters.

How well I remember the heart-break of my mother's leaving me! How, long after, I used to cry myself to sleep when shut into the great bed-room which we had shared! It was called the yellow room, from the colour of the window-curtains, matched by those that hung round the huge bed. Large as the room was, that bed made it look small. A servant slept there with me; but before her bed-time I had plenty of time to cry all alone, and be scared at noises, half fancied, half real.

I think I see myself now, a tiny white creature, sitting up in a trance of terror, in the great yellow-hung bed, listening with clasped hands to the vague night-sounds, and torturing myself with fancies about those empty rooms overhead, where all the people had once slept whose names were on the monument in church! Besides these terrors, there were others, caused by a steep staircase and a room opening out of mine. I was very fond of it by day, and always called it the picture gallery. It had been my mother's sitting-room, and was hung round with old pictures and engravings: Louis the Sixteenth taking leave of his family; Wilkie's Blind Fiddler; and there was a portrait of a lady with a pearl necklace, and hair powdered and turned back, which I always called mamma; not that it was like my mother, but I thought so then, and never failed, after she left me, to go and say Good morning to it. But as for saying Good night—that was a different thing. The room and the pictures all looked so strange; and there were shadows in the corners that moved in the moonlight; and behind a great cabinet was there not a passage leading to lumber-rooms now disused? It is true that the door was locked behind the cabinet; but that passage cost me countless fits of shivering terror when I thought of it at night, in the long hours before Betsey came to bed.

My aunts had never been used to children, and were glad to let me amuse myself as I liked when my few lessons were done. They always read the Psalms and Lessons for the day, directly after breakfast, standing reverently when they read the Psalms; even my eldest aunt, invalid as she was, never read them seated. I hated the hour before breakfast: it had to be spent in walking up and down the gravel walks of the garden behind the house—a town garden, enclosed within walls. The only pastime I had was listening to the voices of twenty or thirty

children at play in the next garden, which belonged to a school-mistress. Sometimes I was allowed to play with the little grandchild, whom she was educating with the other girls. Now and then, as a treat, I might go into the field below the garden. There was a deep tank there, where the cows came to drink ; and in it were water-snails and tadpoles—pembols, as I called them, that being their Welsh name. To watch them was one of my great pleasures ; and again, as I think of that old time, I seem to see myself and them, as they frisked about in the tank, while I, a little thing of five years old, sat on the ground, gazing intently in.

There was plain work to be done in the afternoon, and sometimes a walk with my youngest aunt ; otherwise, most of my time was spent in the kitchen or laundry, or sitting in a sedan-chair, which occupied one corner, and in which my invalid aunt was carried to church. The maids were very kind to me, and taught me a little Welsh, instead of the Hindostanee, which I was already beginning to forget.

The servant whom I liked best was not Betsey, but Mally, a fat, good-tempered, rosy woman, who had lived forty years and more in my aunts' family. How she did spoil me ! and how she would go to the very verge of truth to defend me ! Mally was always singing—sometimes Welsh, sometimes English—unless she was talking, now scolding, now praising, both in the same good-humoured way ; a great gossip ; very proud of the family she served ; pitying my mother for being an Englishwoman, but maintaining that it was a misfortune, not a fault ; and petting me doubly because I was without father or mother, or as good as without—the only child in the family—the only son's only child ! If little Miss had but been a boy ! Other people wished that besides Mally: my youngest aunt found it hard to forgive me for being a delicate little maiden, whom no one could pretend to think like her Welsh relations, instead of a boy, to keep the name alive, and wear his father's face. I know it was so, for I have often felt it ; and besides, Mally has said so, many times, when she thought I was not listening.

If some new acquaintance asked my aunts 'if this was their little niece,' Aunt Myfanwy always replied, 'Yes, my brother Arthur's only child ;' and Aunt Beata would look at me with a long look, that I never understood then ; but I believe now that she was thinking how all her large family had passed away, and only one little girl represented the new generation. The next question was sure to be, 'What is her name ?' and Aunt Myfanwy always lowered her voice, as she answered, 'Amabel—we call her Mabel—a fancy name of her mother's giving.' 'A very grand name, is it not ?' Aunt Beata would add with a sort of scornful indignation ; and once I heard her add, 'Such a name as that shows what the mother must be. I never could imagine how Arthur could allow such folly !'

My poor mother ! she little thought what a grievance that name would be ! Some years later, perhaps, she would not have selected

anything so fanciful; but, unlike most little girls, I thought my own name very pretty—much prettier than those of my aunts. But then theirs were old Welsh names, handed down in the family for hundreds of years; while, till I was born, no one ever heard of an Amabel Wynne. I used to say to myself that my name showed I was English, like my mother, and not Welsh. I was a perverse little thing, ready to like whatever my aunts did not; and besides, England and my mother were connected in my mind, while I did not remember my father, and fancied him like his sister Beata.

Ah, how afraid I was of Aunt Beata! She had once been a county beauty, and was still extremely handsome when I first knew her; tall and upright, with beautiful brown hair and eyes—eyes that could look more cruel things than even her tongue could say; and she had a merciless wit and a fiery temper. I have heard that she might have married many times, but all her love was given to my father, her twin brother, and her heart was set on joining him in India. But he married; and when she wrote to propose coming out to him, he declined, very kindly however, but decidedly, reminding her that there was no one but herself left to take care of Myfanwy, always a delicate invalid. I know all this by letters, which I read after I was grown up. What her answer was I do not know: he burnt it as soon as he had read it; it was the only letter from Wales which he would not allow my mother to read.

She forgave him in time; but she never forgave, and never liked, the young wife, who, as she believed, had caused his refusal, and shipwrecked her life.

It was a shipwreck. All through years of trouble, when death seemed ever busy in the house, she had looked forward to the Indian home, where she and Arthur should be united again. Whatever she did, whether she loved or hated, it was with all that fierce temper of hers; and no one but herself knew how she had clung to that vision, through the anxious dreary life which suddenly came upon one of admiration and prosperity. Now she seemed to have settled into a narrow hard life, with no interests in it. She was generous to the poor, but harsh at the same-time; she got many thanks, but no love. She was a person of importance and influence in the town; but she liked none of her neighbours, she only tolerated them: and thus her days passed.

I fear that she could not pardon my father's chief argument for her remaining in Wales being founded on her sister's delicate health. She was often almost cruel to her; poor gentle Aunt Myfanwy! who was such a contrast to her, with her small trim figure, and lovely blue eyes—and all the whims and fancies of a rich invalid. Aunt Beata never had a whim in her life, I should think, and could never let her sister's pass quietly. Aunt Myfanwy always reminded me of some gay foreign bird, with her tripping steps and quick movements, and love of bright

colours, and the outbreaks of scolding, which nobody minded any more than a sparrow's chirping. I have seen her with a pink plush kerchief on her head, blue ribbons in her cap, a lilac silk dress, a purple apron, a gay bag in her hand, and a Cachmire shawl over her shoulders; and yet, somehow, it all suited her, just as all sorts of colours, that nobody would dream of putting together, blend perfectly in a butterfly's wings. It was seldom that she was seriously ill, but she always breakfasted in bed; at nine o'clock every morning, the chocolate and the roll, and the old-fashioned silver cream-jug, were carried up-stairs by Betsey, followed by the old tortoise-shell cat. At ten she began to dress: it took a long time to put on the number of petticoats, flannel and silk, and wadded and lined, which she always wore; then she came down, wrapped in her Cachmire, for the morning reading, and afterwards retired to her room again to arrange her drawers. They were never at all the better for this daily tidying: Indian card-cases, and ivory toys, ribbons, money, handkerchiefs, scent-bottles, and everything else, lay in the utmost confusion; but still this daily arranging, or disarranging, of her hoards, was the chief amusement of Aunt Myfanwy's mornings; and it made me very happy when allowed to help.

I might have been two years or more in Wales, when the Indian mail brought us bad news. Aunt Beata and I were at breakfast when the letter came. She began to read—looked wildly round, as if she did not know where she was, and then rose up, and walked out of the room. The look on her face scared me; but I should as soon have ventured to ask a queen idle questions, if I had had the opportunity, as run after my aunt, and ask what had happened. No fear of ill-news came to my six years old mind. I only wondered if I might go on with my breakfast, and take a piece of toast, as I had quite finished my bread and milk. The fear lest Aunt Beata would say it was a liberty restrained me; but she did not come back; and Betsey appeared, and told me to take whatever I liked. She spoke in pitying awe-struck tones, guessing, probably, from a glimpse of her mistress with the letter in her hand, what had happened. Presently I was called for to Aunt Myfanwy's room. She was up, though usually she would not have been well awake at this hour, and crying almost too much to speak. She told me, between kisses and tears, that my father was dead.

I was frightened by her tears; but there was no memory of my father to make me grieve. He was only a name to me; and then that likeness to Aunt Beata, which I always imagined, made the thought of him and his possible return terrible. When my mother was with us, she talked of 'dear papa'; but after she went, he became a sort of ogre, as, whenever I did wrong, both my aunts always threatened to write and tell him. And if ever so sorrowful, I should have been afraid to cry; crying was always treated as a crime by Aunt Beata.

'You understand, don't you, my dear? Are you not sorry?' asked my aunt in surprise.

'Yes, Aunt.' And then I leant my head on her lap, looking up at last to say, 'Aunt Myfanwy, do you think Mamma will come home?' 'No—yes—I don't know,' she answered in a startled voice; and the idea must indeed have startled her, for she rose up, and went away in haste, dropping her woollen hood, and trailing her shawl behind her. I ran after her with the hood; but she had already mounted the stair-case leading to Aunt Beata's door, and was knocking there. Evidently she did not venture to enter without leave. I stood below, doubtful whether to follow. 'Beata, Beata!' she called timidly but anxiously. At last the door opened, and I heard her say, 'Do you think poor Arthur's wife will claim the child? she is our niece, you know; and there is no one else—'

'Let her!' said Aunt Beata's voice. 'She knows her own interests better, you may be sure: there is not the slightest need to trouble yourself.' And then she shut and locked the door, and poor Aunt Myfanwy remained lingering without.

It seemed as if Aunt Beata thought no one's grief worthy to mingle with hers. Perhaps her own would have been more bearable, had she tried to comfort her sister. I heard Aunt Myfanwy sobbing as she stood alone and excluded; and was just going to run up to her, when the heavy tread of the doctor, who came every day as a matter of course to see her, sounded in the hall. Generally, his business was to cheer her with a little news, or bread pills and rose-water; but now his cheerful face was clouded. I knew that he had heard of our loss, by the way he put his hand on my head as he passed me. So he went up-stairs, and I went down to the kitchen.

There, the coachman and gardener, three maids, and half a dozen women friends, were standing in full talk, Mally in the midst of them, with a frying-pan in her hand. I knew Welsh enough now to understand what they were saying. 'Ay,' said Mally, taking instant advantage of a moment's pause to seize the part of orator, 'I knew how it would be: as soon as I come down-stairs my heart stood still; and says I to myself, "Mally Davies, there'll be a death in the family before the year's out!" Why, I covered that fire myself last night with slack, and left it as good a smothered fire as might be, and yet it was out when I came in this morning!'

A chorus of sighs and assents answered her. It was then—and may be now, I dare say—the belief in that part of Wales, that to let the kitchen fire out was a sign of death. Put out on purpose it might be, but let out, never. Ours was always kept burning night and day.

The party now perceived me; and there were kind warm-hearted looks and words on all sides; and one woman said, 'Poor little darling! she is just like her mother, the Englishwoman!'

It was an unlucky speech. 'Tis well for you the ladies don't hear you, Nancy Pugh!' cried Mally in shrill wrath. 'I can tell you, if they did, this is the last time you set foot in their house! I wonder

at you, that I do, who have had meat and drink from this house ever since you were so high,' marking the height in the air with the frying-pan, 'to be casting up against the child what is no fault of hers—the blessed lamb!—Come away, Miss, dear,' she continued, regardless of Nancy's attempts to excuse herself; 'don't you listen to what such fools say! Come with me, and find a jam puff.'

I took my puff into the sedan, while the gossip continued among the servants and their friends; and I wondered—oh, how I wondered! if Mamma would come home. A strange horror came over me of death—of him lying dead—a childish agony of horror, that I shall never forget. I little knew that long before we could hear of his death he was in his grave. For those were no days of the overland mail: an Indian letter was months before it reached Wales.

The rest of the week passed very sadly. Betsey's time was almost taken up with answering the door-bell, as messages of condolence came from all our acquaintance in the country as well as the town, for my aunts were known and respected far and wide. A few old acquaintance were allowed to visit Aunt Myfanwy; but Aunt Beata would see no one, and remained shut up in her own room. She looked years older, and haggard as a ghost, when she did show herself. Our mourning was ordered in haste, that we might wear it by Sunday; but when it came she sent it all back again, declaring that it was not mourning at all. It looked jet black, and was almost hidden in crape; but it was not bombazine—the only material used in mourning in her young days; and nothing else would satisfy her.

Aunt Myfanwy took a fidgety tearful interest in our dresses. I think the subject roused and did her good; but in all her grief, it was still Aunt Beata who ordered everything. She was so completely mistress, that everyone called her 'Miss Wynne,' though she was really the younger sister, and the eldest one 'Miss Myfanwy.'

Sunday came—a cold autumn day, when, ordinarily, Aunt Myfanwy would have cowered over the fire, with her little velvet slippers on the fender, and two or three shawls around her. But custom required her to appear at church, on this first Sunday that we put on mourning; and we all went, she in her sedan, and I with Aunt Beata on foot. She was in tears all the time we were at Church; but her sister (pale as death however) was dry eyed, and spoke every response even more firmly than usual; but she avoided glancing at the newly added name on the monument over our pew.

I had an uneasy feeling that everyone must be looking at us; and indeed, I saw many compassionate glances turned on us, as I stood, a little scrap of a child, between my two aunts, all in our deep mourning.

There were two English services, and a late Welsh one; at which last, servants, poor people, old men, and women in long blue cloth cloaks and black poke bonnets, or men's hats, formed the congregation. Aunt Beata always attended this evening service, and took me, to teach

me Welsh I suppose—not that I understood more than a few words of the sermon.

Sunday was a very long day to me : I was allowed no toys, except a puzzle, representing David and Goliath ; and books for children we had none. I used to think Sunday would never come to an end. One amusement that I invented, and thought quite a fit one, was to catch unfortunate flies, and shut them up in a pasteboard model of St. David's Cathedral, whose roof would lift up. I called this making the flies go to church. It seemed very harmless to me then ; but still I never did it when my aunts were by, and felt very guilty one day when Aunt Myfanwy chanced to look into the model, and was wonder-struck at the number of dead flies in it. She talked about it half dinner-time, and again in the evening—little things served us for conversation—but I never had courage to own what the true explanation was. At that time, I believed firmly that Sunday was observed by all creatures, and especially that the cocks and hens had their church somewhere. I wished extremely to stay at home, and find out where it was, but was afraid to ask leave.

Our own church was a beautiful old building, but choked up with pews. The grand old oak roof had been brought from some abbey ; the panels of the lofty pulpit and reading-desk were curiously carved, and not with sacred subjects, I should think, for there certainly were creatures with fishy tails, just like mermaids, upon them. I used to make stories about them during the Welsh sermon. The grand rolling sound of that Welsh is in my ears now, little as I listened to it. And I remember how attentive and devout that evening congregation was—more so than the genteeler one of morning and afternoon ; and how sweet were those voices in psalm and hymn. The evening service was always well attended, though probably every man and woman there had been to chapel in the morning. There was an Independant, a Wesleyan, a Methodist, a Quaker, a Jumper chapel in that one little town, and sometimes a Ranter's meeting in a field besides.

Aunt Beata chose to go to the afternoon service on the Sunday of which I am speaking, and took me too. I was always falling into disgrace for spoiling my clothes ; liking nothing so well as a brown-holland pinafore, which covered me quite up, and in which I might dig and splash at the tank unrebuked ; so I was rather proud of having proposed to Betsey to wear my second-best bonnet, instead of my crape one, as rain was already falling a little. On our way my aunt spied it out ; I explained, expecting praise. Never did she turn on me as she did then. 'Though you are as English as your mother herself,' she cried, 'you might have had too much feeling to consider your bonnet, the first time you appear in mourning after your father's death ! I have a great mind to send you home alone ; only it is a proper reward for your prudence, to let everyone see how much you think of our great grief. You may be sure no one will fail to admire your prudence, my dear !'

How cutting Aunt Beata could make her 'my dear!' I do not know to this day why she was so angry; but doubtless this Sunday had been terribly trying to her, and her unhappiness showed itself in this way. In the evening, while Mally and I were sitting in the bright sanded kitchen, the most cheerful room in the house, in came Aunt Beata, and, as she had a habit of doing, recounted my offence at length; while I sat by, feeling angry and ill-used and miserable. But Mally could not listen patiently to blame of me, and broke in, as only a favourite old servant dared have done. 'Well, well, Miss Wynne, dear, you need not be so hard on little Miss, who is only a baby after all, and was thinking, I dare say, how I am always bidding her take care of her nice clothes—wasn't I saying so this very day, Miss, *anmyl*? (love) and, anyhow, your own mother, Miss Wynne, taught all of you to be as careful of your clothes as if you were not to have a penny in the world, that's certain sure.'

I ought to have owned that Mally had said nothing at all about my dress that day; but Aunt Beata had made me a sad coward, (she who so despised cowardice!) and I was silent, while she talked on a while, and then left me. She and Mally had spoken Welsh; but I returned to English as soon as she was gone, and exclaimed, 'When Mamma comes back I shall go away; I hate this place, Mally!'

'Hush, hush, Miss, darling!' said Mally, lowering her voice, and looking with alarm into all the corners of the kitchen; but there was no one to hear, for all the maids were gone to the evening service. 'Don't talk so, *cariad*, (dear;) you must please the ladies all you can, for you are the only child, and will be a rich lady yourself some day, if you're good. But you must not cross your aunt—no, indeed, sure! Poor dear! everything's the wrong side of the stuff with her to-day; but to be sure, she's downright mad to fly out at such a baby! She's grieving, my dear—that's what it is.'

'Don't you think she always is cross, Mally? Why did you scold Betsey for saying so?'

'Betsey! a great lumping oaf! it is no business of hers to chatter about the ladies; let her live with them forty years, like me, before she lets her saucy tongue meddle with them. As I said to her, "Betsey, my girl, you have only been in this house ten years and two months, and what call have you to open your mouth about Miss Wynne? You never hear me clack-clacking, like a mill—but as for you—take example by your betters, my lass." I never was a one to talk, Miss, *bach*: my worst enemy never could call me a talker. I'm sure I hardly open my mouth once a-day.—But now, Miss, you shall hear how my own uncle saw the good people (fairies) putting bread into their oven with a *peel* (shovel) just this long.'

Mally believed fervently in fairies; and so did I—'peel,' and all.

That was a very long sad winter. After a while Aunt Myfanwy recovered something of her usual plaintive cheerfulness; but her sister

would sit evening after evening before the drawing-room fire, and neither speak nor move, with her hand over her eyes. Aunt Myfanwy, on her sofa, with her Indian shawls wrapped round her, and an eider-down quilt over her feet, dozed, turned the page of the county paper, or talked to me in low tones, often glancing at her sister's immoveable black robed figure.

The drawing-room never looked comfortable or inhabited—perhaps because carpet, sofa, and chairs, were covered with chilly brown-holland; and there were no books or work on the rose-wood table, nor pictures on the pale walls. We never sat in the drawing-room in the morning; and till the hour, noon, when visitors might be expected to arrive, the blinds were kept down, apparently to guard the brown-holland from the sun, for there was nothing else that its rays could affect. A large three volume Bible and some other books stood on one table in a corner, a gilt clock on another, Indian curiosities on a third—all was neat, formal, and depressing.

Matters seemed to brighten a little when Betsey and the tea-tray appeared. That obnoxious rose-wood table was covered with a cloth, on which a stag-hunt was depicted with all its incidents, in white on a crimson ground; and the hissing of the urn made some little cheerful sound in the room. Aunt Beata roused herself from those long sad thoughts to make tea; and Aunt Myfanwy seemed less afraid to speak. Nature had gifted her with a flow of plaintive, half roguish talk, which only required a listener to make it glide on all day long. She liked a little joke too; and once employed herself, while I was out walking, in chalking the face of the only doll I ever cared for—a wooden monster, called Naomi, so hideous, that the Sandwich Islanders would certainly have received her as one of their own idols. When I came in, Aunt Myfanwy announced that she was afraid that poor Naomi had fallen very ill in my absence, and followed me to see what would be the effect of her ghostly appearance. I thought nothing less than that my dear Naomi was dead, and cried so inconsolably long after Betsey and Mally had washed her in haste, and restored her to her pristine ugliness, and Aunt Myfanwy had taken me, between scolding and caressing, on her lap, that nothing but a threat of calling Aunt Beata quieted me.

Of course we had no tea-parties that winter; though some old privileged friend would drop in to chat and play casino with Aunt Myfanwy, who was unfeignedly glad of a visitor; but Aunt Beata seldom did more than speak now and then, and take her work, instead of musing over the fire. The piano was never opened now, and my music lessons ceased entirely. Aunt Beata was an excellent musician, gifted with a lovely voice; but she never sang willingly; and there were old music books of glees and duets for a soprano and tenor voice, which she never let anyone touch. Mally said they were songs that my father used to sing with his sisters. Aunt Myfanwy was a less brilliant performer;

but she played her native airs to perfection; and never did anyone hear her country dances and quadrilles without longing to dance. She used to sing old airs too, whose very names are now forgotten: 'The Messenger Dove,' and 'Aye Alone,' and others, with a voice so sweet, though feeble, that the servants, with their innate Welsh love of music, would linger in the ante-room and gather on the stairs to hear her. She had been a beautiful dancer too, in the old days which were all gone. The recollections of hunt balls, where she had been a belle, were not unpleasing to her; and the name of some Mr. Price, or Mr. Morgan, now portly elderly gentlemen, would make her smile and bridle, and look round with a pretty pink flush on her cheeks, as if there were certain by-gone associations with them which she had not quite forgotten.

I loved this aunt, but not half as much, alas! as she loved me, ungrateful little thing that I was. Aunt Beata I feared, with a fear bordering on sullen aversion. Her temper, her sarcasms—even the grief, which I could not understand—all alienated me from her. My aunts brought me up as their mother had educated them. I was taught to curtsy on entering a room; to set a chair for any of my elders who wanted one; to rise from my seat if my aunts came into the room where I was; never to answer when reproved; to say Sir and Mr'am when answering a gentleman or lady; and never to help myself to the under side of the muffin. And I learnt to hem, backstitch, and darn beautifully; to sit bolt upright, and to make my own bed. There was nothing hard in all this: and looking back, I see how anxious my aunts were for my good, and how many sacrifices they made on my account. For instance, it was repugnant to them to have many live creatures about the house; yet the number of pets allowed me was unlimited. I had a pigeon-house, wherein were five or six tumblers, and a showy fantail, who would fain have soared like the others; but '*il faut souffrir pour être belle*,' and the wind used to get into his broad tail, and made him perforce imitate the tumblers. The upper ledge of the cote was occupied by a pair of powters.

'Stately stepped they east the wa',
And stately stepped they west;'

swelling out their burnished breasts, and cooing with accents which grew wrathful and loud if tumbler or fantail dared invade their special ledge. Besides the pigeons, there were a pair of turtle-doves—my peculiar favourites, who, not content with cooing all day, woke every night at one a.m., and cooed exactly forty times, after which they were silent till morning—at least, so Aunt Myfanwy and several of our visitors asserted: I was never awake at one a.m. in these days.

My aunts never objected to my pigeons, nor to my jackdaw, though he entered Aunt Myfanwy's room, and drank her wine and water, (after which he could not stand for the rest of the day,) and stole her watch-key before her eyes, and carried off her pocket-handkerchief, waving it

like a banner, or throwing it over his back, as if he were going to put on a surplice over his black gown. He seemed to have a particular pleasure in spiting her; and he would pursue Aunt Beata with irreverent cries of 'Miss Wynne, Miss Wynne! I love you, Miss Wynne!' She must once have had great enjoyment of a joke: it peeped out sometimes very unexpectedly; and Jacky was rather a favourite of hers. Once he perched himself on the table before her, while she was annihilating Betsey with one of her fiercest rebukes, and said, with his head on one side, and his wicked eye on hers, 'Don't scold, my dear. O fie, Miss Wynne!' She burst out laughing; and Betsey was allowed to escape.

Poor Jacky! worst behaved and cleverest of daws! the only creature that dared defy Aunt Beata, and actually seem to enjoy her anger. He was too clever: someone stole him for the sake of his wondrous tongue. I am sure that we once heard his voice in a bye-street; but when we called to inquire at the house, no jackdaw was to be heard of.

Only once did Aunt Beata interfere with my pets; and that was when the gardener brought me the nestlings of a wood-pigeon, which built yearly in the great yew tree which grew in the churchyard. She certainly had just reason for her indignation; and though it cost me many tears, it was the first thing which made me realize the sanctity of particular places. She decided—that was the worst of it—that since the nest had been destroyed, and the young could not be put back, and I must not be allowed to keep them, they should be put in a pie; which was done! But the gardener and I thenceforward understood that there must be no robbing of nests in churchyards. To make up for my disappointment, however, she got a young wood-pigeon somewhere else; and it learnt to sit on my shoulder, and eat from my hand, and did battle valiantly with the cat. This lasted for a year, after which it grew wild; and finally, as is the manner of wood-pigeons, flew away.

These pets stood in the place of companions to me, little solitary thing that I was, though the kind good-humoured servants spoiled and played with me all day long. 'Little Miss' was always treated like a queen by them all—Mally, Betsey, Dolly, and Ann, nor should the gardener be forgotten. What they all found to do besides pet me I cannot imagine; they must have led easy lives; and Mally's rule, though she had a quick Welsh temper, was merry and light enough.

Aunt Beata gave orders to Mally, and then let things take their course, and scorned being waited on. Aunt Myfanwy indeed managed to employ both me and Betsey very successfully—now in carrying a message—now in gathering a flower—now in hunting for her mittens, work-basket, hood, or scent-bottle, or some other of the hundred little things which she was always wanting, and always leaving somewhere. Both Mally and Betsey were thoroughly good old-fashioned servants, content with their wages and position, proud of the family they had served so long, and disdainful of servants who changed 'to better themselves.' Dolly was under-housemaid, and had only lived about six

years with my aunts; and Ann was a young girl, my especial friend and playmate, and a care and annoyance to Mally, who suspected her of new-fashioned notions, a desire to set up a lover, and to wear gayer cap-ribbons than my aunts allowed. They were very severe on love of dress, especially in servants; Aunt Beata generally had some enormity of bonnet or dress to recount to Aunt Myfanwy, when we came home from the Welsh evening service, which called forth strong disapprobation from both sisters. Both cordially agreed in detesting innovations. Certainly, our servants looked pictures of pleasing neatness, in their caps, dark gowns, and snowy aprons. I never see servants look as nice now.

We should have gone on for the rest of our lives in our still monotonous way—for neither of my aunts would consent to make the effort of going from home, or enter into society, let their friends say what they would—had not two ladies, much respected and loved by both aunts, come to stay with us. On their account, the evening parties began again, the piano was opened, and the yellow chaise ordered to take them to this place and that. It was a struggle to both sisters to return in any degree to their old life; and Beata, though twelve months had passed since our loss, had not at all diminished the depth of her mourning, nor did she do so for another year. Myfanwy, however, was too sociable, and too dependent on society, to really regret once more seeing something of the world; so the weekly tea-party began again. It mattered little to me, for I was sent to bed before eight o'clock, and the circle of elderly gentlemen and ladies had no attractions for a child. They were a very marked and amusing set of people, to judge of them as I remember them later—original, strongly prejudiced, with little education and plenty of mother wit, louder voiced and more free-spoken and decided than would be thought proper now. Our grammar-school was an old and flourishing institution, at which every gentleman in the county—even our great man, Sir Edward Anwyl, had been brought up. The head-master was naturally the best educated of our guests, and he was regarded with a little suspicion, appearing in good-humoured but caustic hits, as being a Whig, perhaps even slightly tinctured with Radicalism; we were all Conservatives, staunch and true. However, he had just voted on the right side at the late election, and was in high favour accordingly. The election had set the whole neighbourhood by the ears, and broken up friendships which till then had stood sun and storm. I must have heard a great deal of it, for I called my two cats after the rival candidates, Lord Bethavern and Montague Ellis, which last I believed to be all one word. To us it was an unmitigated good, giving everyone a stout topic of conversation, and doing away with the gravity and constraint caused by everyone's feeling how keenly this first resumption of old habits recalled the loss which for a year had interfered with them.

Aunt Myfanwy had fidgeted about her little preparations all day; the carpet and chairs were uncovered; cakes and jellies made; the servants

ran about as if distraught. I had fallen into disgrace for making such rusty spots on my black frock with lemon-juice as no amount of ink could conceal. All this time Aunt Beata had been in her room, and only appeared when the guests began to arrive. Soon a buzz of talking filled the whole room; Aunt Myfanwy began to look happy and amused, and Aunt Beata assumed something of her old sprightly manner, and made war on her special adversary, Mr. Ffowkes, the head-master, whose tongue was as keen as her own. How handsome she was still! Myfanwy looked quite unlike herself in black, but it suited Beata. She must have appreciated her triumph once; for even now she enjoyed the war of words, the amusement of the listeners, and the compliments that one or two old friends half jestingly paid her. But all at once, as she stood laughing and talking, someone exclaimed, 'Your dress has caught on the fender, Miss Wynne!' and hastened to free it. I saw her eye fall on her black dress, for I too had come to help, and her face seemed to grow haggard in a moment. She continued to smile and talk; but I, who knew her face, saw how bitter her smile was; she looked round almost with anger, as if everything were changed to her in that instant. There was the old mayor, telling his old stories to little elderly Miss Pritchard, who never could resolve to leave off the airs and graces of her youth, and sat smiling and nodding in a gorgeous turban—she was suspected of rouging too! and all the rest; I am sure she hated it all, not excepting poor Aunt Myfanwy, who had forgotten her heart-ache for a little while, and looked flushed and happy.

Betsey and Mally, rosy and smiling, brought in a substantial tea, which lasted a long time; then the card-tables and clean packs were set out, and loo and casino and quadrille began. Everyone played, but for very trifling stakes—at least, in our house. In others it must have been very different; for I have heard that one pretty little old lady, who came to our parties the picture of neatness, in her well-preserved black satin, and jet necklace dividing the snowy ruff round her throat, made no secret of the comfortable addition that her winnings at cards made to her limited income.

So everyone sat down to play, Aunt Beata challenging the doctor with a quotation from a poem very popular then—

‘The patient now must want his pill,
For why? The doctor’s at quadrille!’

‘When people are missed, they are mourned, Ma’am,’ retorted he. ‘Miss Myfanwy never thanks me for coming, but I hear enough of it if I don’t look in every morning.—It is you to deal, Miss Pritchard.’

I slipped off to bed about this time, neither missed nor mourned, assuredly. Betsey came in a few minutes to my room, and whispered, ‘What’s wrong with Miss Wynne, dear?’

‘She is playing quadrille,’ said I.

‘Not she; I was up-stairs just now, and I got such a fright that I am

near dead of it. What did I hear but something stirring in Mr. Arthur's room. You know, dear, your papa's old room.'

'Something—?' said I in horror.

'And what should it be but Miss Wynne, crying as if her heart would break! It's awful to see anyone cry like that, specially a person like Miss Wynne. I suppose she slipped away from the drawing-room unbeknown like. She didn't see me, and you must never let on that I told you, Miss, *bach!*'

I now remembered that she had soon quitted the card-parties; and the idea of her weeping alone at night in one of those empty rooms that were my dread, long haunted me.

My mother had suffered so much from the voyage back to India, and her health was so frail, that her return to Wales was put off again and again. She was with her own family, who were themselves intending to come home, but were delayed by unforeseen difficulties; till the months became two years, and still their plans and hers were uncertain.

Meanwhile, I was eight years old, and an increasing care to my aunts. If I had but known it, I should have understood their kindness in taking charge of a delicate child, unused to children as they were, and doubly anxious, as they must have been, about one whose mother was so far away, and whose Indian face looked even more delicate than it really was, from the contrast to the rosy Welsh ones around.

The question of education arose, to complicate matters. My aunts had been sent to school at Chester, but they would not part with me; and the only school near us was intended for girls of a lower rank than mine. To it belonged the girls whose voices I used to hear over our garden-wall. They were mostly day-scholars, but I was not allowed to make their acquaintance. With Bessy, the granddaughter of the mistress, however, I played sometimes; but she was a bad companion. I wonder where little girls learn the silly talk that some delight in! Bessy Pierce was one of those who seem vulgar by nature, not in manner, but in mind. To our elders she must have seemed a harmless little girl enough; but when we were alone, what folly she would pour out! It was happy for us that her parents took affront at something her grandmother, Mrs. Hughes, did or said, and removed her. I heard my aunts speak strongly of their ingratitude, and of the sorrow that it would cause poor Mrs. Hughes, and felt for her so much myself, that it seemed my plain duty to try to replace the lost grandchild. Accordingly, the next day I slipped out—it was a half-holiday—succeeded in reaching the knocker, and asked for Mrs. Hughes. I was shown into the little parlour, adorned with specimens of the pupils' work and drawings, and presently in came good Mrs. Hughes, looking rosy and fat as ever, and not at all as if she wanted consolation. No doubt she thought my aunts had sent me on some errand to her, and waited with good-humoured patience, while I talked as pleasantly as I could, full of unexpressed compassion for the bereaved grandmother. Finally, she asked if my aunts had

sent any message, and looked rather puzzled on hearing that they had not.

'You know that Bessy is not here to play with you?' she added, quite composedly.

'Oh, I know,' responded I, longing to tell her how much I had felt on the subject, but so completely without words, that it was quite a relief to catch sight of a little mouse venturing across the room. I went in pursuit, and succeeded in capturing it under the grate, whence it and I emerged very black. Mrs. Hughes said that it might be set free in her garden; and after this exploit I went home. I had not in the least foreseen that my aunts would hear of my visit, and was dumbfounded the next day, when Aunt Beata asked me what had induced me to do such a thing. It had seemed so self-evident that Mrs. Hughes must understand my motive! but to explain to Aunt Beata! no, that was impossible. I could only listen in silence to a reproof for paying visits without leave, and troubling people who had something better to do than waste their time on little girls. Aunt Myfanwy was very curious as to the reasons of my conduct, but I was too much mortified and ashamed to own the truth.

My aunts' education had been that of most ladies of their day; perhaps a little old-fashioned even then. Their mother had allowed them to have music and dancing lessons, but drawing and modern accomplishments were quite unknown to them; and though they had once learned French, it was almost as rusty as that of Sir Walter Scott, whom a Frenchman declared spoke the language of the 'bon Sire de Joinville.' Much as they scorned anything 'new-fangled,' they could not endure that their niece, Amabel Wynne, should be one whit behind any fine English lady in manners or learning. As for good manners, those no one could teach better than themselves. They were perfect ladies, though peculiar, and speaking with a Welsh accent, and using many provincial words. But I always noticed their superiority to anyone in our range of acquaintance, and was proud of it.

The question of my education was now constantly debated, even before me, though when Aunt Myfanwy began, 'We really must think what is due to the child's station in life,' Aunt Beata would silence her with a frown, saying, 'There is nothing about her different to other little girls. I hardly know one that is not much neater and better mannered than Mabel.—Mabel, it is time you went out. Tell Ann you are to walk to the first mile-stone on the Craigvorda Road, and come straight home through the fields.'

Aunt Beata dearly loved to rule, even though it were but the direction of her little niece's daily walks.

Mr. Ffowkes jestingly declared that I should have to be sent to school to him; and at last something of this kind did take place. Amongst his other suspicious innovations, he had introduced an Englishman as writing and arithmetic master at the grammar-school, a certain Tobias

Barton, whose name the boys speedily corrupted into Toby. There is the same sort of preference in Wales for a nickname over a real one, as in southern France and Italy; and the scanty variety of surnames, the countless Joneses, Evanses, and Davises, make some distinguishing appellation almost a necessity. The poor about us seemed to have no surnames at all, and were known by the places where they lived. Nancy y Myg (of the smoke) lived near a lime-kiln; Ned Bryngolle (of the flowery bank) had a cottage in a wild little nook, all golden with farze blossom; while our own gardener—less poetically named—was Owen Light-cakes—why, I have forgotten; but Light-cakes had so entirely become his name, that what the one really handed down to him by his forefathers was, I have not the least idea, and very likely he had himself forgotten. As for Mr. Barton, his nick-name of Toby became so universally adopted, even by grave people like my aunts, that the only acknowledgement ever made that it was not his real title was, that to his face people did say ‘Mr. Barton.’ He was a fierce little hawk of a man, with that look that all school-masters sooner or later acquire, which seems to say, ‘Now, Sir, do you mean to mind me, or do you not?’ and would stamp and look ferociously at me, when I became his pupil, every time I hesitated, as if he had had a ‘great lubberly boy’ before him, instead of ‘sweet Anne Page.’ But he taught capitally, with clearness and precision truly masculine; he enjoyed it—extraordinary man! teaching was his mania; even his school-boys could not cure him of it; to please himself, he added geography and grammar to my lessons, and would have taught me Latin too, had not my aunts refused with indignation to allow it. He did not forgive them for a long time, and bowed in the stiffest manner when he met Aunt Beata. I am sorry to say that the little man’s displeasure only amused her, and she seemed really to take a pleasure in provoking it. He taught me three times a week, because he liked it, he said; I suppose this was the only explanation of one of the masters of the grammar-school taking a girl as his pupil. He and I were very good friends; if anyone could have made me like arithmetic, he would; he taught me the higher branches, but neither of us confessed to having gone into Euclid; he demonstrated the propositions unsuspected, while Aunt Myfanwy sat by, innocently unconscious that her niece was entering on such a masculine study; and in the secret triumph of having outwitted Aunt Beata, Toby forgave her interference with Latin, and once more bowed amiably when he met her in the street.

My French master, too, belonged to Mr. Ffowkes, but he also taught Mrs. Hughes’s girls, and gave private lessons. He was an émigré, who had a pedigree as long as my aunts’, but no one thought of him as anything but ‘the foreign man.’ Curiosity had long been at rest concerning him; he had spent years in the town, living in one little room over a bonnet-maker’s shop, without a friend—scarcely an acquaintance, and leading a life lonely as an anchorite—more so, indeed! for who ever

sought the cell of M. de Dampmartin? Mr. Ffowkes knew his history, no doubt, and always treated him with kind respect; but the Frenchman could not reconcile himself to his position; he evidently sought to 'efface' himself as much as possible. In his solitude he kept up the foreign ways that had, when he first came, scandalized all the town: wore a flowered dressing-gown and velvet cap all day; cooked his own dinner of some one little dainty *plat*, and added to it the wild salad that he had gathered in the fields. Unlike Toby, he found teaching a mortal weariness. The instant the clock struck the hour of departure, he would rise from his chair, sigh wearily, point to the passage to be studied for the next lesson, bow deeply to Aunt Myfanwy, as deeply to me, and depart in silence. My aunts always laughed at such ceremonious politeness towards a little girl; but he was courteous to all women, young or old, rich or poor.

Life dawned at last in our lessons. When I could translate fluently, he introduced me to Corneille and Racine, and finding that I appreciated none of their immortal works except 'Les Plaideurs,' bethought himself of Molière. Though he could never get further in explaining a grammatical difficulty than, 'Mademoiselle will find the rule at page so-and-so—such a number—of her grammar,' at least, he taught me my Molière well. How excellently he read his part! how his native enjoyment of wit suddenly sparkled out! Aunt Myfanwy never could understand our mirth over this lesson; she examined me in vain, and it disquieted her sadly. I sometimes took my lessons with Toby unchaperoned; but either my aunts were afraid that poor M. de Dampmartin would teach me Roman Catholic doctrines, or elope with their heiress, for when he came, one of them was invariably present.

I used to read aloud daily to Aunt Myfanwy Mrs. Chapone's Letters or Hannah More's. She worked at her embroidery, or lay placidly dozing on the sofa, soothed by the admirable sentiments that I was uttering; but if we had been examined at the end of an hour as to what our studies had been, I doubt whether aunt or niece could have given much account of them.

I wrote every three weeks to my mother; and that was one of my hardest tasks, so carefully was writing, spelling, and composition scrutinized by my aunts—Aunt Myfanwy overlooking me as I wrote, and afterwards submitting it to Aunt Beata for criticism. They always read the answers, too, and the consciousness of this checked my mother when she would have written freely. How could she ask if I were happy? if I remembered her? or any such fond questions, when she knew that my aunts would feel them as an affront? She was almost as much afraid of Beata as I was, and divined that the mere arrival of those letters was an offence. Aunt Beata guarded me with a jealous feeling, which made her resent even my mother's claiming a right in 'Arthur's only child.'

Under these circumstances, none but a solitary dreamy child would have remembered her mother at all; but it was my hope day and night that she would come back and take me to England. The perverse pleasure in secret war with Aunt Beata strengthened the feeling, and there was an unconscious triumph in possessing a dream-world where she had no power to enter. I knew—how do children always find out what is never meant for their eyes and ears, when so much passes before them to which they are blind and deaf?—at all events, I knew exactly what Beata's feelings towards her sister-in-law were, and that even 'My own little Amabel' at the beginning of each was an offence, and it infused no little defiance into the '*My letter*,' with which I always greeted the Indian dispatch.

Do the elders of a household ever know the inner life of its children? We learn to feign betimes, more out of love, perhaps, than the lack of it; yet a child whom we teach and play with, and watch all day long! My aunts assuredly believed that not a corner of their niece's mind was hidden from them, and yet, how little, how very little, they knew of me! Having no companions, and our doctor having put an end to Aunt Beata's theories of hardening me by cold water and winter walks, and ordered imprisonment on every damp day, I had to make my own amusements. We had no story-books, few books of any kind. There was indeed one tall book-case, facing a cupboard filled with rare china; but the doors of the one were as seldom opened as those of the other; and the lock of the book-case was so stiff, that no one could turn it but the strong hand of Aunt Beata. Story-books scarcely existed then; the nearest attempt to them were certain small brown volumes, where *Cecilias* and *Sophias* spoke wisdom to each other, and were thankful for the kind and judicious parents that Heaven had blessed them with.

But there was the dear Peacock at Home, with coloured pictures—I could say it by heart now; and the Faery Queen, which I knew equally well—can the present generation say as much? *Eastace's Italy*; *Ivanhoe*, which had found its way even into our house; *Bishop Jeremy Taylor's works*, and an odd volume of old plays. All these were jumbled together in an up-stairs room, and I sat on the floor, and read them again and again. Or wrote! delight dearer still. I recollect a tale written in round-hand, with six children and no grown-up people in it; and the scene was laid in a vineyard on Snowdon. My chiefest fear was lest Aunt Beata should light on these productions; they were secreted in a hole in the wall behind an ebony cabinet, behind which no one less slender than myself could have crept, and it was so heavy and full of treasured rubbish, that there was little chance of its ever being moved. I must confess to having made a small hole a large one, working with as beating a heart as if I had been a Baron Trenck, boring a way out of his dungeon. Once Aunt Beata nearly caught me in the fact; and something unusual in my air struck her. But the '*Picture Gallery*' was my own play-room: the doll lay hideous in an arm-chair; the Peacock at

Home beside her; Aunt Beata looked sharply round at me, and round again, but could discover nothing amiss. She was not one easily baffled, and for several days made sudden alarming incursions, but she never found out that her niece had ventured to scribble stories.

About this time woke the love of buying books. My aunts gave me, even as a little child, a liberal allowance, but this way of spending it was unnatural in their eyes. Aunt Myfanwy, I suspect, was rather proud of my literary tastes, though before me she always laughed at them. I privately asked Mr. Ffowkes the price of a Shakspeare, knowing that he had written plays, which I dearly liked. He promised to give me one if I would learn Portia's speech on mercy, and repeat it to him. I won my prize, and almost forgot to thank him in my impatience to compare it with the edition behind the trellises of the book-case. He had followed, and asked astonished why I wanted to buy a Shakspeare when there was one in the house already. 'Oh, nobody can unlock that book-case except Aunt Beata, and she does not like reading,' I said. And the locked book-case was long a weapon used by him to torment her.

The country bookseller must have found me a terrible plaguè, distracting him with questions that he could not answer, and wanting books that he had never heard of. It was owing to Mr. Ffowkes that I set my heart on Audubon's History of Birds; he had seen it in some great public library, and described it enthusiastically to Aunt Beata. The next day I made Betsey take me to the bookseller's, and ordered it; he knowing as little as I did what we were about; but, happily, his London correspondent was a man of discretion, and sent down to know if the order was correct; and the poor man hastened to our house to say that the book Miss Mabel Wynne had ordered cost upwards of £100.

That was a worse arm in my aunt's hands than the book-case in Mr. Ffowkes's.

A storm, yet remembered in Welsh annals, swept over the town, blowing down whole stacks of chimneys, uprooting trees, shaking houses, and keeping everyone awake in trembling dismay all night long—except sound child sleepers like myself. Aunt Myfanwy had risen and dressed, and then sat up in bed, with the thick moreen curtains drawn round her, all night; and Mally and the other maids gathered in the kitchen, and frightened each other more and more by recalling all the horrible anecdotes and misfortunes ever heard of; Aunt Beata walked from room to room, trying to make out whether all the outside shutters were wrenched off, and all the chimneys gone—and the same sort of scene was enacted in every house throughout the town. Yet when I awoke, all the tumult of the night seemed to me like a fable; but shattered tiles and slates all around, and broken boughs whirled from afar into our garden, testified to the truth of what everyone was relating open-mouthed. One side of our house was covered with aged ivy, a thick evergreen tapestry, wherein hundreds of sparrows quarrelled and chattered, and settled and

unsettled themselves every evening for an hour, at least, before they could make up their minds to go to rest. In spite of its tenacious clasp, the storm had wrenched it off the wall; there it lay, a mountain of greenery, at the foot of the red bricks, which stood in bare ugliness, while countless sparrows were fluttering over it, and shrieking with anger. In the evening they came by hundreds, and flew about the naked wall, chirping and scolding; but as no one would put the ivy up again for them, and no lodgings were to be had, they all flew off in a body, and took refuge somewhere else.

Our townsfolk were in a state of excitement not unlike that of the sparrows. During the whole day we had little rapid visits from all our acquaintance, who came to compare notes of the alarms and damages of the past night, and confess the foolish things that fright had made them do. There was a truce during our three o'clock dinner; but the visits re-commenced directly afterwards, till Aunt Beata, out of patience, exclaimed, 'If the King himself calls, I shall tell Betsey I won't see him or anyone else!' And as the words were said, in walked Mr. Ffowkes. Everybody laughed; and he sat down to skirmish with Aunt Beata, who liked him better than most of her neighbours. He had not come to discuss the storm, but to persuade my aunts to subscribe towards a school for the poor, which he was bent on setting up. The Lancastrian system was just beginning to be heard of amongst us. Like all novelties, it excited great disapproval. ']

'I wonder at you, Mr. Ffowkes!' said Aunt Beata; 'propose a plan which your friend Mr. Williams disapproves of! A pretty example for the parish! I shall let him know, I can tell you.'

'Yes, we all know what a good example Miss Wynna sets us!' retorted Mr. Ffowkes, who knew very well that she was seldom on very good terms with our vicar. 'And on my part, I shall certainly let him know how his opinion weighs with you---when it saves undrawing your purse-strings.'

She laughed, for the well-known liberality of her family made the attack almost a compliment.

'I will give you five pounds for old John Jones,' said she, 'or to buy yourself a new coat, Mr. Ffowkes,'---he rather prided himself on wearing a shabby coat in defiance of his friends---'only if I did, you would not give away the old one to a scare-crow, I am afraid, though, as Miss Evans says---she takes a great interest in your coats---'

'Pray let her know, then, that I buy my wardrobe from a scare-crow of my acquaintances.---Now, Miss Myfanwy, you look kind and compassionate; you will give me a sovereign for my school? I will promise that the children shall learn as little as possible.'

'No, no, I have heard enough of education,' said she, half laughing at the wheedling coaxing manner which he had assumed. 'It was all much better before all this rubbish was talked; servants were servants then, and people knew their places and kept them. Now, Ragged Nancy

must needs call herself Mrs. Jones, and Ann asks more wages—set her up with her wages!’

‘But you must not expect—’

‘Oh, everyone says “You must not expect.” You must not suppose there will be any effect on the present generation; what do I care for the next? I shall not be here then.’

‘I doubt whether Ragged Nancy or Ann ever went to school, Lancastrian or otherwise,’ said Mr. Ffowkes, dryly; ‘so it is hardly fair to lay down their faults to modern education.—Come, just one sovereign, Miss Myfanwy; Miss Joyos has given me more.’

‘Then she ought to be ashamed of giving a great deal more than she can afford,’ said Aunt Myfanwy.

‘Ah, one never gets anything from rich people like the Miss Wynnes. Lady Anwyl is an exception, though.’

‘Lady Anwyl! what has she given? Come now, I don’t care to know, but you may as well tell me. Perhaps I will give you the sovereign if you do.’

While he was taking advantage of this opening, Betsey came in with a package which I knew directly for one of those delightful boxes of Indian toys and treasures which my mother never failed to send by every opportunity. We began forthwith to unpack it—at least, as soon as the rose-wood table was defended by a cloth, and that again protected by a layer of newspaper, while a sheet was spread out on the brown-holland over the carpet, lest any stray bits of tow or wool should fall; and while my aunts read a letter, which was the first thing that appeared, I took out gifts for every member of the family. Mr. Ffowkes and his wife had been on most friendly terms with my mother, and he stayed to hear the news.

There was a large soft shawl for Mally, a work-box for Betsey, a tortoise-shell bracelet for Aunt Myfanwy; no one was forgotten. Among the many gifts for me were half a dozen water-colour sketches of natives, in various costumes; and at the back of one, representing a Hindoo girl, my mother had written, ‘I have sent this because people say it is a little like me. All the sketches are done by someone whom I hope my darling Amabel will know and love dearly.’ There was an R. B. at the bottom of this drawing, as well as to all the rest. Whose initials could they be?

There must have been Indian blood in my mother’s family. This little drawing was indeed very like her, as like as the lady in the pearl necklace was unlike. She had exactly that pliant slender figure, and the submissive timid grace, of one belonging to a conquered nation, which the Hindoo girl in my sketch possessed. My mother in the same costume, with the white head-dress, might have passed for a Hindoo, but for her English fairness. This was a prize indeed: looking up to call attention to it, I became aware of a subdued but excited conversation, which must have been going on for some time; Aunt Myfanwy looked

troubled and agitated; Aunt Beata full of triumphant scorn. Mr. Ffowkes looked as if his patience was sorely tried by her. He held my mother's letter in his hand. They ceased to speak on perceiving that I was beginning to listen; and Aunt Beata, in her coldest tones, said, 'There is a letter for you, Mabel,' and gave me one enclosed in her own.

They all watched me as I read it. My mother wrote that she was about to marry the Sir Richard Butler of whom she had sometimes spoken in her letters; he was an officer high in the Indian army, and had one daughter, older than I was, Eunice by name, who was at school in England, 'but some day,' said my mother, 'will be a very dear kind sister to my little Amabel.' As if her approaching marriage had emboldened her, she wrote with more *abandon* than ever before, plainly asked if I were happy, and added a gently worded request that I might write to her without my letters being overlooked.

My chief sensation was that a great event had occurred; something had stirred the slow current of our lives. I looked up, bright with excitement, saw my aunts' faces, and was silenced, till that hope, never long forgotten, rose to my lips, and found utterance in 'Will Mamma come home now?'

'I should think that the last thing likely,' replied Aunt Beata, very sharply. 'So that is all you think of?'

'Your home is with us, my dear—your papa's sisters,' said Aunt Myfanwy, rather reproachfully. 'You do not wish to go away?'

'She is a very silly ungrateful little girl, who is welcome to go if she likes, though I don't know who would wish to have her,' added Aunt Beata.

The tears came now, I hardly knew why, for Aunt Beata's anger seldom brought them.

Mr. Ffowkes could not keep silence any longer, and said, 'Amabel' (he always called me Amabel) 'knows very well that she has a home here, and I am aware that everyone is remarkably kind to her,'—he spoke with considerable sarcasm, looking at Aunt Beata—'but her real home is with her mother. Mrs. Wynne is her mother? Ah, I thought so, only Miss Wynne seemed uncertain about it.'

'I was not speaking of Mrs. Wynne, but of Lady Butler,' replied my aunt pointedly. 'Mabel, pray take all that rubbish away; neither it nor you are fit for the drawing-room.'

Aunt Myfanwy telegraphed me a kind smile, but dared not speak to me when so deep in disgrace. It was a relief to escape, and carry off my treasures, especially the portrait and letter, which I had no mind to show. Hearing Mr. Ffowkes going away, I ran down into the hall. He looked as if there had been high words between him and Aunt Beata.

'Amabel,' he began, 'I hope—' Then changing his tone, 'Your mamma and I are old friends, you know; I am going to write to her

to-day, and say how glad I am that she has found a brave kind man like Sir Richard Butler to take care of her. Have you any message?

'Oh yes,' cried I; 'tell her I am so glad, too; and I want a picture of him, if he would draw one; and say I am very happy, only I want her, and beg her very much to tell me some more about Eunice.'

'Ah, that's right!' said he, as if much relieved. 'I was afraid—'

'Oh, *that* was only Aunt Beata; I don't mind what she thinks,' said I; at which confidence he looked comical, though he ignored it, and said, 'But cannot you write all this yourself? No? Ah, well— Good-bye, little one.'

'Would you like to see Mamma's letter?' I whispered mysteriously.

'Why, I am afraid I must not stay now, or my boys will be obliged to begin evening school without me, or even have to take a holiday, instead of learning Greek. I should find them all in tears, they are so studious, and so attached to me. What! you don't believe it? For shame! what a naughty little girl! You must always believe what I say, Miss Amabel, though it seems you sometimes differ from your elders. By-the-bye,' he added, turning back at the door, 'M. de Dampmartin tells me you write quite a pretty little French letter; now, suppose you write your congratulations to your mamma in French, and let her see how you are getting on, eh?'

Oh, Mr. Ffowkes! did you surmise that Aunt Myfanwy would not get beyond the first page, if indeed she read that? My aunts always liked to send proof of my progress; and when M. de Dampmartin proposed that I should write to my mother instead of composing a theme, they readily agreed. Learning languages was always a delight to me, and to write French was already tolerably easy. It is possible that Mr. Ffowkes and M. de Dampmartin had plotted together, for never was any composition of mine so little altered; and I profited by the admonition to remember that in a letter one should freely express one's hopes, one's desires; and this French epistle was probably the least formal which my mother had ever received from me.

It was well that I was armed, by my cherished belief that all which my mother did was 'wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best,' against outward impressions. My aunts refrained from openly expressing their feelings before me, but I could guess them; and even Mally was against me. If she did not quite believe that the great storm had heralded this astounding news, at least, she felt as keenly as her mistresses that it was an extraordinary want of reverence to the name of Wynne to consent to change it. As time went on, Aunt Myfanwy became appeased, and even was rather proud of my connection with so distinguished a person as Sir Richard; but Aunt Beata remained contemptuously disdainful, as if it had been only just what she expected of her sister-in-law, and even when in time there were two little boys born, who were undeniably my brothers, she still asserted, and perhaps believed, me to be an only child.

Little occurred of note in the next three years. I grew out of some mental perplexities, and into others. For a long time various passages in the Church Service puzzled me, and cost me much uneasy thought. I never could understand, for instance, what the 'many places' could be in which the Scripture moved us; and it seemed absolutely wrong to begin the Creed with 'I believe,' when I had been taught to say so in speaking of anything of which I was not sure. I had no direct religious teaching. My aunts had an extreme respect for the clerical office in theory, but, at the same time, were generally at war with our vicar, who, unhappily, was neither well-educated nor gentlemanly—and the stamp of clergyman in our remote district was far from a high one. Dissent was rife, and morality among the poor at a low ebb. It was a sad state of things; and even yet the time has not come, when the Church, once so strongly planted in Wales, shall recall what she was in early British times.

A little more sympathy sprang up between Aunt Beata and myself when I began to amuse myself by reading Welsh. She herself was an excellent Welsh scholar, reading the old authors with ease, though ancient Welsh is as unlike modern as is the English of Wyckliffe to that of Queen Victoria's time. There was not, indeed, very much to read; but the old legends of King Arthur's Court and the Triads were a treasure, and the poetry in local names delighted me. The Valley of Meditation, The Vale of the Cry of the Hounds, Arthur's Glen, The Beavers' Abode—there was something in them that seemed to take one out of the every-day world, and give a touch of romance.

It was in the benevolence excited by these studies, or perhaps a secret fear lest I should write discontentedly to India, that Aunt Beata invited a cousin to pay us a visit; a Katharine, who used to be held up as an example to me on all occasions. She lived on the borders of North Wales, but belonged to the South by birth, or else my aunts would hardly have tolerated her, for the animosity between North and South is almost as bitter as between Wales and England. Locomotion was difficult, except on horseback, in those days. Ladies and gentlemen rode to visit each other; the farmers' wives came to market and church, either riding alone, or on a pillion beside their stout husbands. There was a horse-block by every public-house, and another by the church, as a necessary of daily life. It was mounted behind her father that Katharine came to us after a long two days' journey. We soon became good friends, in spite of the praises which my aunts had always bestowed upon her. She deserved them, assuredly; but as at that time they had never seen her, they must have used it as a mental tonic for me. We talked and played together, and I read her my stories, in which the unknown Eunice was always the heroine. Not only had my mother's mention of her captivated my fancy, then much in want of an ideal, but Eunice had written me a letter beginning, 'My dear little Amabel,' which had extorted the unwilling admiration of Aunt Myfanwy. In

Aunt Beata's eyes it was simply an impertinence, and she would hardly allow me to answer it. But to me it was an earnest of future love in that English home which I always silently looked forward to. I had no more feeling of loyalty towards the place and people where I was living, than has the inmate of a caravanserai towards his temporary shelter; from the first I had always supposed that I should leave it again, sooner or later; though, had my father lived, I imagine that he would have returned to Wales. When I was born, his elder brother was still living; and at the time of his death, my father found himself in a position of trust which he could not easily resign at a short notice. I suspect, that he shrank too from deposing Aunt Beata, as he must have done had he and my mother come back to take their place as heads of the family. How would she have borne it! What heart-burnings there would have been! But while matters remained unsettled, my mother became a widow.

It was the custom in our part of Wales to hold a night service on Christmas Eve, or rather a very early one, beginning about three o'clock in the morning; and after the usual prayers and a sermon, the congregation used to sing hymns and psalms till day dawned. This custom must have been handed down from most ancient times; it was called the 'Pylgain,' (cock-crowing.) I know not whether the name was connected with the superstition that the cock crows all through the night before Christmas. Dissenters and Churchmen cherished the Pylgain alike; servants would at once leave their places if refused leave to attend it, but mistresses set their faces against it, and sighed over the many abuses which had crept in, and made it as undesirable as a Breton 'Pardon.' Aunt Beata always attended it, escorting our maids there and back; but I had been considered too young to go, up to my eleventh birth-day. Then she consented to take me. Christmas Eve was my birth-day; my mother used to call me her Christmas-rose; but I did not obtain the favour on that account, for my aunts never observed birth-days. Alas! they were full of sad recollections to them; times of gloom and seclusion. I have heard that for ten years together, they were never out of mourning.

The ground was one sheet of snow as our party set out to the Pylgain; the roofs rose smooth and white towards a pale sky, and snowy mountain peaks rose cold in the distance. Our lantern cast shifting gleams as we passed along, on the white world round us, and closed windows and doors looking doubly dark in contrast. I should hardly have known the town under this novel nocturnal aspect. Little parties like ourselves were climbing the steep hill which led towards the church, through whose windows came a yellow light from the candles which illumined it—green tapers, made expressly for the Pylgain, and never used at any other time.

There was a large congregation, and amongst them I was rejoiced to see Mr. and Mrs. Anwyl, the son and daughter-in-law of our great people of the Castle. They lived in London, but spent some time with Sir Edward and Lady Anwyl every year. Mrs. Anwyl was English,

like my mother, and was always very kind to me for her sake. She had spent several months at the Castle during the year that we came to Wales, and had grown very fond of my mother. I did not know till after this Christmas that Sir Richard Butler was a distant connection of hers; and it was on the strength of their mutual friendship with Mrs. Anwyl that he had made my mother's acquaintance. There were two little Miss Anwyls, and a younger brother, with whom I had an intermittent acquaintance; but they were not in church. The clergyman's voice, beginning to read, called back my eyes and thoughts, and the solemn effect of the night service, the unusual hour, and the earnest congregation, strongly impressed me.

The Anwyls joined us as we came out into the churchyard after the service, and insisted on walking home with us, though Aunt Beata scorned the idea of an escort. 'And the snow is really blinding,' she said, looking into the whirling flakes which came down thicker and faster every minute. 'You should not keep Mrs. Anwyl out.'

'She enjoys it,' said Mr. Anwyl, walking on beside Aunt Beata; 'and if you are not afraid for your niece—'

'Mabel is perfectly strong,' said Aunt Beata hastily, and walked on fast.

Mrs. Anwyl had taken my hand, and was saying that she hoped to see me at a child's party, which Lady Anwyl intended giving for her grandchildren; 'and by that time I shall have something to show you.' I could not see her face, but the kind voice assured me that it was certain to be something pleasant, though she would not tell me what it was to be. She asked if I had heard lately from India; and I, speaking low, though I knew that Aunt Beata could not hear, imparted the latest tidings, and how Sir Richard had written to me himself because Mamma was not yet quite strong enough, though she and her baby were going on wonderfully well. Actually this was the first time I had been able to talk freely of this important event, the news of which had been received with perplexed distress by Aunt Myfanwy, as if there were something wrong in it, and with her most marked indifference by Aunt Beata. Oh, the pleasure of pouring out all that I had been longing to impart, to some friendly ear!

'You know, Mamma brought me home when I was four years old; now she has two little babies, don't you think she will soon bring them?'

'I think it is very likely; how you will like to see your little brothers.'

'Oh, thank you for calling them so.'

'Why?' said Mrs. Anwyl, laughing; but the 'why' no doubt occurred to her, for she did not wait for an answer. 'And then, do you not wish to know your step-sister, Miss Butler? Do you know that she is a cousin of mine, and goes to school with my little girls?'

'Eunice! Oh, Mrs. Anwyl, *will* you tell me about her?'

'Everyone loves and trusts Eunice—' but there we reached our own door, and no more could be said; nor did we meet again till the night of the party.

Aunt Beata and I were so wet that we went straight into the kitchen, where there was sure to be a fire. We had outstripped the maids, but it was not empty. In a chair by the hearth sat a little old man, with his pack at his feet, fast asleep, and snoring comfortably. After an astonished exclamation, Aunt Beata walked up to him, gave him a little shake, and demanded who he was, and what he might be doing in her kitchen. He opened his eyes, saw her towering over him, and as he grew more awake, and comprehended that he had the mistress of the house to deal with, answered composedly in Welsh, 'Dear heart, Ma'am, I'm only Evan Evans, the pedlar; everybody knows me.'

'Oh, I see now who you are; but what are you doing here, pray?'

'Bless you, Ma'am, dear! I've slept in your house four or five times a year ever since I've travelled this road. I always find the door unlocked, and I just come in and spend the night by the fire.'

So primitive were our ways then, that nobody thought of fastening their doors of a night. I doubt whether some houses even possessed bolt or bar, yet robberies were unheard of. Aunt Beata said coolly, 'If you had mentioned it before, Evan Evans, I would have ordered you a supper;' and Mally just then entering, she desired her to bring out bread and cheese, and the unfailing *crw da* (good ale) forthwith.

I was too cold to be amused by the scene, and longed to stand close to the fire; but this was against well-known rules. Aunt Beata at last noticed how shivering I was, and said, 'Mally, give Miss Mabel some coffee, and see that she goes to bed directly;' but added as she went away, 'If you catch cold, you know it will be out of the question for you to go to the Castle.'

Now what need was there to have said that?

Mally gave me all the petting and cherishing which it was not in Aunt Beata's nature to bestow; but Christmas Day was terribly inclement. We kept it in Welsh fashion, exactly like a Sunday. I did my best to seem well during the next three days, but it was not easy. However, the expected evening came, and Aunt Myfanwy took me to the Castle. Beata would not go; the very thought of so gay a scene seemed to make her doubly gloomy, but Aunt Myfanwy was glad of an excuse for a little gaiety, though she declared that it was all for my sake, and that she should be knocked up for a week by such an effort.

The Castle was a fine old building, with what in England would be called a chase round it, where deer ran free, sharing it with a breed of fierce cattle, white with black noses and ears, the terror of everyone who walked in the chase. What a bright festal scene the Castle drawing-room was, with its Christmas decorations, lights, and the gay dresses of the many guests! Old Lady Anwyl came to meet us, treating Aunt Myfanwy with marked courtesy; I was glad to curtsy and escape from her dignified welcome, to her little grandchildren, who took me with eager mystery to a small inner room lined with books, where drawings, engravings, and other means of passing the time pleasantly, were strewn

on the tables. There would be card-playing here later, but it had not yet begun; and the room was untenanted. 'Look!' they said with one accord, 'here is a picture that Mamma is going to send to a cousin of ours in India; we want to know if you think it pretty; Mamma did it herself.'

Mrs. Anwyl's family all had a talent for drawing. I looked wonderingly at the sketch; what special interest could it have for me? A likeness of a girl, perhaps sixteen years old; a serene good face, full of earnestness. 'Who is it?'

'Oh, but first tell us what you think of it!' was all the answer I got.

'Or rather, what she thinks of the original,' said Mrs. Anwyl, coming in, accompanied by a girl, who stood still, smiling, while I looked at her with a heart which began to beat very fast from a kind of presentiment. She did not let the suspense last long. 'Little Amabel,' she said, clasping me close, as no one had ever done, unless Mally, since my mother left me, seven years before; and lifting me to her lap, she sat down in an arm-chair, still holding me in her arms. 'My little sister, of whom I have heard from dear Papa—and Mamma—' and she spoke the word acknowledging the bond between us with a smile which won her all my heart. Ah! but it would have been hers even without that. 'What a tiny white mite you are! I should like to carry you off and take you all for my own. Shall I not have news to write to India by next mail?'

'Give my dear love to Papa,' I whispered. How tender her kiss was! 'When will they come home?'

'Ah, little Amabel, I wish I knew!' and there was a shadow on her face. 'Shall we go to them if they do not make haste? How old are you? What, eleven, you little thing! don't you mean eight? Well, if I go, I shall certainly take you.'

'Aunt Beata would not let me;' and the thought was terrible of how she would take the news of this meeting with Eunice, one of the Butlers whose very name was an offence.

'But you belong to Papa and Mamma as well as to your aunts,' said Eunice, with conviction that was very comforting. She had imbibed a strong impression that my aunts were not kind to me, and her indignation was roused by the idea of a child so lonely and fragile as I appeared to her, lacking love and cherishing. But this was a mistaken notion. No one was unkind, and some were very good indeed to me; it was not exactly anyone's fault that my life was a melancholy one for a child.

'Now let me introduce you to Miss Myfanwy Wynne,' said Mrs. Anwyl; and we went back to the great drawing-room to seek my aunt, I trembling a little, but already fortified by the close clasp of Eunice's hand. I felt that whatever Aunt Beata might say, that Eunice's very presence had proved her right to claim a share in me, and that hencefor-

ward here was my champion. Aunt Myfanwy was in a happy little flow of talk with an old friend on each side, most unexpectant of any such event as awaited her; her dismay and confusion, combated by her natural good breeding, were comical. Evidently she felt that, justly or unjustly, Aunt Beata would hold her responsible for this meeting and its consequences. Yet in spite of all, I could see that Eunice made a favourable impression on her; she was actually gratified that I should belong to one so satisfactory, and looked nervously pleased when Eunice refused to dance, and sat down by her to talk. Mr. Ffowkes came and sat on the other side; Eunice had already made his acquaintance, and they talked with a mirthful ease which amused poor Aunt Myfanwy in spite of herself, and drew her, she hardly knew how, into the conversation. But for the thought of Beata, she would have been very happy, fluttered though she was, but now and then she looked at Eunice as if she had been some curious creature whose existence astonished her; here was one of those Butlers, whose existence we hardly acknowledged, before her very eyes taking possession of me as a matter of course, and she found herself unable to help admiring her!

I only wished to sit by Eunice and gaze at her, as though she had come from those green fairy isles of which I had read in Welsh legend, where fairies and virtuous Druid souls dwelt together; while as far as I cared in my inexpressible content, the rest of the world did as they would. But by-and-by we both had to dance, and both enjoyed it. All things had hitherto been so fenced and hampered with admonitions and rules, that I had never been able to enjoy anything very much; I was so sure to be called to account for some trespass afterwards. But now there was a delicious sense of protection and freedom. I quite forgot the languid aching sensations that had haunted me ever since our wet walk from the Pylgarn. Eunice kept me near her in the dances, and by her side afterwards. She was greatly in request; and stately old Lady Anwyl had remarked to Aunt Myfanwy that she could wish nothing better for her grand-daughters than that they should resemble Miss Butler, and Lady Anwyl's word was law in the neighbourhood. No one but Aunt Beata ever questioned it, and perhaps even she would hardly rebel against such a decided opinion as this.

Dancing is—(or was, I know not how it may be now,)—a passion with old and young in Wales. Elderly gentlemen, bald or bewigged, stood up with wrinkled partners, and no one was in the least surprised at it. There was a hearty simple enjoyment, which I have never seen equalled since. Reels and country dances were in fashion then; quadrilles were yet unknown amongst us. The poorer classes of people were quite as fond of dancing as the upper; our gardener piqued himself on perfectly executing fifteen different steps, one of which consisted in leaping up and striking the soles of the feet together in the air. He and Nancy y Parlour, who weighed at least eleven stone, would stand up and try to outdo one another, and I do not know which did best; that ton of a

woman moved as lightly as a bit of eider down. By-the-by, her nickname of 'Parlour' arose from her presumptuous vanity in calling one of her rooms by that English name.

The country dance at the Castle reached from top to bottom of the long drawing-room. At one end was a long mirror, reaching the whole height of the room, and in appearance lending it double length. In one country dance I had little Edward Anwyl as a partner. It came to our turn to scamper down the long lane between the double rows, while others merrily performed hands across and back again, this being a simple country dance, with none of the intricate figures which complicated some of the prime favourites. By this time the floor had grown perilously slippery, which only added to the general mirth. The music waxed fast and furious; the dance was not far from a romp, at least among the younger ones. I was tired, and could not keep up with Edward, who pulled me on bravely, but somehow his foot slipped, he recovered himself, slipped again, and fell prostrate, dragging me so suddenly and violently after him, that I, who was jerked a step in advance, did what he just escaped, and fell forward against the great mirror. I heard the shiver of glass and an universal cry, just felt someone snatch me up—and then I do not remember any more, till a consciousness of voices speaking low and hurriedly round me, and of something cold on my face, grew stronger, and opening my eyes I saw Mrs. Anwyl, and old Dr. Griffiths, and Aunt Myfanwy with a troubled face, all looking at me as I lay on a bed in some unknown room. 'I *could* not help it!' I murmured; and then soft lips were pressed on mine, and a new voice, which I recognized directly with a start, answered, 'No, darling, it was nobody's fault. Can you drink this? To please me!'

And at that I tried, and succeeded, and then remained too weary to speak or care for more than resting against Eunice, to whose bed I had been carried. Poor Aunt Myfanwy! she was in the depths of perplexity and despair at finding that I could not be moved, and Lady Anwyl's assurances that I was a most welcome guest could not console her. What would Beata say to all this? and who knew how much hurt I might be! Eunice succeeded best in re-assuring her, and her quiet 'I will take care of Amabel' carried conviction with it. She kept her word. During the next few days she made me thoroughly happy. She read to me, talked, told me stories, or sat silent, just as pleased me; she described all the Butlers, always as if some day of course I should know and love them; she told me about her own life and her school in London, for, grown up as she looked, she was still at school. She had come to spend these Christmas holidays with Mrs. Anwyl, who resolved to gratify my mother and Sir Richard by making us known to each other.

How my heart sank when I was taken away! even though Eunice promised to spend a long time with me every day. I saw too that it gave her pain to part with the child who had been all her own for those

few days; she too was Indian, lonely to a certain degree, though rich in friends and relations. 'My Mabel' was her name for me, and there was a whole history in the simple pronoun.

Aunt Beata visited me once, and I saw then that in her eyes no Butler could ever find favour. Her very thanks implied that Eunice's kindness had been shown to one who in all ways was a stranger to her. We made no comment, but we both knew it, and clung all the closer to each other in consequence. She could not decline Eunice's visits to me, but she caused her to feel herself a most unwelcome intruder, and showed her all the discourtesy which good-breeding permitted. Not one in a thousand would have borne what Eunice did for me. I have seen her change colour, and Aunt Myfanwy wince and fidget, at Beata's sarcastic politeness; but Eunice never would seem to understand it, met it with grave simplicity, came in spite of all, and made my day glad for me. I only feared getting well, for then I should have to leave the shelter of my room, where she and I were sometimes left at peace together; but the end of her stay came before I was allowed to quit it. I do not know which of us dreaded the parting most—a parting likely to be long too, though Mrs. Anwyl had told me she should try to persuade my aunts to let me visit her. Eunice exhorted me to be brave, petted and comforted me, and while she was present I was too contented to grieve about any future; but when she was away, it came upon me what it would be never to see her any day! But she could not stay over those six weeks which had taught me what it was to be very happy.

It was hard on my aunts that a stranger should have been able to bestow what they in all their anxious solicitude never could. It must have been exceedingly trying to find that with Eunice, whose departure had rejoiced Aunt Beata, went all the brightness and progress towards recovery of their little invalid. There really seemed no object in getting well; the only thing that I cared for was to have Eunice's letters; everything else seemed flat, stale, and unprofitable. Our doctor shook his head, and attributed the chief mischief to a neglected cold caught on Christmas Eve. Aunt Beata, on the contrary, was convinced that Lady Anwyl's party, (*i. e.* Eunice) was in fault. But I could not get well, and no one knew what to do. Eunice had told me not to fret, and I tried to obey her, but the life seemed gone out of me. I was listlessly resigned to all that was suggested, but cared for nothing—I *could* not care. Aunt Myfanwy hovered uneasily round me, proposing this and that, and remarking, with annoyance that was only a form of anxiety, on my white looks. Aunt Beata left me unaccountably alone: she spent a great deal of time alone, more than she had ever done; and had she not carried out all her usual employments, visited the poor, managed the various charities of which she was head, and overlooked all the affairs which her agent submitted to her, (for he was never allowed to act in any matter without her express directions,) we should have supposed her ill. She was greatly angered by the suggestion, however; and Aunt Myfanwy

did not venture to make it again. Poor Aunt Myfanwy! she was at her wits' end to know what to do with me, especially without her sister to appeal to. Once she came softly to my side, as I lay on the sofa, to see if I were asleep, and detected silent tears trickling down. 'What is the matter?' she asked, half-alarmed, half petulantly. I put my arms round her neck, and whispered, 'Has not Mrs. Anwyl asked me to go and see her?'

'You are not well enough to go anywhere,' said Aunt Myfanwy evasively. 'Try to get well, and we shall see.'

'I want Eunice,' was my answer, lying back wearily.

'But, my dear, how can you be so silly?' began Aunt Myfanwy, in one of her little outbreaks of vexation; then soothingly, 'There, there, don't cry; I am sure I should have no objection to ask Miss Butler here, especially after what Lady Anwyl said of her; but Beata—'

'Yes, I know. Thank you, dear Aunt Myfanwy.' It was the first time that it had ever occurred to me as possible to add any caressing epithet to my aunts' names. She stroked my hair, in silent perplexity; but retreated guiltily as Aunt Beata's tall figure entered. She took no notice of us, but sat down with a book of accounts before her, which she seemed to force herself to attend to, leaning her head on her hand, with a look of pain which struck even me, and visibly disquieted Aunt Myfanwy.

Our old doctor must have been called secretly into council by Aunt Myfanwy on my behalf; for Betsey, who had overheard—I know not how—what was said, told me that he had undertaken to break to Aunt Beata that I must have both change and the companionship which I longed for. I gathered, too, that he thought me very ill. It gave me a strange startled feeling; but I was persuaded that the sight of Eunice would cure me. 'A sick child's fancy,' Dr. Griffiths called it, 'on no account to be thwarted.'

Truly, it was not desirable that I should know this! Myfanwy awaited, trembling, the effect of this news on Beata; but she received it with perfect indifference. 'Let her go, then,' was all that she said; and from that time Dr. Griffiths grew far more anxious about her than me. As for me, when once convinced that the promise of accepting Mrs. Anwyl's invitation was not a mere delusion held out to soothe me, life seemed to return to me. There was something to look forward to. The difficulty now was to find an escort to London. There was so little intercourse between our part of Wales and the capital in those days, that this was a serious puzzle. The only person sure to go up to London about the right time was the jailor, who made annual journeys thither; and the jailor was not exactly the protector whom the Miss Wynnes would have selected for their niece. At last Mr. Ffowkes found that he had business which required him to go, and he volunteered to take charge of me. And when Easter came, I was not well, but undeniably

well enough to go. It was the first time that I had left home since I came from India. Nothing had ever allowed me to suppose that my absence or presence could make any difference to my aunts; and Beata's frigid kiss of farewell did not astonish me, but I was very much surprised by the tearful eyes of Aunt Myfanwy. Looking back at her, I saw Aunt Beata standing watching my departure also, with a cold absent gaze; all the maids were gathered at the door too, and Aunt Myfanwy had retreated in tears; but the thing that impressed me was that look on the face of my Aunt Beata.

What a desolate life hers had been! surely, very unlike what it ought to have been. There came to my mind a speech of hers, made I know not when, which had sunk in, without being at the time understood. Someone spoke of the loneliness of death: 'I have *lived*,' she said briefly; as if, compared to the solitude of life, that of death seemed nothing.

That was a delightful journey; Mr. Ffowkes was the kindest and merriest of guardians. I hope that his boys liked him even a quarter as much as I did. And then the welcome at the end! Eunice was again passing her holidays with the Anwyls, and Mary and Lilius Anwyl were old friends of mine. Eunice took possession of me at once, and I felt myself in her keeping with a sigh of content. Her serene blitheness, and unfailing thoughtful care, were marvellous to me, as something of which I had never even dreamed, more marvellous than even the gay spirits of the little Anwyls.

Through Eunice I learnt to enter into my aunts' feelings as I had never yet been able to do; she divined, and made allowances for them, and would, I think, have made me compassionate Aunt Beata, had I not felt quite unable to forgive the treatment that Eunice had met with. That was an unpardonable offence; a time was coming when I asked myself whether Aunt Beata had not many things to forgive me.

The end of my stay in London was approaching, when a hurried letter from Aunt Myfanwy came, asking, with many apologies, if I might remain a little longer, as her sister was seriously ill. My aunts would not have thought me old enough to hear the truth, but Mrs. Anwyl told me that Beata's state was hopeless; she had long suffered from a painful disease, which, with her strange reserve, or contempt of any complaint, she had resolutely concealed, and with her failing strength, to the last she insisted on doing all that she had been accustomed to do. It must have been grievous to look on without daring to remonstrate. She knew her dangerous condition, but would not acknowledge it, till a sudden break-down of strength prostrated the strong will with it, and laid her helpless on the bed, which she never more quitted, though she lived on for some months. Latterly she showed a gleam of tenderness to her sister, which was very precious to poor Aunt Myfanwy. This great trouble almost overpowered her; she found herself suddenly deprived of

the one who at least had kept all anxiety away from her, and given her a sense of protection, though the rule had been a hard one. She, who had never decided anything in her life, now had all the responsibility of a household and large property thrust upon her, with a feeling that she had not the least idea how to manage them; and Aunt Beata had been so completely the mainspring of everything, that without her nothing went right. Of course Myfanwy leant on the first support that offered itself. This was Mr. Ffowkes, who proved himself a good friend at this time. I thought that I ought to return to her; but the charge of another invalid would have quite overwhelmed her, and Mr. Ffowkes suggested that I should accompany Eunice to the school, where she was to pass another six months.

Thither I went, more as a pet than a pupil, but I should have been happy anywhere with Eunice. Who would have dreamed that my first holidays would be spent among the Butlers? So it was, however; we went to Eunice's grandmother, who received me as a new little grandchild, and seemed to me the dearest old lady ever created. Ah! how I wished that the Wynnes had shewn half as much kindness to Eunice! At Christmas Eunice left school, and again we went to Mrs. Butler's. No one now thought it possible for me to be separated from Eunice; I was truly now 'her Mabel.'

About this time my Aunt Beata died. I do not like to think of her sad life, or her lingering death. Poor Aunt Myfanwy was broken down by this loss, which left her the last of her family; and everyone wondered if she would continue to live in the great dreary house alone, yet nobody could suppose her uprooted from the place where she had lived all her life, and transplanted to a new scene. She would not have survived such a change. Mr. and Mrs. Ffowkes took counsel with other old friends, and proposed to her to invite the now widowed mother of my cousin Katharine to live with her. Katharine had always suited Aunt Myfanwy, and her mother was very like her. When I went back, I found them thoroughly at home, Aunt Myfanwy happy in being cared for and waited on devotedly by Katharine, and spared all responsibility by Mrs. Harold Wynne, who was as loveable as her daughter. I suspect that Aunt Myfanwy had not been so happy for years.

I did not come alone; Eunice was with me. We paid a long visit, and then returned to Mrs. Butler, whose house was my real home for the next five years, till our parents came back to England, settling near her, and a new life began for us—a very very happy one. But of that I cannot now write; the history of my childhood is ended. I am glad now that at first it was a mournful one, since all the deep gladness which afterwards brightened it was owing to Eunice. Even when my mother returned, great as that joy was, I think I thoroughly remained what the Butlers used to call me, 'Eunice's Mabel.'

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A REFUGEE IN GEORGIA DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

Mr. M.'s cousin—a Virginia lady, whose two married daughters are with her, refugees in Macon, from Mississippi—had her troubles on this unfortunate Saturday. One son-in-law was being nursed at home, who was wounded at Atlanta: the other was carried in wounded, apparently dying. His young wife was immediately taken ill, and confined with her first child. It is not often the Southern women give way: they think themselves but too happy when they can get the opportunity of nursing their loved ones, even though it should be in a refugee's hut. This same lady has lost everything: she was wealthy; but instead of repining, she set to work, and earned enough money, by making artificial flowers of feathers, to buy her husband a horse.

I have heard from Janette L. how they fared. On this eventful Saturday they went to Vineville, near Macon, having heard that the Yankees meant to cross the river close to their house; but finding that the town was being shelled, they returned home. They then, fearing that the Yankees might pay them a visit in retreating, packed up all their clothes, intending to hide in the thick woods, should any danger arise. They kindly put all my property into the great chest I brought from England.

It is at present impossible for me to return to Sewatha; and I think it likely the L.s may not wish me to return at all. Should they so decide, or I should so settle it for myself, I shall have not the least trouble in getting a situation in Savannah, which now seems about the safest place I can think of. The M.s say I am to stay with them as long as I like; but they are thinking of removing from Pulaski. Their intentions, and mine too, depend entirely on Sherman's movements: if he succeeds in advancing, I should not like to be at Sewatha. We all hope and trust Hood will defeat Sherman, for we cannot be secure till then.

We have been expecting Mrs. H. here on a visit from Savannah ever since July 29th; but the railway was impassable before the bridge was destroyed, for anyone with luggage. We think she can't come till the bridge is rebuilt. My English letters were much delayed too—they were thirteen days coming from Charleston; but I have had six in a fortnight; four came in three consecutive days; never did anything happen so nicely before, since I have been in the country. Thousand thanks for the pretty little lace collar, and all the pieces of lace. Some sewing-cotton would be a treasure; it is five dollars a reel. What shall I do when my paper is all gone? it is a dollar a sheet. I would ask for some needles, but I fear they would not travel well. I send some five-cent and ten-cent Confederate stamps. The former are much

better engraved than the latter, and were the first issued. Apropos of the likeness on the five-cents—a soldier, meeting the President, asked him whether he were Jefferson Davis, and receiving for answer, ‘Yes,’ rejoined, ‘Well, I thought you looked very much like a postage stamp!’ a good illustration of the simplicity of manners among the soldiers, and of the correctness of the likeness.

We see the news about Denmark regularly: it is the only foreign news we have: odd scraps upon other matters are sometimes copied.

The Colonel L., who was so handsomely received in England, and who lost all his luggage, and all the goods he was bringing for friends, only just escaping himself in running the blockade, is with his sister at Macon: he has been giving a lecture on England there. His namesake, Charles H.’s colonel, who wrote so kindly and feelingly when we lost Charles, has been killed in the last expedition into Maryland. He was only twenty-four, the same age as Charles. Two more years of suffering, fighting, and starving, and then a death like his much loved friend’s.

There are 1200 Northern officers prisoners in Macon: the town is crowded too with wounded men. All the women and all the ladies in the place, are occupied in nursing and cooking for them, and find that there are not enough for the work. Refugees of the highest rank are living in two rooms, and cheerfully helping in the universal need.

We have had very bad news from some Florida friends. When Lake City was attacked in March, Mrs. F. returned to her old home near Jacksonville, trusting they might be safe. But, alas! a party of Northerners forced them out of the house, allowing them to take nothing but what they could carry in their hands. The family consisted only of a widow lady and three children under fifteen years of age. With gratuitous cruelty the Yankees brought up the favourite horses and cows, and killed them before the lady’s eyes. They then set fire to the place; and she was obliged, with her children, to walk seven miles before she could meet with friends to receive her. It was her son whose name I mentioned finding in the list of killed—the only one she had grown up.

(To be continued.)

AUNT CECILY’S MUSIC LESSONS.

PART I.—MABEL’S MUSIC-BOOK.

LESSON VI.

At the sixth lesson, the beating of time was practised, and Mabel was introduced to another new note, the CROTCHET, which she was told the French call a NOIRE; and Mabel knew quite well that *noir* means black in French. Miss Wells told her also, that the Semibreve was called

Ronde, and the *Minim*, *Blanche*. Mabel said she thought white was *blanc* in French, and her aunt told her that *blanc* was used for the masculine, and *blanche* for the feminine. Then Miss Wells asked what part of speech white and black were; and poor Mabel said, 'Adverb—no, preposition—no—I declare I never *can* learn those horrid parts of speech.' Miss Wells asked her what a noun was; and Mabel answered, 'The name of any thing that exists, or of which we can form a notion; as, London, man, virtue.' But she repeated it in such a parrot-like tone, so unlike her usual intelligent manner, that her aunt proceeded to question her, and found that she was not aware that everything she could see, touch, and feel, was a noun. She knew that tables and chairs, and horses and dogs, and other things whose names she had learnt by heart, were nouns; but *why* they were so called, she did not know, and she was not clear about 'proper' nouns. As to abstract nouns, she protested she could not understand what they were. With regard to adjectives, though she knew that green and blue were adjectives, she confused the word with adverb and conjunction, and could give no clear account of what sort of a word an adjective was. In a few minutes Miss Wells made her see plainly how adjectives show the qualities of nouns; and that done, she explained the change of gender in French, and why the note was called *blanche* and not *blanc*. Then she said, 'But, Mabel, you must have heard all this before, or how could you write French exercises?'

'Oh yes,' said Mabel, 'I have often had all this given me to write out ever so many times, and to learn by heart. I can say it perfectly! "*Écoutez donc. L'adjectif varie dans sa terminaison selon le genre et le nombre du substantif auquel il se rapporte,*" and ever so much more that I never know *quite*; but I never knew what any of it *meant* till now. You see I always hated *that French*, and I don't think I ever *tried* to understand it. I thought it was too difficult. I'd no idea how easy it was. But Miss Ruler always will talk French when I am at lessons, and I don't understand half she says; so I don't listen.'

'Oh, Mabel, that is *wrong*!' said Aunt Cecily, looking grave.

'Why, Auntie, if I were to listen, I should have a head-ache. I used to try at first, but it gave me a pain here,' and Mabel put her hand to her forehead, 'so I left off listening. I often get scolded and called "*pareseuse*" and "*étourdie*" and "*desobéissante*," and I don't care. I used to cry, but I don't now. I stay quiet, and think of something else whenever Miss Ruler begins her preachments. Codlin put me up to that!'

'Codlin?' said Miss Wells. 'Who's Codlin?'

'Oh, it's one of the names I call Martha. Papa used to say she "*coddled*" me, and so I called her "Codlin." And you know she's got a face just like an apple.'

Miss Wells put on a very serious air, much as she felt inclined to laugh. 'Martha has no business to interfere,' she said, 'between you and the lady your parents have chosen to educate you.'

'O dear Aunt Cecily, just listen. When Miss Ruler came first, last spring, I was *so* miserable, I used to cry every night in bed, and Martha was the only comfort I had. Mamma wouldn't listen to me. I should have disliked Miss Ruler much worse if it hadn't been for Martha. She used to call her such names, and talk such nonsense, that she made me laugh. Miss Ruler is very kind sometimes. She isn't half so bad as Martha thinks. Mamma used to explain to me that it is Miss Ruler's *duty* to make me learn, and keep me in order. I know she's very good; but—oh dear—she *does* bother me! Thank goodness, I sha'n't be in the school-room all my life, as Martha says; and Papa says so too.'

Miss Wells sighed; and then she said, 'Mabel, we are forgetting our music.'

'That we are!' the child cried. 'And I do so want to play a tune by Christmas!'

Miss Wells. We will begin by practising our old exercise.

They go up and down from *Do* to *Sol* a few times. Then practise lifting one finger, while holding down the others. Return to first exercise, and end by striking the common chord. Then Miss Wells makes Mabel write the exercise she had written the day before (in semibreves without bars) in regular time, making the notes crotchets, and placing the bars in their places.



When this is written, Miss Wells makes the child sing it with her *VERY* slowly, and then play it with each hand separately very slowly, and finally with the two hands together. Then she takes a sheet of music-paper, and placing it on a book, gives Mabel the pencil, and tells her to write what she is going to sing in semibreves without bars. She sings *Do Mi Sol Mi Fa Re Re*, rest, *Mi Mi Re Re Do Mi Do*, rest. This Mabel wrote down without much hesitation. Then Miss Wells, taking the pencil out of her hand, wrote the notes in the proper way, as minims with bars, Mabel looking on.



Mabel inquires what the queer things at the beginning, and the C, mean. But Miss Wells tells her to pay no attention to that at present, but to give her thoughts entirely to the notes. Placing it on the music-desk, she plays it through, (first having told Mabel to fix her eyes on the notes and listen, but not to glance at the keys at all.) Next, she gives the child the pencil, telling her to point to each note while it is being played, and she plays it a second time. After that, she makes her sing it with her. Then sing it without any aid except the single note of the melody, which Miss Wells plays, to guide her, very softly, but in rigid time, and lifting her hand *ostentatiously* at the rests. Next, she sings it herself, beating the time, and making the pupil listen and watch. Then she takes the child's hand, and helps her to beat the time, while they sing together. Finally, she makes Mabel beat the time without any guidance, while the teacher sings and points. Then she stops, and says, 'Mabel, I ought to have shown you the form of the semibreve and minim rests, but you *guessed* that the black mark I set down in this air is as long as one of the notes. What kind of notes are these?'

'Minims,' the child replies, without hesitation.

'And what is the length of a minim? I mean, how long do you stop upon it? How many beats?'

Mabel. It's half, and the semibreve is the whole. You count four. Two then?

Miss W. Quite right. We must count two on these rests. (touching bars 4 and 8.) Now put your fingers as you did before, with the thumb over middle C, and the little finger over G. That's it—wrist up. Now then, strike the note my pencil touches. C E G E F D D (lift your hand) E E D D C E C, rest. Play it again, and lift your hand *exactly* at the very instant you say REST! I am going to count, and you must repeat the notes with my counting.

This was played several times, till Miss Wells said, 'That will do. Now you have played your first TUNE.'

Mabel looks a little disappointed. 'Is *that* a TUNE?'

Miss W. Yes; at least, the first part of one. It is very simple, certainly, but it is a melody, and to my ear pleasing enough. What you call a 'tune,' some people call an 'air,' but musicians generally call it a 'MELODY.' I think that is such a pretty word. Listen. MELODY. Doesn't it sound smooth and sweet? Melody, melodious.—(Miss Wells pronounces the word as a singer does, giving the full sound to the vowels.)

Mabel. Yes, it is a pretty word.—(And she imitates her aunt, giving a slight cadence to the syllables, and opening the teeth, as Italians do.)

Miss W. Melody is said by musicians to be a succession of sounds such as can be sung by one voice, or a succession of single notes. What is a 'succession?'

Mabel. A 'succession?' I don't know. I've learnt 'succession to the

throne' in some of my history-lessons. It means being crowned, I think.

Miss W. No, Mabel, it means coming after the sovereign who reigned before. Doesn't the gardener plant some peas very early, and others later, that he may have a 'succession' of them?

Mabel. Oh, yes; and so do I with my mustard and cress, and my mignonette. I don't plant all the seed at once; I have early and late.

Miss W. Then you have a 'succession,' one coming after another, one succeeding another. One sound following another, then, is a *succession* of sounds. How many sounds can you sing at once, Mabel?

Mabel. Oh, ever so many. *Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Re Mi Fa*—I could scream *Sol*, only you forbid me.

Miss W. (laughing.) But you can't sing two notes *at once*.

Mabel jumps from one sound to another, *Do-Mi*, jerking her head in the effort to make the two sounds run together quickly.

Miss W. No, Mabel. Those two are not *together*. You sing one, and I the other, and then you will hear the two *at the same time*.—(She strikes *Mi* on the key-board, telling Mabel to sing it, and she sings *Do* herself.) You see it requires *two* voices to sing two notes at the same moment.

Mabel. Yes, I see. You could *play* ten notes on the piano, though, for you have ten fingers.

Miss W. Yes. When I strike two notes in this way, (striking C and E) I call it playing double notes. Listen, and watch.—(She runs up double notes *staccato*, with two fingers.)—But we can't do that with one voice alone. There are singers who can sing the two so quickly, that they almost deceive the ear into the idea that they are singing double notes, but the notes are never exactly together. Few can do this vocal trick. It is exceedingly difficult. But it has nothing to do with what we were talking about. I said one voice could sing only one note at a time. A melody, or tune, consists of single sounds following or succeeding one another. What you played just now consists of single sounds following one another, and therefore it is a melody, or a tune. A melody may be good or bad. It would be possible to make a lot of sounds come tumbling one after another with no order, which would *not* be a melody.

Mabel. Oh, do make that now, it would be so funny to hear!

Miss Wells strikes certain keys one after another in confused time, producing a jumble of sounds very unpleasant to hear.

Mabel laughs. 'Isn't it ugly?' she says. 'But it's very funny. It's not so bad as some of the pieces Lucy Bright plays sometimes. Oh, they are ugly! But I think it's partly the piano. Lucy says it's always 'out of tune.'

Miss W. Now, Mabel, tell me what a melody is.

Mabel. Sounds coming one after another in proper order. A succession of sounds of single notes. There, don't I know it well?

Miss W. That definition will do. Now the melody I made you play was too simple to please you. The notes were such as you could put down with your five fingers without any trouble, or moving your hand much, and all in notes of the same length. Then I made them long notes, to make it easier for you to read and play. But to-morrow I will teach you another, which you will think prettier.—(She looks at her watch.)—Mabel, you have learnt as much to-day as your little head will hold; but I have a few minutes more to spare, so we will run up and down from C to G, and from G to D, just to exercise your fingers a little.

(*To be continued.*)

FERNDOM.

(BY FILIX-FÆMINA.)

CHAPTER I.

‘Look it up in the *Encyclopædia*.’

Ever since I can remember, those words have been the key-note of most of the knowledge I have acquired about out-of-the-way things.

I can call to mind the time when the long hard-sounding name was a terror to me, and I dreaded to ask a question for fear of the almost invariable reply. I liked short cuts to knowledge—the getting a clear decisive answer to any crude ill-shaped question that came across my mind at the time to put. I was not always prepared for the formidable array of big books, for the puzzled hunt after the initial letters; yet by-and-bye those gilt-lettered volumes became a treasury of knowledge to me—a treasury, with this great advantage over all others; I might take everything out, and never put anything in.

But at last there came a time when my old friend failed me. ‘If you please,’ said I, ‘I want to know something about Ferns?’

‘Look it up in the *Encyclopædia*.’

I looked, and found ‘Ferns, Filices:’ happily, the Fs were together, so I turned to Filices, and found, to my dismay, ‘Filices, Gleicheniaceæ;’ then came a hunt for the gilt lettering beginning G, then ‘Gleicheniaceæ, one of the divisions of the old natural order of Filices or Ferns,’ refer to Polypodiaceæ; then another hunt for gilt letter P; ‘Polypodiaceæ, one of the chief divisions of the natural order of Ferns, and may be conveniently taken as a type of the whole. They constitute the highest form of Acrogenous or Cryptogamic vegetation.’

‘If you please,’ said I, ‘what is Acrogenous or Cryptogamic vegetation?’ I repeated directly I had spoken.

‘Look it up, child.’

‘Oh dear,’ said I, with a deep sigh, as I went slowly off after this

'will-o'-the-wisp'-ish knowledge, 'I wish Ferns and Cyclopædias were at the bottom of the sea.'

'On the contrary,' said my instructor, with a smile, 'you'll find the C nearly at the top of the Cyclopædia.'

There was no help for it—'Cryptogamia, the twenty-fourth class of the Linnæan system of plants. It includes all those genera the flowers of which are either altogether absent, or formed upon a plan different from that of ordinary plants. Ferns, mosses, lichens, algæ, fungi, with their immediate allies, form the class, which is the same as the Acotyledons of Jussieu, and the Cellulares of De Candolle.'

This was indeed 'something about Ferns,' and I went back to the Gs—for I knew I was expected to read the paragraph all through—entirely dispirited; and when I came to the end, I found myself but very little wiser than I had been at the beginning. 'There's nothing much about Ferns here,' said I, in a hopeless voice, for I felt—if the Cyclopædia fails me, where can I gain help?

'Ah,' was the reply, 'when that book was written, few people cared about your favourites.'

'Impossible,' said I: 'why, the book is not twenty years old.' And then I thought, 'What a progressive thing human knowledge is!'

Less than another twenty years have passed away, and the 'knowing about Ferns' has become a 'science,' which men call 'Pteridology,' and many a goodly volume has been written on the theme, and many a beautiful thought has arisen in men's hearts, touching these 'flowerless plants' that possess so great a fascination for almost everyone who loves Nature in her freshness and her truth. There is scarcely a garden in the country now that does not possess its so-called 'Fernery,' and no 'Flower Show' is considered complete without its exhibition of Ferns; and the wonder seems to be, not that people should have what is called a 'mania' for them now, but that they should have been comparatively disregarded for so many years.

Some botanists speak disparagingly of Ferns, as if they were *parvenues*—natives of a kingdom only recognized and brought into shape of late years—they regard the 'flower' as the culminating point of vegetable life, as the grand crisis for which they live; but to my eyes, Nature points beyond the flower; and the delicately-chiseled frond, with its wealth of rich brown spores, has a power to attract and fascinate that many a gaudy flower does not possess in a like degree: and as to their being *parvenues*!—Look at their lineage: their race is far higher and quite as pure as that of the sons of men. Ages before Adam appeared in Paradise, Ferns existed on the earth; their death registers, their family records, lay in many a wonderful coal seam, where the traces of their embalmed bodies are still to be seen in ever-varied forms of surpassing loveliness.

'There is one seam of coal,' writes a scientific friend to me, 'at Ince, near Wigan, Lancashire, four feet thick, at a depth of nearly five

hundred feet, the galleries and workings in which have one continuous roof of ferns—miles of underground roads beneath fossilized ferns—so beautifully distinct as to be seen with the naked eye, and with no better light than a pitman's candle.

'That seam is almost the highest in geological position. The age in which it was deposited is a subject of controversy, and, like many other geological questions, will most probably remain a mystery to man. The coal formation, however, has the millstone grit for its base, and must be antecedent to the "new red sandstone" and "Permian age." An ordinary microscope will be sufficiently powerful to examine the fossils, which will split or cleave with a knife to the required thickness. It is true that, as far as is at present known, the species of which these fossil ferns are comprised would seem to belong to an epoch of creation now extinct, yet they constitute a part of that one great acrogenous family of which our existing species form a group.'

So the lineage of Ferns is very high, and it is also very pure: they form a family at once entirely separate and distinct from that of 'flowering plants,' and to be recognized as such at a glance. Within the limits of their generic circle they include a large number of species—some local, some world-wide—and these again boast of nearly an endless catalogue of varieties, and even sub-varieties, so that as the knowledge of Ferns progresses, these varieties are assorting themselves into different groups; yet, genera, species, and varieties, are not very difficult of classification, and the study is one that amply repays in exquisite pleasure—yes, and in profit also—for any amount of time bestowed upon it.

The question of 'species' has long been considered a 'vexed question,' and I feel a little frightened at even touching upon it in its abstract form; but as I believe that even a slight appreciation of the true dignity of 'species' considerably enhances the pleasure of the study of any part of natural history, I shall venture to make use of the term in what I believe to be its legitimate sense, viz., as implying an *original creation*. I know that this subject is open to much controversy—able men taking widely different views of it—but day by day something is added to the data upon which the opinion of 'species' is formed; and as each separate fact must weight one scale or the other, I venture to quote the account of an interesting discovery lately made by Professor Unger, and communicated by him to the Vienna Imperial Academy of Sciences, (mentioned in the August number of the Journal of Horticulture,) which proves that for many thousand years some of the existing species of flowering plants have remained intact. Professor Unger states, that having 'examined a brick from the Pyramid of Dashour, he found the forms of plants so perfectly preserved, that he had no difficulty in identifying them. Besides two sorts of grain, wheat and barley, he found the teff (*Eragrostis abyssinica*); the field pea (*Pisum arvense*); common flax (*Linum usitatissimum*); wild radish (*Raphanus raphanistrum*); corn

chrysanthemum (*Chrysanthemum segetum*); wartwort (*Euphorbia helioscopia*); nettle-leaved goosefoot (*Chenopodium murale*); bearded hare's-ear (*Bupleurum aristatum*); and the common vetch (*Vicia sativa*).'

Many of these plants are common alike to England and to Egypt, where they doubtless grew amidst the 'straw' of which, when chopped and mixed with loam, the bricks of Dashour are composed.

But I have wandered far away from the Ferns.

'Pray what is this?' asks one of the million lovers of beautiful forms.

'A Lastrea,' say I.

'Oh, a Lastrea. I thought it looked like a dilatata.'

'Certainly; I beg your pardon; it is a dilatata—Lastrea dilatata.'

'It is very pretty, but it is not like my dilatata.'

'Perhaps not,' I reply; 'it is the variety "Chanterix;" it was found in Devonshire by Mrs. Chanter, Kingsley's daughter.'

'Then what is its real name?'

'Familiarly, we call it Chanterix;' but properly it is Lastrea dilatata, variety "Chanterix,"—Lastrea being the genus, dilatata the species, and "Chanterix" the variety.'

'Dear heart, how difficult!' says my friend.

'Not at all,' I reply. 'Buy Moore's shilling edition of British Ferns, and Henslow's 'Dictionary of Botanical Terms,' which costs four shillings, and you will be "at home" with the Ferns after a few readings.'

What then, it may be asked, is the difference between genus, species, and variety?

I tremble; but at last plucking courage, I take the fatal plunge, and answer.

Ferns are at present classified into families, (or groups of species having a certain amount of affinity between their members,) according to the construction, arrangement, and distribution, of the sori; the presence or absence of an indusium, or covering of the sori; together with the peculiarities of the veining of the leafy portion of the frond; and each of these separate families is called a Genus, while the whole assemblage is designated Genera. Some of these families, such as the Aspleniums, Lastreas, Polypodiums, &c., embrace many distinct species, each species having the same characteristic sori and spore-cases, venation, &c.—thus, in the genus Polypodium, the arrangement of the sori is in little circular heaps, without any veil or covering, or as we say in Fernedom, without any indusium; and whenever you find a Fern with this particular form of sori, you know it belongs to the family or genus Polypodium.

In the Genus Lastrea, the arrangement of spores is in little heaps gathered up beneath a covering or indusium, shaped like a kidney, which is attached at the notch on its indented side. When the fronds are young the spores are quite hidden away beneath their indusia, but as summer

advances the little 'shirt' flies open in order that the spores may ripen, and by-and-by it often disappears altogether.

A genus, then, implies a family or race; the individuals or species composing which present a certain amount of resemblance, which is yet so positive and well defined, that it would be impossible in *reality*, for a species of any other family to gain admittance; he would be cast out at once as an impostor: a Polypodium without a shirt to his back, should never be mistaken for a veiled Lastrea; nor should the oblong ragged shirt of an Athyrium do duty for the neater and more compact orbicular garment of a Polystichum.

But when we come to speak of species—or the individuals composing the family—we come nearer home; we pass from family relationship to the very members who compose that family. We find a fern—I am supposing that there are few people now-a-days who cannot recognize a fern from a flowering plant—its sori is covered with a white veil, which is kidney-shaped; we know at once that it belongs to the genus or family of Lastrea; but what is the fern itself? we have hitherto seen it in no collection of Lastreas; if, indeed, it has been found, it has passed as a variety of some common species; but that cannot be, it has certain marked peculiarities of form which bear upon them the stamp of antiquity, the sign of creation rather than the appearance of what has been called 'a freak of nature;' we 'feel in our bones' that we have before us an unrecognized species.

'Who may tell,' says Charles Kingsley, 'the delight of finding a new "species," of rescuing (as it seems to us) one more thought of the Divine Mind from the realms of the unknown, unclassified, uncomprehended?'

And so we arrive at the dignity of species as compared with that of genera on the one hand, and as we shall see by-and-by, with that of varieties on the other. A species is, as we believe, a distinct creation of God—created and distributed here and there over the world to beautify and adorn it, as well as to glorify its Maker and to add something to the happiness of man. It is this thought, added to others, which gives such an exquisite thrill of pleasure when a new species first comes before us, and asserts its right to take rank amongst the original creations of God.

The great difficulty, especially to beginners, is the making out for oneself what it is that constitutes a species. Exquisite as is the pleasure of recognizing the true notes, and so learning them by heart, that you are enabled to crown some beautiful form with this additional honour, as yet withheld from it: yet in proportionate degree as you appreciate the dignity of species, will you fear lest, in over-zeal, you should thrust the honour on some unworthy object, which, after a brief reign, would have to be degraded, and to make one of the vast host of 'varieties,' which are, as it were, creatures of yesterday, here to-day, and, as I opine, gone to-morrow!

A few hints on this point may perhaps be of use. We cannot make a species by simply asserting it to be such—we do not put a lapsed coronet

on the head of any adventurer who may claim it—the new aspirant will be subject to a strict investigation; and questions such as these will have to be satisfactorily answered—‘Has this fern been found elsewhere? Do all the plants of it, which have been discovered in separate localities, answer truly to the distinctive notes, which first proclaimed it to be a species? Is it to be found in localities where none of the species grow with which it has hitherto been confounded? These questions will serve as a little guide in determining whether we are dealing with a species or variety.

Amongst the most noticeable ferns, rescued of late years from the varieties, is, I think, the *Lastrea æmula* and the *Polypodium alpestre*.

Lastrea æmula was for some time supposed to be one of the varieties of *L. dilatata*, while *Polypodium alpestre* did duty as a variety of *A. Filix-fœmina*, to which it bears much seeming resemblance.

Regarding all ‘species’ as original creations, and remembering how diligent has been the search after ferns in England, it may, I think, be assumed that at this present time nearly all English species have been *found*—though many may yet remain to be rescued from the common herd of varieties. Mr. Wollaston—to whose exertions we owe contributions of Ferns in some of their most beautifully varied forms—is, at this moment, contending for a place amongst ‘species’ for a handsome and deliciously hay-scented fern, at present known as *L. Filix-mas propinqua*. Mr. Wollaston pleads for its recognition as *Lastrea propinqua*.

And now we come to the ‘varieties,’—those almost endlessly varied peculiarities of crested apex in frond and pinnæ—of tassels and plaits and waves—of giants and dwarfs—of red stipes and green—of attenuations, abbreviations, and depauperatums, which hover more or less about every species, adorning and beautifying it as with the decorations of a court.

Local circumstances often cause a variation from the normal form, and when this variation can be reproduced, it is what is called a permanent variety; sometimes, after a few years, the so-called variety resolves itself back again to its original form; sometimes it lasts many years, and may last on for many more, but as ‘circumstances’—over which man very often has considerable control—produce varieties, I hold that circumstances may annihilate them; but I do not ask my readers to adopt my theory till they have themselves proved it.

To all true Fern collectors the subject of ‘species’ must ever be full of intense interest; the finding of a new variety gives the Fern-lover a pleasure so great, that it must be felt to be appreciated: but the rescue of a ‘species’ from the dishonour of being accounted but one amidst a heterogeneous host of varieties, is like to no other satisfaction, unless indeed it be when a clash of discordant sounds melts into perfect harmony.

In the Creation of God, there were no anomalies, no deformities, no—if I may so say—monstrosities. The flowers of earth were like the stars of heaven, created in the unity of perfect beauty, and in accordance

with a perfect plan; that plan may be as yet imperfectly revealed to us—for man's highest intellect is but as a spark of the Divine Light—but if errors occur, they are caused by man's defective wisdom in his attempt to define God's plan, and not in the plan itself.

The world of Nature—the Creation of God—will vindicate her own truth and justify her Maker.

But while I wreath an immortelle for the brow of 'species,' I do not despise 'varieties;' for amongst them—as at present arranged—there are forms of excellent grace and beauty, and their very mutability gives them a charm like the fleeting loveliness of youth.

On referring to Moore's 'British Ferns,' it will be seen that—according to his arrangement—British genera consists of nineteen separate genus, including one (*Gymnogramma*) only found as yet in Jersey; and that within these family circles there are forty-four species, including two—the *Gymnogramma leptophylla* and the *Ophioglossum lusitanicum*, the habitats of which are as yet confined to the Channel Islands.

To some of these species belong an almost endless number of varieties; in Mr. Fraser's list of 1865, I find two hundred and thirty-nine varieties of *A. Filix-femina*, and even more attributed to *Polystichum angulare*.

In the following Chapters on Ferns, I propose keeping to Moore's arrangement; telling what I know about each species with the varieties belonging to it; together with the localities in which I have found them, and adding any little hints about their cultivation, &c., which a practical experience of ten years may enable me to give.

FILIX-FÆMINA.

THE FALLING STARS OF LAST NOVEMBER.

THOSE who saw the heavens on the night of the 13th of November, 1866, saw that which few now alive will ever see again.

A sight which can only be seen twice, or at most three times, in the longest life.

Three times in a century, the Earth's atmosphere gets entangled in that wonderful flight of asteroids, whose orbit at those long intervals crosses hers.

Every autumn brings its showers of falling stars; and old people in England still call the meteors of the first great appearance on the 10th of August, (St. Laurence's day,) St. Laurence's tears.

They are seen again from the 12th to the 14th of November in great numbers. But only in cycles of thirty-three years, does the Earth near the great body of asteroids, whose periodical return was first suspected by Humboldt, late in the last century, which have returned once since then, and which were seen in the night which has just passed, like a 'fiery rain of stars' in the blue vault of heaven.

So wonderful beyond all description was the sight, that it is strange that so few records of the phenomenon are found in history.

It is, however, believed to have been observed as early as the tenth century. But Chaldean and Egyptian must have known that night of wonders long before. What would the sight have been to those old seers, to whom all wisdom came from the stars, when there came a night when all the stars of heaven seemed falling!

Centuries afterwards, and in the clear lustrous skies of the far north, Viking and Witch and Warlock would look up, and—the heavens filled with thunder-bolts, and hurtling with fiery lances above them—they would sing, in Triad and Saga, the Battle of the Gods. Such a simile, a Battle of the Gods, a 'War in Heaven,' must have crossed many a mind of the thousands of watchers of the 13th of November. And as the last inductions of science seem to prove that it is a real bombardment, a rain of fiery thunder-bolts hurled against our Earth, who could look up into the crystal of the atmosphere, and know that nothing but that fifty miles of air intervened between us and the thunder-bolts, and not feel an overpowering awe, and recognize human helplessness and God's Omnipotence, as we only do in the presence of the greater phenomena of nature, or in the approach of death?

It was at midnight that the first stars fell. Soon after that hour, star after star shot across the sky, until the heavens seemed alive. The great stream came east and west, leaving long lines of powdery light, 'star-dust,' behind them, golden and crimson and a beautiful blue, which seemed stationary for a moment, and then dissolved away into the blue depths beyond. Some stars as they shot across went out, and blazed out again and again, like a stone thrown along the water.

As the night went on, great stars, which lit up the air like moons, flashed across the sky—or, hanging for a moment like lamps in the crystal vault, shone with a light of the most unearthly beauty, showing prismatic colours, and bursting in a brilliant shower of sparks.

For two hours from midnight, the flight of fire-bolts went on fiercer and faster, and then began to slacken till the dawn.

Though science has done so much towards the discovery of the nature of these mysterious meteors, it still remains one of the great problems of astronomy; and the identity of the falling stars and of meteorites is still unproved. If it was so—if we could be sure that the millions of so-called falling stars are meteoric stones, which have blazed and burst, and become dissolved into gases, instead of reaching the earth in solid bodies—a clue to creation would indeed be gained. For these meteorite stones, when analyzed, give metals some known and some unknown on earth. So that if indeed these sky-fallen stones have ever been the nucleus of a shooting star, we may be holding in our hands the fragments of a lost world, or the germs of a future one.

But other theories upon the nature of meteorite stones, hold that they do not come so far—that they are gaseous metals concreted by electricity

in our atmosphere. In all well authenticated accounts of the fall of meteorites, the fall seems to have been accompanied by a concussion of the air, like an ordinary roll of thunder, and usually by the appearance of a cloud, from which in an otherwise cloudless sky, the meteorite seemed projected. The mass of stone falls fresh from a state of fusion, and ploughs its way deep into the soil.

Several such masses are preserved in this country. A shower of them fell no later than the last summer in Hungary; and everywhere, wherever there is a record of their fall, the same appearance of a low-lying cloud, and the sound of explosion, is mentioned. But in those autumn nights when the air seems filled with meteors, no sound is heard, no stone ever seen to fall; and the inference seems to be, that they cannot be identical with the meteors whose explosion precedes the fall of the meteoric stones.

The theory that the falling stars of autumn are the fragments of former worlds or the nucleus of future ones, seems to be almost established as a fact in science. Millions of these fragments whirl in their own orbits through space, at such inconceivable speed, that coming in contact with such an impalpable thing as the air of our Earth, the friction sets them on fire. Then for a moment, we see them flash in their fiery flight, with their burning trains, across the sky. They blaze out bright, burst into fragments, and are gone. They take fire at the limits of the Earth's atmosphere, and are all extinguished after a flight of twenty miles. Their rush through space is said to be at a hundred times the rate of that of a sixty-eight pounder ball. Their speed is our safety. If they came but a little slower, they would pour down through the air like a storm of bomb-shells. It is but another instance of the exquisite and subtle balance of the powers of nature, that this light imponderable substance, too crystal clear for eyes to see—the air which glasses over the globe, should have power to protect it from such an assault as that which it has just passed through. The asteroid, as it fires, is destroyed, dissipated into elemental gases, and the clear air shows no sign where it has been.

The night of the 13th of November, which will be so memorable a one to all the watchers who saw its wonders, was very still and clear, except when now and then, a thin veil of cloud swept across the sky, and occasional lightning showed the electric state of the atmosphere.

Amongst the fiery flight of the falling stars, which flashed over the sky till all the sky seemed full of motion, it was strange to see the planets and fixed stars shining on still and serene, as they have done ever since they were watched ages ago, by Inca in the West, and Chaldean in the East.

The 'Bands of Orion,' and the 'sweet influences of the Pleiades,' were there, as they were when those words were written in the oldest book of the old world; all the galaxy of the 'everlasting stars' were shining on unmoved, in the great arch of the blue heaven, which like the 'love of God embraceth all.'

D. J., GWYNFRYN.

MY SQUIRREL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BUZZARDS.'

It was one October evening, five years ago. I was sitting on the floor by the window in my room, watching the red and gold and brown dead leaves swept from the trees by every gust of wind, and seeing them take a valse or two in a very mad-cap fashion round the gravelled sweep before they settled down. There was a knock at the door, and a servant came in to say that some of the school-children were waiting to see me, if I would please to come down. She thought they had something they wished to give me. So I went down to the kitchen, where three little fellows were standing, their caps in their hands, in the twilight. These three nice little hobble-de-hoys were National School boys, so they had given up the scrape and the kick and the grab at their hair—their hereditary way of bowing—and now flourished their hands at their heads, in the salute regulated and enforced by her Majesty's Inspectors of National Schools. When this was over, the tallest boy, who held his cap carefully in his left hand, showed me very shyly, that he wanted me to take something out of it. I put my hand in, and felt a soft furry ball. I took it up very gently, and it lay for a moment or two quite still—nothing but a round ball of reddish fur in the palm of my hand. In a few moments, a long thin tail, like a rat's, uncurled, and a little creature sat up with a jerk; and then I saw it was a pretty little squirrel, very young, too young to have a bushy tail, but with a coat of pretty brown fur, and beautiful round black eyes, and the prettiest ears with tufts of hair at the ends of them.

He did not seem frightened, but sat up, and looked at us all, and did not try to run away. He never showed wildness from that time, or seemed afraid of people, but became tame directly. I think this was very wonderful, for his father and mother, grandfathers and grandmothers, and all his family, have always led the wildest sorts of lives; scampering about in the tree tops, chivy-chasing up the boles and along the branches, building new houses out of old magpie nests, and in short, leading a regular open-air, under-the-sky, scrimmaging, scampering, rollicking, sort of life, seeing but little of the big animals in coats and hats and petticoats, and nothing at all of their houses, except a far-away peep sometimes at the chimney tops through the trees; so I think my little pet must be considered very brave, for being frightened at nothing and nobody from the very first.

The boys who brought him, told me that some miners had given them the little squirrel to bring to me. They had seen him playing about in a wood, and had run after him, and hunted him from tree to tree. At last, when he sat trembling, weak, and tired, at the end of a branch, one of the men had thrown his cap at him, and knocked him down, and

caught him. It was not very kind; but they had not hurt him, poor little fellow! and had taken great care of him when they had got him. They knew I was fond of all sorts of animals, so they had sent him to me as a present. I gave the little boys something for their trouble; and after making another National Society salaam, they said Good night, and left me with my pet.

I think, before I tell the history of my pet squirrel's in-door life, I ought to tell something of what his life must have been before he came to me, what it would always have been but for that miner's cap, and what I trust it is now that he is a wild squirrel again.

His father and mother lived in a wood of dwarf oak trees, on the side of a very steep Welsh hill. If they had cared to look out of the tree tops at the view, (which they didn't,) they would have seen a white village at the foot of their hill, and beyond it a pretty low hill, with woods and lawns, and the chimney-tops of their son's future home; and beyond, a wide and wild morass for miles and miles; beyond all, the blue sea.

But the squirrels thought of nothing but their own trees, and spent their whole time in work and play after their own merry fashion. They really had plenty of work to do; for all the first part of the summer, they had to set about nest building. Then came the little ones; and nuts are not to be had for nothing, and four little mouths take a great deal of feeding; and it was very very hard work. And they knew that no sooner were the children fit to find a little food for themselves, than they must begin scraping everything together for the winter. For nuts, as I said before, are not to be had for nothing, and what is worse, they don't last all the year; so they had to be gathered and brought home, and hoarded and poked away, and patted down in holes in the hollow trees.

This nest was a curiosity. It had been a magpie's; but that was two years ago. The squirrels had found it, a good strong nest, in tolerably good repair, well put together with birch twigs. The lining was very shabby and soppy, for it was of sheep's wool and scraps of feathers, and the rain of two winters had made a mess of it. But on the whole, the magpie's nest was a lucky find for the squirrels; and it saved them a world of trouble, for they had only to put a roof on, to make it like the nests they make themselves. Squirrels build quite new nests sometimes; but they very often patch up an old one of somebody else's; and when they don't care to build or to patch, and are very idle indeed, they just line a hollow in a tree, soft and warm, with moss and wool, and that does instead.

But I must tell you how they put their roof on. The nest was all woven of strong black twigs, in the wonderful basket-work the birds know how to make, with a hollow inside, lined thickly with wool, every bit of which the magpies, who built it, had pulled out of the sheep's backs with their own beaks. The magpies had done their best to line the cradle, soft and warm, for their four black and white children, and

they had the star-lit blue sky for their curtains; but the squirrels knew this sort of thing would be the death of their little furry baby squirrel, so they began the roof at once.

They scampered up the trees, and down the trees, biting off twigs which they thought would match those in their own house, and bringing them two or three at a time, sticking out of each side of their mouths, up to the nest. They wove them into basket-work round the edge of the nest, higher and higher, arching it over till they had put a top on the nest; and when it was done, it looked almost as good work as the magpie's work below. They left a door-way on one side, leading into a long passage, only just big enough for one squirrel to go through at a time; and after a little fresh wool lining had been put inside, the nest was done, and the furry babies might come as soon as they pleased.

And here my little squirrel and three little brothers and sisters were born; and lived very happily, till that day he went out to play, and got hunted and caught, and turned into a tame squirrel; and had to gambol up crimson curtains instead of leafy oaks, and sleep in a box-nest in the corner of a room, instead of being swung to sleep in the magpie's old home in the tree top.

And now I will tell you what sort of a tame squirrel he turned into.

The night he came, as soon as the children had gone, I had some warm milk brought, and held a tea-spoonful of it to the little fellow, who never stirred from his bolt-upright position, sitting in my hand, with his rat-tail up over his back. When he smelt the milk, he lapped it very fast, like a little cat, and then curled himself into a ball to go to sleep. So I put him in some cotton-wool, into a basket, and early the next morning fed him again with bread and milk.

In a day or two he was so tame, that he never seemed happy unless he was nestling in my pocket, or in the sleeves of my gown, where he would lie quite still for an hour or two, and never seemed to care how much I moved about. Very soon he got so fearless, that he would run to anyone he knew, if they came into a room where he was loose, and run up the dress, hunting in the pockets, which he knew quite well where to find, either in a lady's skirt or a gentleman's coat. If he found a pocket which he thought comfortable enough for a sleeping-place, he would curl himself round and go to sleep; and bite and scratch like a little tiger, if a hand tried to take him up. But his mistress's hand he always seemed to know; he would only bite very gently, and then lick the fingers with his tiny tongue, like a little dog.

He always came when I called him, if he saw I had anything to give him, and often without, preferring a steeple-chase course over chairs and tables to coming along the floor. But his greatest delight was to gambol in the curtains, and up on the cornices of the windows. It was there he took all his treasures—nuts and bits of apple and carrots—to hide. He would come down the curtains, and fetch two or three dozen nuts, one by one in his mouth, and take them up, and hide them along the cornices,

each one in a separate place, patting them with his feet before he left them, as if he thought that somehow covered them up.

When he was called, if he was in the curtains, he would run up and down them two or three times, and then turn as if he was coming down, but only hang himself by his hind claws, stretch out his fore-legs as if he was going to fly, like his cousins over the water; and then he would wait to be picked up and pocketed.

My little squirrel seemed to think that all small boxes, all jars and pots with covers on, were made to be opened; and with his long saw-like teeth, he would generally work away till he did open them. He was very much pleased if he found he had worked his way into a pomatum-pot, and would eat a quantity of it in the greediest way.

One unlucky day, in his researches on some bed-room mantelpiece, poor Toots came upon a pill-box, which he took in his paws as usual; and hearing a rattling noise inside, no doubt he thought it was the kernel, and he thought he had got hold of one of the most satisfactory sized nuts a lucky squirrel ever had in his possession. He worked away till he had got the lid off, and ate the pills. Some hours afterwards, the box was found half empty, and poor Toots was found half dead. Feeling ill, no doubt he had gone to bed; and there he lay curled up in his cotton wool, in his box cage—so ill that he could not stir; and no wonder, for he had taken half a box of compound rhubarb pills.

For three or four weeks he was a wretched little fellow, lying curled up, very weak, and so thin, that his back-bone seemed nearly through his skin. His red-brown coat got poor and shabby. He looked a very ghost of a squirrel. He would moan if he was touched; and he eat nothing but little bits of bread soaked in milk, and put into his mouth; but he drank a great quantity of water when it was given him. He was too weak now to come for it.

I thought it was all over with Toots, and that he was going to die, like any Christian, of taking physic. But he had no doctor, and he could not get any more medicine; and so he gradually, but slowly, got better. He began to take little convalescent airings up the window-curtains, and to nibble a nut now and then—but all in a very sick lack-a-daisical fashion. At last, he once more thought of his tail; he began to brush and comb it with his tongue, and wash his face with his wet paws like a cat; so I knew he was much better, and would soon be quite well again. And so he was, and more tame and fearless than ever; and he scampered about the house as much as before; only the pill-boxes were carefully cleared from every dressing-table and mantel-piece where Toots might be expected to appear.

He got out of doors sometimes, and would be seen frisking in the trees; if it was very cold, sitting still for hours on one branch, his back to the wind, and his wide brush well up over his head. His brush was umbrella, roof, and all. Toots had thatched himself with his own grand tail. I am sure he was often almost starved with cold; and if his pride

would have let him acknowledge it, he must have had many longing, lingering wishes for his warm box cage, and all the nuts hoarded in the corner of it. But once out, he took a great deal of catching. However, he would have starved in the woods, without any nest to go to, or any nuts to be found, so I always had him hunted or coaxed back; and once at home again, he used to roll himself up in his nest, and pull his cotton-wool blankets up over his head, and chuckle and chatter, as if he thought it rather a snug thing to be a tame squirrel after all. He used to scamper all over the house wherever he liked, up-stairs and down-stairs. He fixed upon a favourite place on one of the dining-room window cornices; and there he spent a great deal of his time, taking his nuts always up there to eat.

At last, he seemed to think he would give up his cage, and live on the cornice altogether. So he set about building a nest up there. For nearly a fortnight he was carrying materials, working so hard, that I don't know when he had time to eat his nuts—and far too busy for any more gambols in the curtains. He evidently had a great deal too much on his mind now for any more of that sort of fun.

I think, when he had determined to build a nest on the cornice, poor little fellow! he must have been in a sad puzzle; for of course his head must have been running on twigs and wool and feathers, and he had not the ghost of a chance of getting any of them. But he was a genius; and if you know the history of all the geniuses, from Jack the Giant-killer to Napoleon Buonaparte, you will know the wonderful way they always had of making something out of nothing, of having their own way, of never being down-hearted at difficulties, and how everything always came right with them at last.

So it was with Toots. After much planning and contriving in his little head, he overcame the twig and wool difficulty; and with all the originality of genius, struck out a way of nest building never heard of before in the annals of squirreldom. And this was it.

At some time or other, in his scrimmages up-stairs and down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber, he had gone to the very top of the house, where, in an attic-room, he had found the rag and rubbish hoard of a very untidy and particularly acquisitive house-maid. Perhaps you have never seen such an omnium-gatherum of rags and scraps and rubbish, as that which the squirrel had found, in all your life. The turning out of the cook's kitchen-drawers would be nothing to it. It was this treasure-trove of the house-maid's that the squirrel determined to help himself to. Here it was he had found his building materials; and from that time, there never was a happier, and certainly not a busier, little squirrel in the principality.

For a whole fortnight he worked away at his nest. The nest was to be built at the bottom of the house, and all the materials for it were at the very top; and it was hard work for a little fellow to carry a dragged dirty housemaid's cap, or the remains of a pocket-handkerchief, or half a

stocking, in his mouth, down two sets of stairs. He had to jump as well as he could from one step to another all the way, with his mouth full, and often with a yard or more of dirty ribbon or old stocking behind him, getting his feet entangled in it, and sometimes tumbling over and over. But if he dropped his treasures, he always went back and picked them up. He generally got over the difficulties of a long ribbon, by packing it rapidly and neatly in folds with his fore-paws into his mouth. He would then set off with a great bunch of it out of his mouth at each side, such an absurd looking fellow. After all the hard work of getting a bit of his rubbish as far as the door of the dining-room, he would often arrive with his load only to find it shut. The next person who came, would find him sitting very still and bolt-upright on the door-mat, his mouth full of ribbons, or rubbish of some kind, waiting patiently for the door to open. The moment it was opened, he would rush in, get his treasure across the room as well as he could, and try to take it up the window-curtains. That was generally a great difficulty. He sometimes dropped what he was going to take up two or three times, before he succeeded in getting it up to the top of the cornice.

It was a wide old-fashioned rose-wood and gilt cornice, with a great space behind—and here the nest was built. The old caps and ribbons, and all the odds and ends of rubbish, were woven into a very large long-shaped nest. There was a small hole left in the side for the squirrel to go in and out; and he lined it with bits of that dining-room door-mat, on which he had so often sat waiting. The mat was of some sort of brown towy stuff, and Toots had very hard work to tear enough off with his teeth.

At last all was finished; and from that time he never came back to sleep in his cage, but moved up the cornice altogether, coming down in the day-time to play about, and to fetch his food, which he always took up to his house to eat.

When the spring came, I was not afraid of his dying from cold and hunger, if he got out into the woods; and I never thought of keeping him a prisoner, if he liked to turn wild in the summer; so when the weather was warmer, in March, he was allowed to run out of the house once or twice, the doors being left open, so that he might know how to find his way in again. In a few days, he got quite used to finding his way in and out of the house. He would be out in the trees all day, and come in at night to sleep in his nest. If he found the house-doors shut, he would run up the ivy and roses, which grew up to my bed-room window, and suddenly appear on the dressing-table, chattering and chuckling with delight, if I was there, and rolling over on his back, to be tickled and scratched, like a kitten, and scratching and biting like all the kittens in Christendom put together. But he was always in a hurry to go to bed; and would rush down-stairs as soon as the door was opened, and scamper at full speed, sometimes down the bannisters, sometimes down the stairs, and into the dining-room, and up the curtains to bed.

When April came, he used to be out of doors all day long, and once

or twice was out all night; and at last, we saw he was building another nest somewhere in the woods. He used to come into the house, and hunt about for bits of stocking-cotton, or cotton-wool, and scamper out of doors again with it in his mouth into the wood. But with all our watching, we never could trace him to his tree.

I suppose it was when this summer nest was finished that he gave up his winter one; for though he came back every day, he always ran away at night. At last, he never came back at all day or night. Several weeks passed, and he never came back. I thought he was killed and murdered, dead and buried, and was very sorry about my pet; when one day, riding under some tall beech trees in a great wood, two miles from home, a squirrel ran round the bole of a tree, chattering at me. He came low down on the bough over my head, stamped his feet, and chattered at me. I was almost sure it was my pet.

There were plenty of squirrels in this wood, but not one beside himself in his own wood. So I think he had come all that way, and that he was living in the wood, and was then married; for one day, in the following autumn, he suddenly appeared again at his own home, running along the lawn, and scampering up the trees. And who do you think was with him? A beautiful Mrs. Squirrel, in a sort of red-grey coat, with a plummy brush tail, white-tipped; and with her four of the prettiest furry baby squirrels, just able to run about by themselves, that ever were seen.

I believe Toots had brought his wife and little ones to see his old haunts. I have no doubt he took them to the nest in the wood; and would have liked to have taken them to see the nest in the cornice, but I don't think he ever did, for his wife was of course scary, and the children timid—and he too was much wilder. He would not come to me now, though he would let me come close to him, and would carry away nuts if they were left for him on the grass. But the beech trees were full of mast that autumn, so he had plenty to eat. He and his family stayed as long as they lasted; and we often used to see them, six of them at once, at games of romps amongst the trees, or running after each other over the lawn.

When the mast nuts were over, I suppose he took his children all the way back to the great wood where they were born; for after the first cold days of winter came, we never saw them any more. But every now and then, riding under the beech trees in summer evenings, in the great wood, I have heard a chatter over my head, and looking up, have caught sight of a pair of familiar black eyes looking down, and a whisk of a very well-known bushy tail, and seen a little fellow, very very like Toots the Tame, scrimmaging round the trunk of the tree, playing a game of Boo-peep at me and my pony.

So I hope he and his wife are very well and very happy; and that they will never want beech trees and nuts and nests, and anything else that makes squirrel happy; and, as the story-books say, that they'll live very very happy for ever and ever after.

D. J., GWYNFRYD.

TORQUAY MAID-SERVANTS' HOME.

We are desirous to call the attention of our readers to a plan designed for the benefit of women-servants; a class which—although at the present time in greater demand, and in point of condition better off than was the case in former years—is, nevertheless, from illness and other causes, subject to great misery and reverses.

The two chief resources of our young women are dress-making and domestic service; of which a delicate girl will generally choose the latter, because the doctor pronounces that sitting long at work is bad for her chest, but that if she has the good fortune to meet with a 'light' place, where she can have wholesome food and pure air, it is probable that in a few years she will grow into a strong able-bodied woman. There are an infinite number of girls—almost every little country parish knows of one—sufficiently strong for this kind of service, and who indeed—especially in a softer climate than their own—would reap a lasting benefit from it. It is to open to them the blessings which those richer than themselves so eagerly seek, that a home for their reception has been established at Torquay.

Service in the climate of South Devon and Cornwall is found to be quite within the powers of many young women, whose delicacy of chest *has not developed into disease*, or obliged them to seek the shelter of a hospital, yet is sufficient to prevent their taking situations elsewhere. Others there are—having received a cure at a Hospital for Consumption, or a Convalescent Home—upon whom the same causes operate; with them, residence for a few years in a mild climate, will generally confirm all the good they have experienced. But the managers of every institution of the kind, will call to mind many and many an instance, where, with heavy hearts, they have seen their patients depart, knowing them to have derived the greatest benefit from the treatment they have received, yet knowing also, too truly, the inevitable result of their return to a climate more cold and inclement than their weak lungs can bear.

While there are many persons interested in such cases, who will acknowledge the full truth of this statement, and earnestly long to have the means of placing servants where they could have the advantage of a warmer air, these kind friends find themselves at once confronted by a serious difficulty—from the impossibility, in most cases, of knowing where they can safely send young women to seek for situations; and this obstacle, it is hoped, will, in a few instances, be removed by the opening of the above-mentioned house.

It must be understood that everything is on the most unpretending scale; and at present, only six inmates can be received at once. The plan has received the full sanction of the clergyman of the parish.

Applications may be made—addressed to

THE MISTRESS OF ST. LUKE'S SCHOOL,
7, COBURG PLACE,
TORQUAY.

—for further particulars, or for a copy of the plain rules, which regulate the hours when the inmates are expected to be at home, &c.

Here it is sufficient to state, that servants bringing good characters, or recommendations from responsible persons, can be lodged and boarded at a cheap rate, until they are able to meet with situations: a payment of two shillings a week, including lodging, fire, candles, the use of house-linen, and of a common sitting-room.

This paper is not in any way intended as an appeal to charity: it is written only with the hope that those who read it will bear the subject in mind, and mention it to others. In this manner it may reach the ears of persons who will thankfully avail themselves of the help offered, or will aid those who need to obtain it; and thus, by God's mercy, some few may gain a longer time to do the Master's Will, Whom we all serve; and Who has blest with most gracious words those who share with their fellow-servants the gifts which He has committed to their stewardship.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. MICHAEL'S DAY AT SHOREDITCH.

Dear Mr. Editor,

October 18th, 1866.

I have recently had the privilege of spending a few days in a hard-working Sisterhood, located in one of the poorest and lowest parts of the metropolis, and beg to submit to you some rough notes by way of diary, written down directly afterwards. The visit, short as it was, stirred up in me many thoughts and feelings. It has made me realize what, of course, I knew before, that there is Church-work which none but Sisters of Mercy can accomplish, which women living in their own homes cannot possibly cope with; while, at the same time, all may assist in that very work by pouring abundant alms into the hands of the Sisters, who are bearing the burden and heat of the day in such long-neglected spots of their Lord's vineyard.

It is sad to think how much unemployed female labour there is at a time when the Church stands specially in need of women's work. A clergyman of some experience said to me the other day, 'Good women are more wanted at this moment than even priests.' Yet how many women are standing all the day idle, or at best, only half employed. I refer chiefly to those who, like myself, have passed into what they call 'the afternoon of unmarried life,'—in plain English, to old maids. Unless these are very wealthy or of high family, or have peculiar talents for society, they can only hold their place there with great difficulty. The world is commonly not very civil to them; the world only laughs at them when they dress like their nieces or great-nieces, and ape their manners, vying with them in croquet and archery, in collecting crests and postage-stamps. The world is apt to leave them to themselves in Vanity Fair; the world does not want them.

But the Church wants them very much. She has plenty of work for them to do—work, the very thought of which makes the heart beat, and rouses every faculty of soul and body. And if it be not given to any to devote themselves wholly to it, if they are not allowed to toil day and night among Christ's poor as Sisters of Mercy, they may, without quitting their own fire-sides, help those Sisters very materially. They may labour, working with their own hands; they may make 'coats and garments,' with which the Sisters may clothe the naked; and if a woman does this with active hands and a willing heart, she will find her employment assuming somewhat of a sacramental character—it will become a very means of grace to her own soul.

Should a scanty purse forbid the purchase of the requisite material, of the linsey, serge, and calico, so much in request among the very poor, still no one need be idle. In most houses in England there is plenty not only of the female element running to waste, but of unused stores which may be made available in the cause—odd pieces that may be turned into children's dresses and pinafores—odd worsteds and wools that may be knitted into shawls, cuffs, or socks—odds and ends of ribbons and silks, easy to be converted into needle-books, pincushions, and work-bags—drawings, prints, and illuminations, long since cast aside, but capable, with a little care and pains in mounding and cleaning, of becoming choice ornaments for cottage walls—quantities, in fact, of 'unconsidered trifles,' which are yet of use in their way. Sisters of Mercy know the value of these things, and are thankful for them—none more so than the Sisters of the Poor, St. Michael's, Shoreditch. Their direction is—Luke Street, Paul Street, London. E. C.

I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

S. W.

NOTES OF THREE DAYS IN A SISTERHOOD.

Thursday, September 27, 1866. 5 p.m. Arrived at the little house recently taken by the Sisters of the Poor, St. Michael's, Shoreditch. Sister M——, my old and valued friend, was out among the poor, but the other two Sisters received me kindly. The day had been, I found, an unusually busy one, and a chorister boy and a little girl, whose services were sometimes proffered by her mother in requital for many kindnesses, were helping to put all straight before tea. There are two rooms on the ground-floor, the front one, which is the largest, opening into the street. The walls of this room are hung with a few sacred pictures; it is well furnished with shelves for books, &c., while round its sides are ranged a few boxes and hampers, which I trust will be kept constantly filled with clothing and other necessities for distribution, by good Christians without. A long deal table and a few chairs complete the furniture of the room. Its door is open to the poor throughout the greater part of the day. In every need they come here for the aid which in most neighbourhoods may be found in some measure at many houses. In this neighbourhood it can be found here alone. There are no 'wealthy and benevolent families' residing in Shoreditch ready to help their neighbours. Poverty has hitherto been fain to bear its own burden, or to sink under it, as the case might be. In St. Michael's district, ten thousand inhabitants are packed and crowded into the smallest possible space, scarcely any of them being in a position to keep a servant.

We met for tea in the tiny back room, but Sister M——'s work did not allow her to come in till it was over. Cholera had broken out in the district the very day that the Sisters of the Poor came to reside there, a man having been seized with cramp and fallen down at their very door. Of late it had increased, and had added much to their other duties.

7 p.m. Went to Evensong in the glorious Church of St. Michael and All Angels. The Service was one of exceeding beauty; and it stirred one's spirit to the very depths to see the poor people flocking in—mothers with babies in their arms, artisans and labouring men, and poorly-dressed girls. The girls crowded round the Sisters to sit near them—indeed, some had come to the Home to walk with them to church. After service, Sister M—— found in a remote corner of the building a poor man lying on the ground sobbing and shivering. She raised him up, and found him able to walk, though very weak, and apparently disordered in mind, for he talked somewhat wildly of estates in the country to which he was entitled, and of wealthy relations. She judged, however, that misery and starvation were the cause of these hallucinations; and the Sisters having each something to do before returning home, she put the door-key in my hand, and begged me to take the poor fellow home, make him comfortable, give him some arrow-root with a little wine in it, and keep him till her return. At a distance this sounds like a formidable charge, but it did not strike me so at the time. In that atmosphere doing what one is told comes very simply. So I brought poor W—— home, stirred the fire, placed him near it, made the arrow-root, and had the pleasure of seeing him thoroughly enjoy it. When Sister M—— came home, he was able to talk to her a little; but it was not till afterwards that she learnt he had that evening determined on self-destruction, when, passing by the church, its lights attracted him, and he strayed in. His mind seemed still weak when she dismissed him; but he just comprehended that the money placed in his hand was for his night's lodging, and that he was to come to breakfast the next day.

When bed-time arrived, it appeared that the little house was somewhat overburdened with inmates. There was another visitor besides myself—a poor girl far gone in decline, whom the Sisters had found in a cellar deserted and friendless. Hospital work formed no part of their original plan; but how could they leave the poor creature to perish there? So they took her into the Home; and when I arrived too, Sister M—— met the difficulty by making up a bed for herself on the dresser, the substratum being an old cloak, and the coverlet a quaint piece of knitting composed of scraps of print. I begged hard for this extemporary bed—only asking to have it on the floor, for fear of falling off; but all in vain. Sister M—— would have her way.

Friday morning. All up before six, and at church for the early celebration. The Sisters still very busy, not only with the poor and sick, but in preparations for to-morrow's festival, including the cutting out, making, washing, and ironing, of two surplices. It was not possible to begin these till the afternoon; and had the task been confided to any other hands I should have doubted its accomplishment. They were, however, ready in time, though Sister M—— sat up almost all night. I was permitted to spend the morning in the front room, and attend to the poor who flocked to the door—some for weekly allowances of tea and sugar, some for promised clothing, some telling of sick persons to be visited by the Sisters, some wanting to buy Prayer-books and Hymn-books. I made notes of cases 'relieved' and cases 'to be attended to.' It is the practice of the Sisters to do this, and afterwards to enter all regularly in a book.

W—— was one of the first to arrive. We gave him his breakfast, and then put a scrap-book in his hands, bidding him stay as long as he pleased. And he stayed all day, sometimes reading, sometimes watching the moving scene before him, till at last he volunteered to act as door-keeper, and seemed to enjoy his post. There was an air of great poverty about the people who came to the house, yet I could not help noticing their great propriety of conduct. They seemed, for the most part, to comprehend that the Sisters were not rich themselves, and had many to care for, and appeared willing to trust their claims in their hands. As one o'clock approached, the guests for dinner began to arrive—poor and disabled persons, whom the Sisters

had invited according to their regular custom—and we made haste to spread the table. Twenty sat down to a comfortable dinner; one of the clergy who looked in said grace, and I was allowed to relieve Sister H— by reading to them as they ate.

The clearing away and washing up after so large a party took some time. Towards evening a large bundle of clothing and other useful things arrived; and it was very delightful to open it, arrange the contents for future distribution, and think of the comfort they would impart. I had a long chat with W—, who seemed relieved by talking over his troubles. He had been, I believe, a clerk in an office, and through one misfortune after another had dropped lower and lower, till he was thankful to earn a trifle by hawking fish. Opening a little pocket-book, he showed me a number of pawnbroker's tickets, which told how watch, writing-case, ring, Sunday suit, all had been parted with to obtain the bare means of subsistence; while all the time visions of wealth that should have been his floated about his eyes. It was a comfort to think that the poor fellow had found friends who were sure not to lose sight of him till they had put him in the way of again taking his place in the battle of life.

We drank tea this evening round the large table in the front room—the Sisters, a nephew of mine who came to see me, and whom Sister M— kept that he might attend Evening Service, W—, a chorister boy, and myself. Two or three girls called on their way to church to go with the Sisters.

The Sisters of the Poor have little time for talking, but I gathered from a few words with Sister M— that they kept up their charities with moneys sent to them from time to time by those who felt an interest in their work; that their purse was often low, but had never yet been quite empty; and that when their last shilling was spent, they were prepared to go out and beg for their poor neighbours, only they hoped this would not be till the cholera was past, else they did not know how they should find time.

Saturday—Feast of St. Michael and All Angels.—Was awakened at five o'clock by the sound of Sister M's sewing-machine. Crept down-stairs, and found her hard at work—refreshed, she said, by an hour's sleep, and hopeful of finishing the surplices. I got leave to light the fire and to do some little things for her, feeling myself all the time something between a hindrance and a help. Word was soon brought to the Home of two cases of cholera a few doors off. A family had gone to bed as usual the night before, after supping upon what they allowed to have been rather stale mussels. Before morning a girl of eighteen and boy of twelve were seized with illness. Sister A—, who knew them, went there at once. Sister H— and I went to the early celebration, and on leaving Church were asked by three ladies to direct them to the nearest hotel. They had come from some distance to keep St. Michael's Day at St. Michael's Church, and wanted breakfast and shelter till Matins at eleven. Sister H— paused a moment in perplexity. There was no hotel near, or if there were she did not know anything about it; so she begged them to come with us. Sister M— welcomed them kindly, and made room for them at the little breakfast-table. She then turned to me, and told me that the girl we had heard of was too ill to be moved; Sister A— was nursing her in her own house; but the boy was, by order of the doctor, to be sent to the Cholera Hospital, Spitalfields—would I take him there? I gladly assented, for I had a great wish to see that hospital; but she would not let me go till I had swallowed a hasty breakfast. I then started at once for the house of sickness.

It consisted of two rooms, small and exceedingly dirty. In the farthest lay the girl, poor Sally as they called her, in all the agonies of cramp; Sister A— tending her with the greatest care, and applying hot flannels to the body and feet. In the front room, on a wretched settle, lay the boy, an intelligent little fellow of twelve years old, with large dark eyes, which he fixed on me as I went up to him. His mother was sitting over the fire, overwhelmed, it seemed to me, with distress and fright. While I

was attending to the boy, the fly from the hospital drew up to the door, and attracted a crowd from the neighbouring houses. A woman came in, took up the boy, and was about to carry him to the fly in nothing but his torn ragged shirt, when I remonstrated, and begged he might be wrapped in a blanket or a large shawl. Nothing of the kind, however, was forthcoming. The flyman said he would have brought a blanket from the Hospital had it been asked for. At last a pleasant-looking girl in black, poor, but more decent than the rest, exclaimed, 'Wait a minute, I'll be back presently,' and hurried off. She soon re-appeared with a blanket in her hands, the cleanest thing I had seen in that locality, and wrapped it round the sick boy. I got into the fly, she lifted him in, jumped in herself, and we drove off. Our poor little charge scarcely uttered a word, though he gazed at us earnestly. Did he know the danger he was in, or where we were taking him? I could not guess; but it was comforting to learn afterwards that he had often been to Church of late, and this by his own choice; that he had talked to his mother about the holy truths he learnt there, and had led her to go with him sometimes.

We soon reached the hospital. Our patient was carefully lifted out of the fly and carried in. A Sister received him. We told the few particulars we knew of the case; he was ordered into the 'Shamrock Ward,' and we followed him there; kind and skilful hands speedily stripped the poor child of his rags, dressed him in a warm clean night-shirt, and laid him in bed with a warm-water pillow below him, another over him, and a hot-water tin at his feet. In answer to our inquiries, the nurses shook their heads; they plainly thought it a bad case, but the poor little fellow looked at rest, and quite comfortable.

I glanced round the ward, so fresh and clean, and positively cheerful, with its few well-chosen pictures and illuminations on the walls, and stand of gay flowering shrubs in the centre, and then turned to walk homewards with my companion. After sharing a common interest, I felt her almost a friend; and her ready help at a moment of need, and the tenderness she had shown to her poor little neighbour, had touched me exceedingly. I was glad to ask her a few questions about her own history, and learnt that she kept house for her father, a labourer in the dock-yards, but not in constant work, so that she was glad to eke out his precarious earnings by taking in washing. She spoke warmly of the Sisters' work, and expressed an earnest wish that they had come before her mother's death, six months ago. 'Mother died of cancer,' she said; 'it was a tedious illness, and very trying to those about her, as well as painful to herself. Not a neighbour would come near her. All alone I nursed her, and watched her dying by inches. Nobody ever said a kind word to her, or read her a chapter, or gave me any assistance. Ah! it would have been very different had the Sisters been here then!'

We parted, and I went straight to the house of sickness to tell the mother how we had left her boy. Alas! she was stricken with the fatal disease. Sister A— was in close attendance on the daughter, who was getting worse hourly; so I made the poor woman lie down on the settle so lately occupied by her sick child, gave her a dose of the medicine which was at hand, hunted out the neighbour whom she wished to have with her, and went home to tell Sister M—. No time was lost in sending her to the hospital, but all in vain; before night she expired, as did her son and daughter.

The surplices finished, Sister M— went with me to Church at eleven. I returned alone, she being called elsewhere; and Sister H— and I had to give the people their dinner alone. The party was smaller than yesterday's, and consisted of about twelve. They had roast beef and potatoes, with as much bread as they chose to eat. It was Sister H—'s office to read, so she made me carve, and very badly I know I did it. W— made himself very useful now, as well as later in the day, when I saw him cleaning knives, and not a little elated at his own success, and the skill he displayed. I was called away on business soon after dinner. When I returned in the evening, I learnt that poor Sally had died in Sister A—'s arms; that her father, horrified at the desola-

tion of his family, had attempted to destroy himself, but that a neighbour had saved him, and kept him in charge while he sent for one of the clergy. Sister A— came home exhausted by the anxiety and fatigue of the day, so I was deputed to take charge of the house of mourning, perform the last offices to the dead, see the room made in some measure decent, and remain there till the only neighbour who could be trusted came back from making arrangements for the funeral. The house was empty, for the younger children had been taken to a neighbour's house, and the father had been induced to go to Church. The duties prescribed were done, and I had only to wait for the woman's return that I might give up my charge; but this was long delayed. Meanwhile, the outer room began to fill with people from the adjoining houses, all desirous to come and see the corpse. Believing cholera to be infectious after death, I resolutely kept everyone out, till I heard the father's voice entreating to come in, and bring poor Sally's young man to take leave of her. I could not refuse him, and opened the door to admit the two most nearly interested in the departed. The father spoke wildly, in a very excited way; but the silent grief of the other was exceedingly touching. He seemed literally crushed with sorrow; silent tears streaming down his cheeks. Poor fellow! he had spent the preceding evening with the girl, had gone out to work in the early morning, and was ignorant till his return at night of all she was suffering that day, and of her early death. He flung himself upon the bed and kissed the cold cheeks passionately, till I felt it a duty to draw him away, and send him and the father into the other room.

It was now late, and the crowd outside was still thickening. It was plain too, from the sounds which reached me, that some among them had been seeking to stifle their fears by drink. I believe I was rather Quixotic, but I felt myself in charge till the woman returned, so I waited at my post until one of the clergy came to the house, and on my stating the circumstances to him, he made arrangements for setting me free, and took me to the Home.

Soon after I came away the body was carried to the workhouse, and was buried the next morning. I may add here that the poor father was, a few hours later, seized with cholera, from which however he recovered.

Sunday, September 30.—There is little of work to record to-day. The Sisters find it needful to take what rest they can on Sunday, attending only to imperative cases of distress, and not giving a dinner to the poor. W— was to have come for his meals as usual, but a message arrived by a child that he was ill and could not leave the house. Broth and arrow-root were sent him through the day, and in the evening I went with Sister H— to say good-bye to him. He was suffering a good deal in his limbs, and seemed to be sickening with rheumatic fever.

I was away during the afternoon, but believe that Sister H— spent it in teaching. Sister A— was unwell, and had to rest. The Services at St. Michael's to-day, as yesterday, were such as one can never forget; but I make no record of them here. Early on the following morning I was to take leave of the Sisters; and Sister M— and I were talking together almost for the first time, when a knock was heard at the door. We went to it, and found a man looking terribly frightened. He told us that his wife had been seized with cholera, and was very ill; that they had taken into their house the children of their afflicted neighbour, and his wife must have caught it from them; would one of the Sisters come at once? We put on our bonnets and went with him; but it appeared to be no case of cholera. The woman, in fact, had been made much of by everyone in the street for her kindness to the children; all in turn had given her spirits, to mark their approbation of her conduct, and hence her condition. Sister M— gave a few strong words of warning and advice, and we came home, the clock striking two as we unlocked the house door.

These three days seemed to me most eventful; but I believe the Sisters thought them in no way remarkable. They present an average specimen of their every-day life. I long to know the close of the little histories so strangely brought before me;

whether the afflictions of that bereaved man, from whom wife, son, and daughter were torn in one day, have worked for good or evil to his soul; whether poor W— has been laid up in the dreary little room in which I took leave of him; and whether the Sisters have sent to the Consumptive Hospital the invalid they were nursing in the house. There were hopes of getting a recommendation for her when I left them. But Sisters of the Poor are too busy for much letter-writing. I scarcely expect to hear much till we meet again. Only this I know: the Sisters will do everything in their power—nay, beyond their power—for these and all other sufferers within their reach.

November 17.—Two little pieces of news have reached me from the Sisterhood. The Bishop of London has made a grant to the Sisters for the relief of the poor, and a friend has sent them a fine fat sheep from his estates in the country.

A FRIENDLY GREETING FROM THE WEST.*

St. Paul, Minnesota, U. S. A.

November 15th, 1866.

Dear MONTHLY PACKET,

As the first volume of your new series has just been received, instead of the familiar old size known to us, and loved by us for the last fifteen years, I have determined to take the opportunity presented by the enlargement of our old favourite, to congratulate you upon the change, and to tell you how very much you are loved and appreciated by one family, at least, of your American readers. You began to be a part of our lives when we were all quite little girls, and only 'our eldest' capable of enjoying more than 'The Little Duke,' 'The Pigeon Pie,' 'The Old Pianoforte,' and 'The Castle Builders;' the last, our first love of the many invaluable stories by that authoress. And may I not here be permitted to mention the love and gratitude which we feel for her, for the many lessons for good taught by her beautiful tales; above all others, for the dear 'Daisy Chain.' Could she see the well-thumbed, and almost ragged copy, which lies on the book-shelf, and know how almost every line is familiar and beloved by a large family of sisters, to whom somewhat similar circumstances have brought its teachings home with peculiar force, she would perhaps understand a little of the feeling I try to express. I can see the looks of pity on the faces of some of your English readers, when I tell you that we have been in the habit of receiving you only once in six months, in a bound volume, instead of enjoying their advantage, of welcoming you every month. Fancy the long periods of suspense, before we could know 'what happens next,' or what was the final end of our favourite character!

Great, indeed, was the excitement, as the time for your arrival approached. 'I speak for The Monthly Packet first!' 'No! I'm the eldest; I ought to have it first!' 'Now, Papa, won't you give it to me first?' were often such clamorous sounds that the vexed question required parental authority to decide it; and it generally ended in our having it an hour by turns, until, as time wore on, and the excitement, though as great, was more subdued, and the elders learned to give up to the youngsters, and wait patiently until nursery bed-time carried off the troublesome little ones, and left your last volume to be enjoyed by the elders.

And not only in the Rector's family of whom I write, have you been productive of so much good, but in the wide circle of friends and parishioners, among the sick and the poor. All could find in your pages something to interest and amuse, on

* This is so kindly and good-natured a letter, that we think it will give our old English friends pleasure: and therefore run the risk of being supposed egotistical in inserting it.—EDITOR.

Sundays as well as week-days, to which the well-worn appearance of the thirty volumes on the 'Parish lending shelves' can amply testify. 'Oh! if you please; we think the Monthly Packet is *so nice*. Could we have another volume?' is a very common sound to the ears of the Rectory family.

I could easily go on to much greater length, telling you of your good deeds; but I hesitate to take more room in your pages. I felt I could not let more time pass, without some expression of our affection for you; and as I have never seen a testimony of the kind from America, I determined you should know how greatly you are prized, even in this far-off Western portion of our Continent.

If your readers are interested in the wonderful growth of the beloved Mother Church in this country, there is much to be told to touch all hearts, and to make them rejoice to know of so many working together in the same fold, for the same great cause.

I hope, dear Monthly Packet, that every succeeding year will find you more prosperous in your good work, and that you will be the means of as many pleasant hours for us in the future, as you have afforded us during the past years of your life.

Your faithful Reader and Friend,

A RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

HINTS ON READING.

SOON of our readers as will turn their minds to a really grave and serious book, will be much pleased by Dr. Goulburn's *Sermons on the Acts of the Deacons*. (Rivingtons.) St. Stephen and St. Philip are, of course, the only ones he can dwell upon at length; and his manner of bringing out the three strands of St. Stephen's argument will throw a new light on it to many students.

The Rev. G. De Teissier has likewise given us a very excellent little volume of *Sermons on the Prayer Book*, called *The House of Prayer*; (Macmillan,) those on the Te Deum and the other Canticles strike us as particularly *bright*, if we may use the expression, as well as beautiful.

Mr. Blunt's *Christian View of Christian History* (Rivingtons) is also a very useful guide to Church history, especially in the primitive and early mediæval times. We cannot agree with him in calling St. Augustine's Mission to England a Papal aggression; but in general his statements are carefully considered, and his comprehensive view is very valuable.

A Winter in the East (Masters) is a very nice book of travels in Egypt and the Holy Land, told in letters to young people at home. It will be a very useful lending-library book; and so will *Nineveh*, by M. Jones, (Nelson,) a charmingly got-up little book, which gives excellent wood-cuts of bulls and lions and hunting-matches, and a very entertaining account of Mr. Layard's discoveries.

Aunt Judy's Magazine (Bell and Daldy) makes a splendid Christmas book, and will be very attractive to old friends and new. *The Cousins and their Friends* and the *Prince of Sleona* are the only tales still unfinished, and we hope their career may be greatly prolonged. Of the shorter sketches, we prefer *Involuntary Contributions* for its *pointedness*, Prince Boohoo for his fun, and little Azure Blue for gracefulness; but we confess that we had thought the whole magazine too original and graceful for one of those ugly burlesques by which it is the modern fancy to cheapen and vulgarize our poetical old fairy tales. Cockney pantomimes are a more congenial region for that style of wit than so elegant and bright a region as Aunt Judy moves in.

The Fountain of Youth, translated from the Danish of F. P. Muller by H. W. Free-land, (Macmillan,) is a curious and well-told fancy; and the illustrations are beautiful.

In the preface to Mr. Alan Brodrick's *Songs of the People*, (Rivingtons,) the Bishop of Oxford has exactly characterized them as 'ringing with the note of true metal, sharp, clear, and bright.' They have beautiful thoughts, and would, we think, serve well to read aloud even to a not very educated audience.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

We should be much obliged if the Author of Bianca would communicate with us, as we have not her post town. There is no safety except in writing the address in full upon the MS.

Blümenthal would be much obliged if the correspondent who answered F. F. M. will inform her how long the Camellia should be boiled in soap, and whether any especial quality is required.

A. P. is thanked for £3 for the Keble Memorial, and Eight Lovers of the Christian Year for £1.

Declined with thanks.—N. G. Sophia.

F.—Thankfully accepted.

Eleanor.—The list of the S. P. C. K. will supply plenty of books for any ordinary village library.

A. V.—Miss Selwyn's address is Sandwell, Birmingham. The proverb about the shorn lamb was discussed in Notes and Queries—we believe in the first volume: we believe the conclusion was that it was untraceable.

A. H.—The family of Barmac preceded Haroun al Raschid in the Khalifate of Bagdad. A Barmacide, or member of this family, appears in the Arabian Nights, amusing himself with giving one of the Hunchback's seven brothers what he calls a splendid banquet. There is in reality nothing on the table; but the Barmacide acts and speaks as though he were dispensing everything most delicious, and his guest entering into his humour, responds with praises of each supposed dish. Hence a Barmacide feast.

Mary sends 7s. worth of stamps for St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital at Clewer.

A. W. answers Lily that the hymn,

'The Master is come over Jordan,'

is to be found in a selection of poems called *Elim*; or, *Hymns of Holy Refreshment*, edited by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D., and published at Boston. A. J. thinks they were either in the *Children's Friend* or *Children's Prize* of last year.

A Student begs for a clue to the quotation—

'Galahad was in the night.'

The question has been asked before, and we were then told by a friend that it was in a magazine, but past magazines often elude the grasp.

D. D.—We believe there is no answer.

C. R. asks where to find the lines—

'Not the sunset tints that glow,
Not the mirth that ends in madness,
Not the lights that come and go;
But the heaven-born melody
That shall be for thee and me.'

The Clewer Field Mission begs to acknowledge the following donations:—Miss E. Porter, Mrs. Dyson, Miss Sherard, each £1. A Mother sorely bereaved, and M. G., each 10s. L. S., Miss Cooper, Miss Goodson, Violet, J. B., each 5s. Also no less than seven kind offers of help in clothes, books, &c., which have been privately answered. We believe, however, that there is room for much more assistance.

A Reader of the Appeal for St. Mary's, Haggerston, is informed that the treasurer is Robert Brett, Esq., and that the full address to him is Stoke Newington Green, W.

Moreton in the Marsh asks who are the authors of these passages—

'He steeps well
Beneath the waves on which he loved to dwell.'

'Their bodies in the sea so deep,
Their souls in heaven to rest.'

'There is in the lone lone sea,
A spot unmarked but holy.'

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 14.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

PRICE 1s.

SONNETS FROM THE COLLECTS.

THE PURIFICATION.

(OR PRESENTATION OF THE CHILD JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.)

A PRAYER FOR PURIFYING GRACE.

LORD, who shall stand upon thy holy hill,
Or who within thy tabernacle rest?
E'en he, who seeks, uprightly, to fulfil
The law of truth;—who, clean of hand and breast,

Against his neighbour planneth naught of ill;
E'en he who succoureth the poor, the oppressed;
His heart submitting to his Maker's will,
In lowliness of spirit, blessing, blest!

Lord, with the spirit of love so purify
And cleanse from sin our guilt-polluted clay,
That when Thou comest in thy dread array

Of wrath and power and glorious majesty,
—Again unto thy temple drawing nigh,—
We may be able to abide thy day!

ST. MATTHIAS.

A PRAYER THAT THE CHURCH MAY BE PRESERVED FROM
COVETOUS PASTORS, AND GUIDED IN HER CHOICE
OF SUCH AS ARE FAITHFUL.

O THOU that watchest while the hirelings sleep!
—Who didst by thy good providence of old,
Cast forth the traitor Judas from the fold;—
(So shall the whirlwind of thy fury sweep

The ungodly from thy sight;)—O thou good Shepherd, keep
 Thy Church from teachers unto Satan sold,
 —Thy pastors from the cruel lust of gold;
 Nor let fierce wolves destroy the scattered sheep.

But even as thou didst by signs make known
 Thy will, electing in that lost one's place
 A faithful pastor: so upon thine own,
 Lord, as of yore, be still thy calling shown,
 That all who seek their ministry, may trace
 In works, in words, the riches of thy grace.

EUTHANASIA.

VESPERS were over, and Compline sung,
 Evening in Milan was growing late,
 When in the Archbishop's shadowy hall
 Gathered his household in grave debate.

Beardless students and grey-haired priests
 Eagerly into the argument press;
 But, a little apart from the garrulous group,
 St. Charles and his chaplain sat playing chess.

The question a dark-eyed Jesuit put,
 Asked it the circle with bated breath:
 'Which—were the choice to each allowed—
 Which would he choose as the happy death?'

One, as a martyr would yield his life;
 Another, in sackcloth and ashes laid,
 As a lowly penitent; whilst a third,
 To die in sight of Jerusalem prayed.

'In the fore-front of the battle, I,
 Waging war with the heretic,
 Hope to spend my last breath for Christ,'
 Shouted a brother of Dominic.

Answered slowly a pale-browed monk,
 'Forty years have flown fast and fleet
 Whilst I wrote of our House; there's a folio more
 Of its history wanting, to be complete.'

'Ah!' cried an artist, with laughing lip,
'Time, Father, plays the same trick with all
Let me finish the frescoes first, I pray,
Whose colours are wet on your chapel wall.'

'Tush,' said a mellow voice; 'but why
Count by their labours the life of men?
Or stint our years by the measure of toil,
When the Psalmist grants us threescore and ten?

'Let me, enjoying the days that pass,
Nor greatly fearing the days to come,
Like a shock of corn for the sickle ripe,
Be borne by death to the harvest home.'

'What! shall we linger,' exclaimed a youth
With hectic cheek, 'mid this desert's drouth?
Rather, like Moses on Pisgah's height,
Let me die with the kisses of God's own mouth!'

Shrilled his voice like a silvery lute,
And the deeper bass of the disputants drowned;
When a sudden silence fell on all,
For just at that moment St. Charles look'd round.

Then through the stillness clearly came
The measured tones of the chaplain's voice:
'Say, amongst all these happy deaths,
Which would your Eminence make your choice?'

Instantly round him gathered a group;
Each of the answer had made a guess,
When St. Charles said, thoughtfully moving a pawn,
'I would die playing this game of chess.'

Then, as their start of amaze he marked,
'Why should I not?' he quietly asked.
'What is this game, but an hour's relief
To a mind a little too heavily tasked?

'So to His glory the pastime's played,
Unto Whose glory my work is done;
And how could I better by death be found,
Than in an act to God's praise begun?'

ALONZO; OR, THE MARTYRS OF JAPAN.

FEBRUARY 5TH.

BY THE REV. E. MONRO.

It was a hot and burning day, when a little vessel was preparing in the Port of Cadiz for a voyage. It was in a day when shipping and mercantile expeditions were not rare, so that it attracted the less notice. But yet, some idlers who lounged their lazy way along the harbour and the shore, drinking the delicious juice of the water-melon, stopped to look at the little craft, and to wonder what her aim would be. Amongst these, a boy of about fifteen found himself. His dress and appearance indicated that of a fisher-boy of Cadiz. But there were indications which went far to suggest that he was being brought up in some religious school near at hand. His face was fine and expressive; his skin of the deepest olive shade; his eyes as black as his own Spain could make them; his hair, which was shortly cut, was black as jet; and his figure, for one of his age, tall, muscular, and powerful.

'They say she will soon go to Japan with the priests,' said an old idler, who was standing near.

'Japan with the priests! and what are priests going to Japan for?' was the question on the other side. 'Priests have enough to do with benighted souls at home, without going to heathen lands, such as these.'

'Six priests of Sant Iago *are* going there,' said a third young man, who was leaning against a rock close by, and tearing off long strips of seaweed from its base to bind round his brow in the intense heat. 'Six from Sant Iago yonder *are* going; and, far as I can ascertain, they go to convert the island.'

The boy, of whom I just now spoke, was an attentive listener to all that passed.

I will for the present call him Alonzo, his true name, though soon to be forgotten for a holier one. The speakers had not noticed how riveted the youth's face was on their conversation; nor how strong the emotion was, which worked in it at their concluding words. He stood riveted in thought. His eyes first turned upon the deep blue waters of the delicious sea, and then at the tiny craft, which swayed to and fro, as the fair white sail caught the gentle breeze which blew from shore. 'To convert Japan!'

Alonzo had been a holy child and a holy boy. His heart had ever burnt with the fervour of the love of God. But he had a boundless ambition in him, and an aspiring love of enterprise, which, had they not been guided and consecrated by the love of God, might have led him into harm.

If he had had one earnest desire above another, it was for the missionary life: and the few words which had just caught his ear had kindled a fire in his bosom. He had read and pored over the tales and acts of martyrs, and marvelled at the glory of the martyr's crown and the grandeur of the martyr's death. Those who conducted his education at the monastery had rather checked than encouraged his desires, and had often pointed him to the beauty of silent acquiescence in the directing love of God, urging him to wait God's time and God's guiding before he adopted his course of life.

But through the wakeful hours of the burning night, as the boy lay watching the clusters of grapes in the moonlight, or listening to the lulling splash of tiny waves, his whole thoughts were on this mission ship and the glory of its enterprise. He rose and prayed: but he imagined every answer to prayer led him to Japan; and every promise referred to the crown he longed for. But we may not choose our own, however noble the aim, and lofty the path-way, which we have in view.

So days wore on. The vessel was ready. In vain had Alonzo over and over again entreated to go with them in any capacity. But in vain. And as the vessel moved quietly away from harbour, surrounded by spectators, there was a sudden bound given from the stone-work of the harbour—and Alonzo was in the ship. Half frightened, he looked imploringly up in the faces of those around him. There was a minute's delay.

'It is the will of God,' said an elder priest, 'let him go!' Alonzo buried his face in his hands and wept, and ere long was far away upon the seas. So the boy went. But God meant to take him into His own Hands. The voyage was long. But that little company were happy. The *Matin* song and Vesper hymn sounded from the deck of the bark; and often through the night Alonzo could be seen watching, and, as it were, trying to anticipate the shore he longed for.

No, Alonzo—no, not yet.

It is so that the earnest Christian longs for Heaven, little knowing what may lie between his longing soul and it. But you, noble boy, have your lessons to learn; and little yet have you spelt their earliest syllables.

Enough—they reached Japan. The conduct of some previous missionaries had much embittered the feelings of the government against the cause of Christ.

The air was charged with danger. But many Christians joined the devoted little band, and by every method and process of conciliation they tried to soothe angered feelings, and bring them back to their former status. Alonzo was in his glory. He was docile, obedient, unwearied, and devoted. The storm burst at last; and the Spanish missionaries were condemned to be incarcerated in tombs amongst the hills, separated from each other. Their condemnation was to be crucified in a valley among the hills. The confessors received the news with fervent gratitude, and adored Christ that they were counted worthy to suffer for His Name.

Alonzo was overwhelmed with happiness, and the rugged walls of his mountain cell resounded to his songs and thanksgivings.

The day arrived at last ; and they were to be fastened on crosses, where they might be best seen of the people. It was broad day, when they were led forth to die. They were at their earnest entreaty allowed one short meeting before the end, when they took that last embrace before meeting for ever. The scourge was used cruelly, as they walked along the rough way. But they broke the pain by songs of triumph, and made their perilous path-way an opportunity of praising God.

When the nine crosses rose in sight, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy, that they were allowed to suffer their Blessed Master's death. The fixing the ladders, the upheaving of the bodies, and the transfixing them to the tree, was the work of a very short time. And now the people stood to view and gaze, and the martyrs sung glorious hymns which they had learnt and sung together in their own Spain. And so the day went on. And as evening rose, larger and larger multitudes came up from the city to watch their dying hours. And night rolled on, and starlight came like troops of comforters to aid the weary travellers home. Troops of lovely stars, at which they looked as if they were the pavement of their happy home, or angel eyes looking through, to welcome them to Heaven.

Very beautiful was that martyr's hymn as it rose in full accord through the hours of that evening. But the hymn grew lower, and one voice after another seemed to be silenced. They had been transferred to the court of Jesus, and worn out by suffering, they had entered, one by one, into the joy of their Lord. But still, on to the morning star—on to the flash of early day, one voice went on alone. It sung the sweet hymn of the Christian. But it sung as one who longed to be free.

Day broke ; and the few lingerers saw that all those heads had sunk upon the breast. All was still—harbinger of the rest to which they had flown for ever. But one lived still and sung still. It was Alonzo—he *could* not die. He turned his pale and weary face round from his pillow of pain on the long line of his companions, who had passed away. He seemed to say, 'O companions of my earthly journey, take me with you. You have gained your crown hours ago ; and mine, oh *where* is mine ? Jesus—Blessed Jesus, may I not die for Thee !'

But the soldiers had received commands from the Emperor to take Alonzo down, when he heard he still lived ; and the young Spanish confessor was unnailed from his cross. Worn out with pain and exhaustion, he scarcely had power to open his weary lids at the face of those who had gone before him. He was borne back to his lonely cell, and after a while his wounds were healed.

The Emperor hoped to rescue and influence one so young. But *there* he mistook his aim.

For years Alonzo lived chained in the cell. For years he thought of those dear ones gone before, and those sweet hymns, which, on the night

of martyrdom, had sounded so sweetly to him. But he never swerved one instant from the clearness of his faith and the fervour of his love; and as his chains clanked along the rude pavement of his rocky cell, he could recall every fact of his glorious Creed as vividly to his mind as in the monastery of Cadiz.

Years after, Alonzo was released; and then it was that boy, now a worn and chastened man, who had the chief work in the re-conversion of Japan. *He alone*, with none of his eight companions. He had leapt, an ardent burning boy, into the missionary ship, bent on his own career and his own death. But God took him into His own Hands, and fashioned him as He chose for the work He had for him to do.

Such of our readers as have loved the *Combatants* and the *Dark River*, or whose eyes have filled with tears at the pathos of *Harry and Archie*, will feel a deeper interest in this brief sketch, because it seems to have been the last that proceeded from the writer's pen. We received it in September, and with it hopes of an account of that re-conversion referred to in the last paragraph. The other papers we have received from the same hand shall appear in future numbers; but this had been already selected for the present month, on account of the Festival of the Martyrs; and it is well that it should be known to be the farewell of one who had in many ways taught how

'Each on his cross here may we hang awhile,
Watching Thy patient smile.'

THE PRINCESS DAGMAR'S ADMISSION TO THE GRECO-RUSSIAN CHURCH.

BY MADAME ROMANOFF.

FROM the first time it was rumoured, now about three years ago, that a marriage was proposed between the heir to the Russian throne and the youthful Princess Dagmar of Denmark, a feeling of universal satisfaction was evident. It arose probably from the popularity of the Princess of Wales, and the natural supposition that her sister would be equally deserving of a people's affection. Even the sad event at Nice did not seem to damp the general feeling that 'Dagmara is *ours*,' and that sooner or later she would be the Heiress; although more than a year elapsed ere the renewal of the question was hinted at in the newspapers. It was well known, however, that the gifts which the Grand-duke Nicholas had presented to his royal bride, and which are said to have cost a million and a half of roubles, were sent back to their owner when she returned them to the Imperial parents; and experienced people said that that was a sure sign of a second engagement. It was said also, that the deceased Heir expressed a wish on his death-bed that his brother might be his successor in every particular; and from his affectionate appreciation of the excellencies of the one, and

his deep love towards the other, it is easy to believe this report, proving, as it does, the amiability and loving solicitude of the dying youth, whose goodness of heart was so well known, even out of his own immediate family.

The bride of a Russian Grand-duke *must* be a member of the Greco-Russian Church; a thorough course of instruction, therefore, is indispensable, previous to the marriage, if she be a Protestant or Roman Catholic. Teachers of modern Russ and Slavonic, and a priest of high standing, are sent to her in order to prepare her for this important step. The Princess Dagmar proved herself a very apt pupil, as will hereafter be seen; and she had more time to perfect herself than other Imperial brides.

The husbands of the Grand-duchesses of Russia are not obliged to follow the above rule, nor are their children compelled to be Greco-Russians, as are those of a Russian subject of the orthodox religion and a foreigner.*

All preliminaries being concluded, the Princess Dagmar, accompanied by her brother the Crown Prince, and a numerous suite, among whom were her religious instructor and her governess, left Copenhagen on the 10th September last, O.S., amid the tears and blessings of the Danes. All that affection and respect could devise to amuse and please her during her voyage, was prepared for her; and the little fleet that accompanied her presented fresh surprises every evening—now a display of fireworks, now a beautiful illumination; either of which, from the originality of the place, or the beauty of the reflection in the calm water, must have presented a certain charm.

On arriving off the first Russian post, the officers came forth to greet their future Heritress, bringing with them the usual offering, bread and salt, on a silver dish; and she delighted the hearts of the givers by reading off fluently, and with an excellent pronunciation, the little inscription that was engraved on the dish. It was not very long, being simply to the effect that the bread and salt came from the officers of such and such a fortress, with the date of presentation. The latter must have been the test of her Russian attainments.

A few miles off Cronstadt, the Danish squadron was met by His Imperial Majesty, the Grand-duke Heir, Alexandre Alexandrovitch, his brothers, and nearly all the other male members of the Imperial family, accompanied by a perfect armada of steam-boats, filled with persons anxious to witness something like the first meeting between the bridegroom and bride. On this subject, however, history is silent; but she records that the Princess kissed the Emperor's hand, that he kissed

* On the marriage of a Russian with a person of different religion, the unorthodox party is required to sign a paper, by which he or she promises that the children who may be born to them shall be baptized and educated in the Greco-Russian faith, and binding him or herself not to lay any difficulties in the performance of their religious duties.

her forehead, and that she looked up into his face with tears in her sweet eyes, but a smile on her sweet lips; that she is of middle stature, *châtain*, with a lovely rosy complexion, and is exquisitely graceful and winning; that she was dressed very simply, in a grey skirt and black velvet jacket, and a small round hat. Leaning on the Emperor's arm or hand, she was conducted from the Danish frigate to the boat that conveyed the Imperial party back to their yacht, and then proceeded to Peterhoff, an Imperial residence on the Gulf of Finland, about twenty versts from Petersburg, where she was met in the most affectionate manner by the Empress and the Grand-duchesses.

After a few days rest, the grand entry into Petersburg took place. It was the 17th September—a day of almost universal festival in Russia, for it is dedicated to the very popular Saints, Sophia Vera, Nadejda, and Lubove;* and as there is scarcely a family but has one or two (and sometimes all the four) members who bear either of these names, it may truly be called a national holiday. I do not suppose that the day was selected in particular; but the circumstance was very pleasing to the public; and the veteran writer, Raphael Zotoff, in allusion to the name by which the Princess has hitherto been known, and which is said to signify 'Day-dawn,' says, 'On the day which is observed by a countless multitude of name's-day keepers, all over the vast empire, a new Dawn, beaming over our fatherland, promises us long and happy days of peace and prosperity, and shines on us with new Faith, Hope, and Love.'

The weather was exquisite, like a warm bright June day; a mass of people, extending from the railway station to the Winter Palace, and edged by a living framework of brilliant soldiery, awaited the procession from an early hour. Wherever space permitted, platforms were erected for spectators to sit on, decorated with carpets, flowers, flags, and other ornaments. The houses of the aristocracy were elegantly ornamented with plants, flags of either nation, with draperies suggestive of the princely titles of the owners, mantle-like, with ermine trimmings. Others, again, had day illuminations, stars, &c., which shone with a thousand prismatic colours in the bright sunlight. I need not say that every window and balcony was crowded, that the house-tops were covered with people. At about twelve o'clock, a distant murmur, which grew nearer and nearer, louder and louder, as the news became general, proclaimed that the train has arrived, and in due time the gorgeous procession appeared, (in strict accordance to the ceremonial published the day before,) amid the shouts of the delighted crowd.

First came the outriders, then the Police Master of Petersburg, (a Lieutenant-General of His Imperial Majesty's suite,) and the Gens d'armes, all on horseback; followed by His Imperial Majesty's Own Convoy, which is unlike any other regiment in any other country, being composed of picked Circassians, in velvet caps, and with chased drawn swords, mounted on exquisite horses, with rich trappings in the Eastern

* Faith, Hope, and Love, or Charity.

style, and broad silver stirrups. Then followed the court servants, of various degrees: the out-runners, with tall feathers on their heads; blackamoors, in red jackets embroidered with gold; hunters, in green clothing; the Emperor's stirrup-bearer, in a fur cap, and a broad scarf on his breast; masters of the ceremonies in open phaetons, and dressed in splendid uniforms, and with wands surmounted by the two-headed eagle in their hands; followed by innumerable Cossacks, equerries, squires, &c. At last appeared *the* carriage; gilt, the upper part nearly entirely of glass, carved, and lined with velvet, and with a painted ceiling. It was drawn by eight milk-white horses, richly adorned, and each led by a smart man in a cocked hat. Here sat the fair young Princess, in the national dress, which is the court costume of Russia. On this occasion it was of blue velvet, and is described as being extremely becoming to its wearer. Her future mother-in-law was with her. On either side of this carriage rode—the Emperor; the happy Heir, who constantly turned towards the carriage to answer a question or make an observation to the Princess; his Imperial brothers and uncles; the Crown Prince of Denmark, &c. Between this carriage and others containing the Grand-duchesses and the ladies and maids-of-honour, all in court costume, were office-holders and military of different uniforms, a moving mass of floating feathers, gold embroidery, glittering epaulettes, swords, and helmets.

The Nevsky Prospect is a broad handsome street of great length, from five to five and a half versts; at one extremity is the station, at the other, the Admiralty and Palace *Places*, where, between the latter and the lovely Neva, stands the Winter Palace, a town of itself. It was along this Nevsky Prospect that the splendid procession moved; half-way down, to the left of a large *Place*, stands the Kazan Church; here the cortège stopped, and the Princess and the Imperial family got out of their carriages or off their horses, and entered the church to perform a Moleben. They were met at the door by the Metropolitan Isidore, and numerous clergy in full canonicals. All the other persons who took part in the procession remained stationary in the street during the special service. On its conclusion, the cortege proceeded further, and finally reached the Winter Palace, when a salute of all the cannons at once, in the Petropavloffsky fortress, (which is on the other side of the river, not quite opposite the Palace,) announced the entry of the Imperial bride into the home of her father and mother-in-law.

Here another crowd awaited her; the maids-of-honour of less degree, the pupils of various educational Institutes for the daughters of nobles, with their teachers and inspectresses, the cadets of the Government military academies, pupils of various lyceums, academies, &c.

The Princess ascended the Marble Staircase with the Empress leaning on her arm, and shortly afterwards had to show herself on the balconies to the shouting people below, always in company with the Empress.

In the evening—which is described as being quite Italian from its warmth and loveliness—there was a magnificent illumination in the city, and the Imperial family went forth in their private carriages to see it, accompanied at every turn by the pleased and excited throng.

The next day they went in state to the opera, and sat in the State box ; of the size and magnificence of which, people who have only seen the shabby, dirty, inconvenient theatres of London can have no idea. It is like a splendid drawing-room ; and the house itself is on a piece with it. The performance lasted only two hours ; it was merely to give the public an opportunity of seeing their future Heiress.

The space of time between the entry and the wedding, with its preparatory ceremonies, was passed principally at the Emperor's country residence at Tzaraskóe Seló. (Tzar's village.)

The programme of the ceremonial attendant on the Sacrament of Unction was published October 10th, and the Office itself took place on the 12th, the Betrothal on the 13th.

Admittance to Communion in the Greco-Russian Church is attainable only by receiving previously the Sacrament of Unction, which forms the third part of the ceremony of Baptism ;* but, the actual Sacrament of Baptism being required only once† in the life of a Christian, it is not considered necessary to repeat it on entering the bosom of the Eastern Church ; though Unction is indispensable. On this occasion, too, if the person do not bear a name that is strictly Russian—that is, one borne by a Saint that is acknowledged by the Greco-Russian Church—he receives a new one. For instance: the wife of the Grand-duke Michael, a princess of Baden, whose name was Cecilia Augusta, was re-named Olga on becoming a Greco-Russian, although both names are translatable into Russ, and have representatives in the Calendar ; but being uneuphonious, and what in English we should call queer, (Kekilia Avgooosta,) they were laid aside. Besides, the Imperial family has a set of names that seems to be popular with them, and from which they seldom depart ; these are Maria, Alexandra, and Olga, and they occur several times in the present reigning family. There is, however, the Grand-duchess Elena Pavlovna, and the little Grand-duchesses Vera and Anastasia ; the former was born during the Crimean War, and was probably named with regard to contemporary events ; and these are the only exceptions. In the present instance, however, the baptismal names of the Princess Dagmar include two that might be bestowed on a Russian infant—Maria and Sophia. Of these the former was selected, which, with the patronymic 'Feodorovna,'—taken also from the numerous names of King Christian, (Christian, again, being not in the Calendar,) forms the name of an Empress who was greatly beloved and highly respected during a very long lifetime, and deeply regretted when

* See Vol. XXII. p. 26.

† 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' Eph. iv. 5.

that life ended. She was the wife of the Emperor Paul, and grandmother to Alexandre II. It was doubtless in affectionate remembrance of her that the name 'Maria Feodorovna' was composed for the young Heiress, and the Russians seem to consider it a good omen for her and for them.

At ten o'clock in the morning on the day appointed, when all the people who were expected to be in attendance, or who were permitted to be in the Palace during the ceremony, had assembled, the Minister of the Court announced to the Emperor that all was ready. A procession was formed, according to the programme, and began to move through the spacious halls and apartments of the vast palace, all of which were filled with spectators, who on such occasions are allowed to stand in places allotted to them. For instance: in one room are generals; in another, nobles and their wives and daughters; and in a third, merchants; and so on.

Slowly the procession proceeded towards the palace chapel, which is within the building itself; the Emperor and Empress together, followed by the generals-in-waiting, the Minister of the Court, &c.; then the Princess, looking most charming in a simple dress of white satin, trimmed with swan's-down, without any ornament on her head, and no jewels save a cross.

On reaching the chapel door, they were met by the Metropolitan and other clergy; and the Emperor, taking his future daughter-in-law by the hand, led her to the former, when the following Office commenced, previous to the actual Sacrament of Unction, the Princess still standing at the door.

Metropolitan. Wilt thou renounce the errors of the Lutheran Church and its falsities?

Answer. I will.

The Metropolitan lays his hand on her head, and the Deacon intones, 'Let us pray to God;' answered by the choir, 'Lord, have mercy upon us.'

M. For Thy Name's sake, O Lord God of Truth, and that of Thine only Son and the Holy Spirit, look down on Thy handmaid Maria, now desirous of being worthy of reception into Thy Holy Orthodox Church, and of the shelter of Her wings. Deliver her from all her former errors, and fill her with true faith, hope, and charity; grant that she may walk in the way of Thy Holy Commandments, and do that which shall please Thee, which if a man does them, he shall live by them. Write her name in Thy Book of Life; unite her to the fold of Thy heritage, that in it she may glorify Thy Holy Name, and that of Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ, and of Thy Life-giving Spirit. And may Thine eyes look graciously on her for ever, and be Thine ears open to her prayers; make her to rejoice in the work of her hands, and in the confession and praise of Thy High and Holy Name, and that she may glorify Thee all the days of her life.

The choir sings a *Vozglas*. *

M. Turn thyself to the West, and sincerely, and with thy whole heart, renounce the errors of Lutheranism, and confess the true Orthodox Faith.

She turns towards the West, with outstretched arms; and the Metropolitan asks her,

'Dost thou renounce all the errors of Lutheranism? and dost thou reject all that is contrary to God and to His truth, and that is damnable to the soul?'

A. I renounce all the errors of Lutheranism, and reject all that is contrary to God and His truth, and that is damnable to the soul.

M. Dost thou renounce all convocations, traditions, and statutes, and all Lutheran teachers and their teachings, which are contrary to the Holy Eastern Orthodox Church? and dost thou reject them?

A. I renounce and reject them.

M. Dost thou renounce all ancient and modern heresies and heretics, which are contrary to God? dost thou reject them and condemn them to anathema?

A. All ancient, &c.

The novice then turns to the East.

M. Hast thou renounced all the errors of Lutheranism?

A. I have renounced them.

M. Dost thou desire to unite thyself to the Orthodox Greco-Russian Church?

A. I desire it with my whole heart.

M. Dost thou believe in One God, Who is worshipped and glorified in the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost? and dost thou worship Him as thy God and King?

A. I do believe in One God, &c.

A prostration follows; and the convert, on rising, repeats the Nicene Creed.

M. Blessed be our God, Who lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Repeat to us the dogmas, traditions, and ordinances of our Orthodox Church, which thou holdest.

(Here follow the ten Articles of religion, which, from their length, I should suppose the Princess read aloud, as it would be a difficult task, even to a native Russian, to repeat them by rote, for they of course are in Slavonic.)

A. THE APOSTOLIC and ecclesiastical ordinances which were established at the Seven Councils,† and the rest of the Greco-Russian traditions, statutes, and rules, I accept and confess; also the holy writings and the prayers that the Holy Eastern has acknowledged and acknowledges, I accept and acknowledge.

* Sort of Doxology.

† The seventh Council was held at Constantinople in 754, and afterwards convened at Nice in 786. It is known by the name of the Second Nicene Council.

I BELIEVE and confess that the seven Sacraments of the New Testament—to wit, Baptism, Unction, Communion, Confession, Ordination, Marriage, and Extreme Unction—were instituted by Jesus Christ and His Church, as the means of receiving the grace and influence that they convey.

I BELIEVE and confess, that in the Divine Liturgy * the true Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ is verily received in the form of Bread and Wine, for the remission of sins, and for the obtaining eternal Life.

I BELIEVE and confess, according to the understanding of the Holy Eastern Church, that the Saints in Christ who reign in Heaven are worthy to be honoured and invoked, and that their prayers and intercessions move the All-merciful God to the salvation of our souls. Also, that to venerate their incorruptible relics, as also the previous virtues of their remains, is well-pleasing to God.

I ADMIT that the Pictures of Christ our Saviour, of the Holy Virgin, and of other Saints, are worthy to have and to honour, not for the purpose of worship, but that by having them before our eyes we may be encouraged to devotion, and to the imitation of the deeds of the Righteous Ones represented by the pictures.

I CONFESS that the prayers of faith addressed to God, are accepted favourably by the mercy of God.

I BELIEVE and confess that power is given to the Church by Christ our Saviour, to bind and to loose; and that what is bound or loosed by that power on earth, shall be bound or loosed in Heaven.

I BELIEVE and confess that the Foundation, Head, and Supreme Pastor and Bishop of the Holy Greco-Russian Church is our Lord Jesus Christ; and that from Him all Bishops, Pastors, and teachers, are ordained; and that the Ruler and Governor of the said Church is the Holy Ghost.

THAT THIS Church is the Bride of Christ, I also confess; and that in her is true salvation to be found, and that no one can possibly be saved in any other except her, I believe.

TO THE HOLY Synod directing, as to the Pastors of the Russian Church, and to the Priests by them ordained, I promise to observe sincere obedience, even to the end of my days.

The Metropolitan, satisfied that the convert is well prepared, now places the end of his omophorium in her hand, and proceeds to the body of the church, tendering her, as it were, to the Amrou, while he says the following.

‘Enter thou into the Church, leaving the errors of Lutheranism far behind thee; examine thyself, that thou free thyself from the nets of death and eternal misery; reject from this time all the errors and false teachings which thou heldest hitherto; honour the Lord God our Father

* Mass.

Almighty, Jesus Christ His Son, and Holy Spirit, the one true and living God, in the Holy Indivisible and Consubstantial Trinity.

Having by this time arrived at the foot of the Amrou, where a *naloy* stands with the Gospels and Cross, she lets go the *omophorium*; and the choir sings the sixty-seventh Psalm—on conclusion of which, the Metropolitan desires her to prostrate herself before the Gospels, while he says a short litany.

M. Send down Thy Holy Spirit, and the face of the earth shall be renewed.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. Turn Thee, O Lord, and be gracious to the prayers of Thy servant.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. The crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. Lord, save Thy servant, who putteth her trust in Thee.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. Be thou to her a strong tower from the face of the enemy.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. The enemy shall not come nigh her, neither the son of perdition harm her.

Choir. Lord, have mercy upon us.

M. Lord, hear my prayer, and let my crying come unto Thee.

A most beautiful and touching prayer follows the Litany, imploring the blessing of God on the new member of the Orthodox Church; after which, the Metropolitan says to the still kneeling convert,

‘Rise, and stand firm; stand in fear.’

She rises and says: ‘This true orthodox Greco-Russian Faith, which I now, of my own free will, confess and sincerely hold, I will confess and hold, with the help of God, whole and undefiled to my latest breath, and will teach and inculcate the same as much as lies in my power; all its rules I will strivingly and joyfully perform, and will endeavour to keep my heart in virtue and innocence; and in token of this, my true and sincere confession, I kiss the Word and the Cross of my Saviour.’

The Metropolitan presents the Gospels and Cross to her to kiss, and pronounces a blessing on her. It should be observed, that though a formal confession of sins, ‘from earliest childhood, as far as can be remembered,’ has been observed previous to the Office of Conversion, the penitent cannot receive absolution from the Priest until renunciation of the former religion and profession of the orthodox faith has taken place, according to the above form. At this part, therefore, the Metropolitan says,

‘Bow thy knees before the Lord God Whom thou hast confessed, and receive absolution of thy sins.’

The Princess prostrates herself, with her forehead on the ground, while he reads the form of Absolution, which is about the same length as our own English one; on its conclusion, he says—

‘Rise, Sister; and as a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, pray to Him with us, that thou mayest be worthy to receive, through the Unction of Holy Oil, the grace of the Holy Spirit.’

The Office of Unction, slightly different from that used at Infant Baptism, now commences. The oil which is made use of on this and other occasions is prepared and blessed by the Metropolitan himself, and is made only at Petersburg and Kieff, and from thence sent to the different Dioceses, to be distributed to every church in the Empire. It is boiled in the chapel attached to the Synod, in presence of other ecclesiastics, and with a ceremony and form of prayer for the occasion. It is composed of the finest and purest vegetable oil, and various spices, myrrh, mastic, and incense, &c., and the atom of a relic. I am told that it is extremely difficult to prepare, as a very little over-boiling spoils it.

One of the Priests or Deacons present now brings out of the Altar the vessel containing the Holy Oil, a sponge, a little clean stick with a morsel of cotton wool wound round one end, (or a feather,) and a little vessel of warm water; these he places on a small low table prepared for the purpose, and with them the Gospels and Cross just made use of. Two lighted candles, in immense candlesticks, are placed before it, between it and the Royal Gates. When the preparations are complete, the Metropolitan bows to the congregation three times, and the Service commences with a Doxology and the Hymn to the Holy Ghost; then the full Litany, with several clauses relative to the person about to be anointed. The Metropolitan then reads aloud this prayer, which is nearly the same as that used at Infant Unction.

‘Blessed art Thou, O Lord God Almighty, the Fountain of Goodness, the Sun of Righteousness, shining on such as are in darkness, with the light of salvation, by the coming of Thy only-begotten Son, our Lord; and granting to us, Thy unworthy servants, purification by Holy Water, and Divine sanctification by Unction; and Who hast blessed Thy handmaid Maria by turning her from the errors of heresy, and to the knowledge of Thy truth, that with repentance she may turn to Thy Mercy, and unite herself to Thy chosen flock; and the absolution of whose sins, and the dissolution of whose oaths, I, Thine unworthy servant, have given. Grant her, O Lord and merciful King, the Seal of the Gift of Thy All-powerful and Adorable Spirit—the Communion of Christ’s Holy Body and Blood. Preserve her in Thy holiness, strengthen her in the Faith of the Orthodox Church, deliver her from the Evil One and all his snares, and keep her by Thy saving fear in purity and righteousness of spirit, that by every deed and word she may be acceptable to Thee, and become Thy Child, and the Heritress of Thy Kingdom. For Thou art our God, the God of Mercy and salvation; and to Thee be glory! to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, now, henceforth, and for ever.’

Immediately afterwards the Unction takes place—preceded, of course,

by the Princess crossing herself devoutly. The Metropolitan turns towards her, and proceeds to make the sign of the Cross, with the splinter or feather dipped in the oil, on her forehead, over her eyes, nostrils, lips, ears, breast, hands, and feet,* with the words at each sign, 'The Seal of the Gift of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

Deacon. Let us pray to God.

Choir. Lord, have mercy on us.

Follows a short prayer, to the same effect as the preceding.

He then takes the sponge, and dipping it in the warm water, wipes the places anointed, saying, 'Thou art justified, thou art sanctified, thou art purified, by the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by God's Holy Spirit; and thou art anointed with oil, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, now, henceforth, and for ever. Amen.'

A secret prayer, a short Litany, a Doxology, and the blessing, conclude this Office.

Divine Service followed immediately; and when the choir commenced singing the pre-Eucharistic Hymn, the Empress led the Grand-duchess Maria Feodorovna to the pictures in the Altar-Screen, which she kissed; and on the re-opening of the Royal Gates, when the Deacon comes forth with the Cup, intoning, 'With the fear of God, and with faith, approach ye!' she conducted her to the steps of the Amrou, when, for the first time, she received the Communion according to rites of the Orthodox Church.

The exquisite clearness and perfectness with which she pronounced the Confession of Faith (not the Creed, but a short form) before the holy Elements were administered to her, as well as the answers and professions in the Office of Conversion, struck all present with delight and astonishment: it was listened to with breathless interest; and in another second, the neighbouring apartments and halls echoed with the eagerly given and received information of the Imperial bride's acquirements.

The Emperor, too, seems to have been equally delighted; for while the Grand-duke and duchess were receiving the congratulations of the clergy, he was pleased to call aside the priest who was intrusted with the Princess Dagmar's religious instruction, and thanked him in the warmest terms for the excellent manner in which he had fulfilled his task.

H. C. R.

* The soles of the feet are anointed at Baptism; the Imperial brides are therefore provided with slippers of a peculiar form, which are partially slipped off, while the wearers kneel. This rule, however, seems to be not always observed thus; for an old lady, a German by birth, who was anointed immediately before the ceremony of her marriage took place, told me that the 'Seal' was put on her knees, and that her lady-of-honour raised the skirt of her dress for the purpose. A Priest informs me that when he receives *rascolnitzas* (female schismatics) into the Church, he always anoints their knees. Neither forms are *de rigueur*, for the word *Noyd* means the entire limb, leg and foot; so that whichever is anointed, the letter is observed.

MARLBOROUGH'S LIFE AND TIMES.

CHAPTER II.

CAMPAIGN OF THE MEUSE.

DURING the reign of William, the Earl and his wife attached themselves heart and soul to the Princess Anne, who was heir to the crown, and who, upon the death of William and Mary, succeeded to that throne which by right belonged to her own father. From the very first he sided with the Princess in opposition to the King and Queen, maintaining her right to a pension of £50,000 per annum; the payment of which, though Parliament finally sanctioned, William endeavoured to frustrate and delay. It would appear from the course adopted by Marlborough, that he was not altogether satisfied with the results of that revolution to which he himself had been chiefly instrumental. It is difficult to determine whether the cause of this dissatisfaction arose from feelings of repentance at his past ingratitude to James, or from considering his services had not been sufficiently rewarded by William.

We find, however, that in the first year after the latter had ascended the throne, he was appointed to the command in the Netherlands, and elicited the commendation of William for the skill displayed in the progress of the campaign: and though Marlborough was not present at the memorable Battle of the Boyne, in which the last hopes of James were blighted, from a sense probably of delicacy of feeling, and a dislike to personally appearing in arms against that unfortunate monarch; yet immediately James had quitted Ireland, he was entrusted by William with the command of 5000 men; and after a short though brilliant campaign of thirty days, captured Cork and Kinsale—the last places of importance which held out for the Jacobite cause.

The following year, Marlborough accompanied William to the Netherlands; and on this occasion it was that the Prince of Vaudmont predicted his future greatness in the following remarkable words:—‘Kirk has fire, Laneir thought, Mackay skill, and Colchester bravery; but there is something inexpressible in the Earl of Marlborough—all these virtues seem to be united in his single person. I have lost my wonted skill in physiognomy, if any subject of your Majesty can ever attain such a height of military glory, as that to which this combination of sublime perfections must raise him.’

Yet early in 1692 a cloud passed over his public career, which was not entirely dispelled during the six following years. Not content with the betrayal of one master, he must now plot against the interests of the other; for we find him and his friend Godolphin in frequent communication with the Court of St. Germain, where James resided, promising to aid in his restoration, and expressing deep penitence at his past

ungrateful conduct. Twice during the above period he betrayed the English fleet at Brest to the enemy, causing thereby a great loss of life amongst our men.

Suspicion of these transactions arose in the mind of William, which resulted in the dismissal of Marlborough from all his offices of state, and a peremptory command to Anne to dispense with the services of Lady Marlborough. But refusing compliance with this order, Anne quitted Whitehall, and angrily took up her residence first at Sion House near Kew, and then at Berkeley House near Piccadilly.

Shortly afterwards, the Earl was imprisoned at the Tower on the charge of high treason, and with difficulty escaped the trial which his offences so richly deserved.

From this period he withdrew almost entirely from public life ; and it was not until Mary's death had occurred, and Anne and William were reconciled, that he again occupied any post of importance. Most unexpectedly, in 1698, Marlborough was appointed Governor to the Duke of Gloucester, heir presumptive to the Crown of England, and only living child of the Princess Anne.

We must now enter upon that state of public feeling and affairs of Europe which ultimately led to the great War of Succession—the immediate causes of which, beginning in the reign and under the auspices of William, produced a war almost unparalleled for success, though productive, through the weakness of Government, of so little definite or lasting effect.

In order to unravel these causes, we must realize to ourselves first the general tendencies of opposite opinions, which led gradually though surely to a violent rupture, as well as the *immediate* causes, which, as a match applied to an already heated substance, soon set on a blaze the various nations of Europe. We shall as a rule generally discover that it is in the conflicting elements of public opinion, working stealthily and yet surely, that the real and actual causes of a general outbreak exist, and that the so called causes of a war are frequently mere pretexts or excuses for what was rendered long before an almost inevitable necessity.

As in the case of home politics, we find the Cavalier and Roundhead, the Tory and Whig, the Royalist and Republican, the Jacobite and Williamist, developing respectively the principles of authority on the one side, and liberty on the other, in an exaggerated and therefore pernicious manner ; so do we find the same tendency of human nature to extremes existing in all countries and in all kingdoms.

Louis the Fourteenth is a distinct example of one who, ignoring the element of liberality in his government and of the freedom of the subject, promoted only his own unbounded authority and the prerogative of his crown.

It was a tendency to this extreme which cost the House of Stuart so dearly, which produced such lamentable results—the murder of our king, and the horrors of a Commonwealth. It was a tendency to this extreme,

which induced Charles the Second and his brother James, imbued naturally enough with the horrors of those republican errors which had stained the honour of our land, to give the crown an undue preponderance in the councils of the nation, and to slight too much the freedom of the subject.

In order to enforce the principles they entertained, and to ensure the stability of their thrones, they depended on Louis their cousin for support and assistance. Hence it was that Charles, in 1670, in the private treaty of Dover, promised his connivance with all Louis' schemes against Holland and Spain, if only he could ensure Louis' support against the popular party, and be sufficiently supplied with his gold. And so it came to pass that whilst Louis and Charles in their respective kingdoms promoted the despotic element in their government, William of Orange sprang to the front of public affairs, modeling and leading the republican tendencies of the opposite side, defying Louis and bearding his uncle Charles. War between Holland and France had consequently been the result for many years, the latter being generally assisted by Charles. William Prince of Orange had therefore always been an irritating sore in the side of France. Warlike and prudent, sagacious and persevering, he had even before his accession done something towards keeping the Grand Monarch within bounds; and thus it was only the natural result of his past policy and operations, when firmly seated on the throne of England, to carry out on a larger scale that system of warfare which all along he so ardently desired.

Moreover, it must be freely confessed, that sufficient cause existed for his feeling what he did. During the long reign of Louis the Fourteenth, France had encroached more and more on the other nations of Europe, if not by actual conquest, yet by an influence unduly exercised over the nations. A tyrant in his own country, Louis lorded it over others as well, and had become the arbitrator of Europe. To contract this power within due limits, and to produce a proper balance of it in Europe, was one original cause for the War of Succession.

But in the midst of this general state of affairs, there was a prospect of Charles II., King of Spain, dying; when it was publicly known that Louis intended to support the claims of his grandson Philip to the throne of that country. This, to all those who understood the real state of affairs, and had felt the iron grasp of Louis, was an intolerable idea, because it virtually placed the government of Spain under the control of that king, and increased that undue preponderance of power which already existed through his encroaching conduct.

The incident which was the immediate cause of the outbreak of hostilities was remarkable.

After the Peace of Ryswick, a lull had intervened in the otherwise almost continuous contest between Louis and William; during which these two had twice the baseness to enter into a secret compact, to partition off, upon the death of Charles the Second, the dominions of Spain between

France and Austria and other nations. Upon the second occasion, Louis betrayed the secret to Charles himself, and using all the influence he could bring to bear upon that unfortunate monarch, persuaded him to leave the whole Spanish Empire to his grandson Philip. The truth having transpired, the temporary truce between Louis and William was quickly dissipated. War was therefore now inevitable, to prevent that which would have increased the already exorbitant power of Louis to an intolerable extent.

Thus the great object of what was called 'The Grand Alliance,' formed originally by the agency of William, and carried out so effectually by Marlborough, was *nominally* to prevent Louis placing Philip his grandson on the throne of Spain, and *actually* to curtail his exorbitant power, and at the same time to advance the claims of Charles, second son of the Emperor of Germany, to that throne.

There can be no manner of doubt that the claims of Philip were far superior to those of Charles. He was grandson of Maria Theresa, wife of Louis the Fourteenth, whose father was Philip the Fourth, King of Spain; whereas Charles was only descended from the *sister* of Philip the Fourth, and consequently had no right whatever to the throne.

It is now needful briefly to unfold the political attitude of affairs in England at the commencement and during the progress of this most remarkable war.

There have ever been two tendencies in the human mind regarding both politics and religion; the one to maintain the authority both of Church and King, the other to promote the liberty of the subject in civil and religious matters. From the days of the Reformation and Great Rebellion, these general principles have been especially applied to passing events. The man who maintained the prerogative of the Crown and fought in defence of the King, was no less a staunch supporter of the Church, and was in Cromwell's time called a Cavalier. The man who stood up for liberty and independence at the expense of the royal prerogative, who resisted the Church's authority, and generally declared himself a Nonconformist, was termed a Roundhead. The conservative element pervaded the one, the liberal element the other; and probably each party had forgotten the necessity of duly combining and balancing the various elements of all good government.

The names of Tory and Whig were respectively adopted by the above two great parties in the State—the Cavalier became a Tory, the Roundhead a Whig. The former name was of Irish extraction, employed to designate certain marauding bands who stood out in defence of the Royal cause; the latter, a term of reproach applied to the Covenanters in Scotland.

The two principles which had ever distinguished the Cavalier and Tory party were, as already mentioned, devotion to the Crown and Church. But when James's conduct raised an issue between these principles, the great Tory party was split in two.

From the time of William's accession, therefore, there may fairly be said to have been three distinct parties in the country, though shading off into each other almost imperceptibly. These were—the Jacobites, a section of the Tories, who were external to the then considered legal state of things, for they were the adherents of the Stuarts, and what in France would in the present day be called Legitimists. Within the recognition of the law were the Whigs and those Tories who submitted to the Revolution, the latter shading off in their principles into the views of the Jacobites. The Tories were, it may be said, divided into the violent and moderate; the violent were generally suspected of Jacobitish principles, though nominally subservient to the powers that were established. The moderate Tories and moderate Whigs were assimilated in their views to each other. Of these three parties there was a kind of representation or existing chief in James of the Jacobites, the Princess Anne of the Tories, and William of the Whigs. The Princess Anne veered continually from moderate Toryism to almost Jacobitism, as she advanced in life. William exactly represented the great principles of the Whig party; whilst on the other hand, the extreme opposite in principle were those who adhered to the exiled family.

Now the views of the Jacobites were in religious matters High Church to an extreme; in political, the inalienable and divine right of kings; and with these views, a general tendency to foster the favour of France—principles and opinions partly good, and partly perhaps exaggerated; and which as regards French favour and the prerogative of the Crown, were probably the result of the influence exercised over individuals of the nation by the dynasty of Stuart, inherited from Charles the First and Henrietta Maria.

The views of the Tory party had formerly been only exemplified in those who were strong advocates of the above principles; but there were those who, whilst opposed to Low Church views and desirous of a legitimate heir to the throne, yet were restive under the idea of tolerating a monarch who was a declared Roman Catholic, and preferred breaking with the strong legitimist view, in order to effect a compromise and gain a monarch allied to the Royal family, and yet maintaining their general views and policy, which were of a conservative and High Church character; these were the Tories.

But the views of the Whigs not only induced those who held them to dispense with legitimatism, but led them to think but little of such considerations. They desired a constitutional government, purely as a matter of expediency; they were especially lenient regarding Nonconformists, and like the Whigs of the present day, Low in their Church principles, and were the advocates of reform.

Now William of Orange exactly adapted himself to their principles, and carried out their views. We can therefore, from the above, see the reason why the Tory party oscillated between the sounder Whigs on the one hand, and the Jacobites on the other; for their principles tended to

the last in many respects, whilst they had (many of them at least) something in common with the former.

The inclination of the Jacobites to foster the influence of France was participated in by the Tories generally ; so that we shall behold in the course of the war a general tendency in the Tories to peace, and to allow Louis to act as he chose, and in the Whigs a determination to humble the proud despot, and to effect a balance of power in Europe ; for they followed their chief, William the Third, the promoter and originator of the war.

At the beginning of 1700, the Whig ministry had been dismissed, and William had called together a Tory Government, composed, amongst others, of Lord Godolphin in the Treasury, Lord Rochester, uncle to the Princess Anne, and Mr. Harley, Speaker of the House of Commons.

Marlborough, in 1701, was offered the command of the forces in the Netherlands, and accompanied the King to Holland, to unite parties and nations against Louis, and to form and promote the Grand Alliance, of which he quickly became the very life. Amongst other nations, he gained over Sweden and Prussia to the cause of the allies, and assisted in creating a combination against France unparalleled in the previous history of Europe.

The Tory ministry, of which he was a member, did not last. The tendency of its views was not consistent with the foreign policy of William, and in fact, regarding the management of the war, was greatly deprecated by Marlborough. Somers, the old Whig Chancellor, was able to form a cabinet, and for the time ousted the Tories from office. At this critical juncture William the Third died, leaving as an inheritance to Marlborough the carrying out of his mighty conceptions—the humbling of Louis by means of the Grand Alliance, composed, as it was, of Dutch, Germans, Danes, Austrians, Prussians, and English, bound together by one common object and interest.

When Anne ascended the throne, she managed immediately to purge the cabinet of all Whig influence, introducing into it again Godolphin as High Treasurer, and, according to the strong recommendation of William himself, appointing Marlborough as Captain-General of her forces. Thus the war, quickly to be commenced, was at first carried on under the auspices of a moderate Tory party ; and though Marlborough and Godolphin both belonged to that party, we shall yet, as we watch their progress, perceive them, gradually but surely, uniting themselves with the Whigs, until they were entirely absorbed into their ranks ; and this owing to the fact that the War of Succession was mainly and only efficiently supported by the Whigs !

And now the hum of war was sounding distinctly on the national ear, and that too of the greatest which England *then* had ever seen. The War of Succession had commenced ! The policy of William, now dead, was carried out by no mean deputy, for Marlborough was hastening to the conflict. William had left the conduct of it in the hands of one who,

bracing on the armour of his deceased master, went forth to do battle in the cause of European liberty!

We have to delineate briefly the first campaign of 1702; and we will designate it emphatically as the Campaign of the Meuse, for along the banks of this river, rich in landscape and richer still in cities, the scenes of battles and retreats, sieges and captures, pass like dissolving views before our eyes.

On May the 12th, Marlborough, accompanied by his beloved countess, went to Margate, preparatory to his voyage to the Hague, to await the favourable breeze which might waft him to his triumphs. The love which he realized for his wife is tenderly portrayed by a passage in his letter, addressed to her just after parting from her—‘I could have given my life to have come back, though I knew my own weakness so much, that I durst not, for I know I should have exposed myself to the company.’

At the Hague he was elected General of the allied armies, which included not only the Dutch and English, but also troops from several States of Germany.

Early in July Marlborough arrived at Nimeguen, a city close to the right bank of the Meuse; and here he joined his army. Valuable days, however, were lost in persuading the various allied chiefs to adopt his vigorous plans. The Deputies of the Dutch Republic, present with the army, were for ever interfering with and hindering his progress.

The French generals were the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis, and Marshal Boufflers, who was considered one of the best generals in France. Tallard was likewise acting in co-operation with Boufflers, their armies being posted along the course of the Meuse, or in its neighbourhood.

Athlone, second in command under Marlborough, had, previous to the arrival of the General, saved Nimeguen from the enemy. As the allied army marched southwards, so did the French retire towards their own country. Marlborough's object was the capture of Venloo and Liege, with the intervening fortresses between these cities situated on the Meuse.

In so masterly a manner did the allies make their advance, that the French found themselves cut off from Venloo, which they desired in vain to succour; and thus too were they expelled from the whole course of the Meuse, upon which the city was built.

Whilst he himself stayed with the army of observation, he commissioned the Prince of Nassau to invest with thirty-two battalions the town and fortress of Venloo. Cohorn, the great engineer, had the immediate superintendence of the siege, and the town was attacked vigorously on all sides. First the fort of St. Michael was carried, sword in hand, by Lord Cutts, appointed to undertake this daring exploit; and then, on the 23rd of September, the town itself surrendered to the allied troops.

After this success, the intermediate towns and forts between Venloo and Maestricht on the Meuse were taken one after the other, and the General urged on the siege of Liege, the most important town of that part of the country.

Boufflers was reconnoitering its walls, intending to encamp his army in its neighbourhood, when the sound of the advancing army of Marlborough was heard as it approached. But owing to the impediments placed in Marlborough's way by the Dutch Deputies, (appointed by the Government of Holland to superintend the movements of the Dutch contingent,) Boufflers owed his safety, and hence had time to escape the intended attack. Liege fell into the hands of the allies, and the whole course of the Meuse was cleared of the enemy; who, in consequence of these operations, were forced to retreat, leaving Holland and a large portion of the Netherlands free of their presence.

This last feat closed the campaign, and Marlborough prepared to return home for the winter.

He was staying at Maestricht, from which city he intended to journey towards the Hague in a large boat, down the course of the Meuse. Having started in this fashion, with the Dutch Deputies, and twenty-five soldiers as an escort, all seemed sufficiently secure. Further down the river he was joined by Cohorn, the engineer, in a larger barge, containing sixty men; and a guard of cavalry, consisting of fifty troopers, rode along the banks as an additional protection. Night came on, it was dark and dreary; by some unexplained accident the boats were separated from each other, and the squadron of cavalry lost their way. And thus Marlborough, with his small band of attendants, was left alone on the river Meuse.

Suddenly out of the darkness flashed the light and was heard the crack of musketry, pouring its deadly shot into his very boat; and well-nigh on this occasion was lost the man of all others necessary for the success of the war.

A French partizan, with a small following, sallying out of Guelders, a neighbouring city, had approached the river; perceiving the solitary boat as it wound its slow course down the Meuse, he immediately attacked it, hoping to capture or to acquire booty from those who were occupants of the boat, and concluding they were a portion of the hostile forces.

Marlborough and the Deputies were forced to yield. Fortunately, however, the latter had provided themselves with French passports, and were consequently safe; but Marlborough had disdained to accept from his enemy anything of the kind, and therefore was in the greatest danger of being captured. General Churchill, brother of Marlborough, who had returned to England on sick leave, had left his passport behind him in the possession of a servant named Gell, and fortunately this man was in the boat. Unperceived by the French in the confusion and darkness, he slipped it into Marlborough's hands, who as quickly and as unperceived passed it over to his enemies; it bore the name of General Churchill,

and satisfied the troopers; and thus the General escaped safely to the Hague, and was rapturously received in that city by the whole population, who had heard of his capture, and imagined him in captivity.

Upon Marlborough's return to England, in November, 1702, his services were nobly rewarded by the Queen by his being created Duke of Marlborough, with an income of £5000 a year.

But his brilliant public career was chequered at this period by a domestic affliction—the loss of his only son John, who died at Cambridge of malignant small-pox.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER II.

HARDLY ever had Mrs. Foley been in a state of greater excitement than on the Tuesday when she expected her guests. They were to come at about five o'clock, and at that time Miss Brockensha would have dismissed her school—the school on behalf of which Mr. Foley had already written to the Diocesan training school to find a substitute for her.

Mr. Beatson had been Mr. Foley's pupil, and was a young man, who had been married about two years, to a wife reported to be rather a fine lady. Mr. Thrupp, whom neither of the Foleys had ever seen before, was one of the respectable country solicitors, who hold all the wills and marriage settlements of the county families in their keeping; a quiet gentlemanlike person, without any of the characteristics commonly attributed to his profession, and generally believed to be hardly sharp enough.

Mr. Beatson, in boyish spirits, rallied Mrs. Foley on what he called 'the catastrophe,' and declared his conviction that old John Brockensha's daughter would turn out the belle of the season, marry a duke, and cut them all. Mr. Thrupp, with sober deliberation, explained that he '*understood*' that the young woman had been well educated considering her original position; and when Mr. Foley answered for her having had the excellent English education that was given in the high-pressure days of first-class certificates, he further suggested that perhaps she might receive a few finishing touches at some young ladies' boarding-school, and be thoroughly accomplished. What did Mrs. Foley think?

Mrs. Foley thought that Miss Brockensha was too old to be sent to school again. She was a tolerable musician already, and other accomplishments, if requisite, might be acquired from masters—to all of which Mr. Thrupp assented; but it did not meet the difficulty of how she was to

be disposed of for the present. At any rate, said Mrs. Foley, when they had seen and talked to her it would be easier to determine; and she should be very glad to keep Miss Brockensha with her, till something could be arranged; and that would give time to judge. Mr. Beatson here turned round with a countenance full of relief. 'Now will you, Mrs. Foley? that is kind in you. It is just the thing that I should like to have done, only my wife is a little afraid of the charge, and ours is not quite the right place, where every soul remembers her father standing before our side-board; and though there's no one with any legal claim upon her—no, nor reasonable—I looked well into that—half the old women would be coming up, whining that they knew her poor father, or her poor mother, and begging of her for ever. Now here there will be none of that.'

'I don't say there are no disadvantages here,' returned the lady, thinking of her two bugbears; 'but I think it will be best on the whole, that she should be a little while with friends before we send her among strangers; and it will be easier to judge of the sort of training that she wants. But I will send over for her. I have only let her know that Mr. Beatson was coming to stay here.'

In about a quarter of an hour, there was an intimation that Miss Brockensha was come; and Mrs. Foley, whose presence had been requested, desired that she might be asked to come into the drawing-room. At the first moment both squire and lawyer remained doubtful whether the tall, slim, refined looking girl before them, could indeed be the niece of the rough gold digger; but Mr. Beatson was the first to come forward and speak, as she curtsied to him, her hereditary squire, and the son of the good old lady to whom she had owed her education.

'Good morning, Damaris,' he said; 'Mr. Thrupp and I have come to speak to you about a matter of business.'

Here Mrs. Foley interfered, to make Damaris—who looked much amazed, and only murmured, 'Thank you, Sir,'—sit down by her upon the sofa.

'I think,' began Mr. Beatson, 'I don't know if—that is, I am sure you know—are aware that your father had a brother.'

'Yes, Sir.'

'And Mrs. Foley made you aware of his death. But—yes, I see—But,' changing his voice, 'you did not know, that—that we have to congratulate you—'

Damaris was very red, and her large brown eyes were fixed on the young squire, who—Mrs. Foley could have beaten him for levity, only she knew it was sheer confusion and embarrassment—proceeded, with a laugh, 'What do you say to having a great fortune, Damaris?'

He paused, and the girl made grave puzzled answer: 'I suppose, Sir, that whatever my poor uncle had would come of right to me.'

'Exactly so. Quite true! And suppose he had been making a fortune for you all this time? Eh?'

The colour varied quickly.

'It is true, my dear,' whispered Mrs. Foley, laying her hand on the trembling one.

'Yes,' continued Mr. Beatson; 'he has been gold digging and sheep-farming, and has got together some sixty or seventy thousand; we have not had time to look into the details yet, but it is all safe invested in England, and he has left it to you, as his only near relation.'

Damaris sat as if struck dumb, but half comprehending. Mr. Beatson held out his hand, saying, 'So now I congratulate you, my old friend's daughter. I can tell you, you are a richer person than ever I shall be.'

'O Sir, it can't be!' Damaris gasped, appalled at this last climax as at something disloyal. 'O Ma'am, what does it mean?'

'It means,' said Mr. Foley gravely and kindly, 'that this is indeed so. Heaven has seen fit to make you the steward of considerable wealth, and we can only hope and pray that you may be guided to make a good use of it.'

The tears came into the brown eyes, and a sob heaved the chest. Mrs. Foley took her by the hand, saying, 'Let me bring her back presently, when she has had time to recover the surprise.'

However, when out of the room Damaris did not cry any more, she followed Mrs. Foley as one stunned into the school-room, and then passing her hand across her face, looked up as if to see whether it were a new world, or only a dream.

'Yes, my dear,' said Mrs. Foley, answering the look, 'it is very surprising news, but it is quite true; I have known it for some days. Yes, ever since we heard of your uncle's death; but we thought it best to say nothing till Mr. Beatson should come.' And she paused.

'O Ma'am,' exclaimed the girl, after a short interval spent in realizing what she had heard; 'what shall I do? I shall have to be a lady!'

'My dear, a lady is nothing more than a modest right-spirited woman, and that I believe you to be already. There may be a few little matters of manners and habits to be learnt; but you are so young that these will come comparatively easily to you; and I think you have been so well brought up that there will be hardly anything to unlearn. Do not be afraid of these trifles; there are much more really important things to care about.'

'I ought to do a great deal of good with it,' said Damaris dreamily.

'I hope you will, my dear; but for the present, till you are of age, it is under the charge of those two gentlemen. How old are you?'

'Nineteen last 30th of May, Ma'am. Am I not to have any of all this till I am twenty-one, but to go on as I am?'

'No, not exactly. You will have an allowance such as will enable you to live as girls of the same sort of means do live, and these gentlemen will find some home for you, where you will have time and training to fit you for the station in life to which God has called you.'

'Oh, shall I have to go away?'

‘Not immediately ; not to any place where you do not think you can be happy. Just at first, you shall stay with us, till you are a little used to this new state of things, and till we see what is best. Now I will leave you here for a little while ; no one shall interrupt you ; and you had better come back to the drawing-room when you feel able to do so.’

Mrs. Foley found the gentlemen much pleased with their ward’s appearance and manner, and greatly encouraged as to the future ; but resolution to present herself again seemed to have failed the new heiress, for she was seen no more, until nearly at dinner-time Mrs. Foley went in search of her to the school-room. Not there ! Could she have gone to tell the wonderful news to old Mrs. Brown ? Mrs. Foley felt a moment’s annoyance ; but at that moment she perceived that the key of the church, of which Miss Brockensha had the use for her harmonium practice, was missing ; and quietly passing up the flagged path, and looking in at the lattice that protected the door-way, she saw the young figure on her knees on the chancel step. Then, feeling really happy about her, she drew back, only perplexed by being unable to speak to her before the long imprisonment of dinner. However, while she still stood considering, the striking of the church clock was heard not only by her but by Damaris, who presently came forth, looking much calmer and brighter.

‘My dear,’ said Mrs. Foley, meeting her at the house door, ‘I thought you would hardly like to come in to dinner this evening.’

‘Oh no—no, thank you.’

‘But after that, I think you must come in and let the gentlemen explain things to you. They go away to-morrow, and then you shall come and sleep here ; but I think you will like to have a little time with Mrs. Brown now. She is so wise and sensible, that I think it will be very comfortable to you to talk over it.’

‘Does she know ?’ murmured Damaris.

‘Yes ; Mr. Foley told her when—if you remember—he called her out of school.’

In fact, Mrs. Brown, though not such a scholar as her young assistant, was a very sensible person, who had had the education acquired by good service, and had seen a great deal of the world before she settled down to keep school at Allingthorpe ; and Mrs. Foley justly thought that she would be a better counsellor for the poor girl than one further removed in habitual ways of thinking. So she had been truly like a mother to her during the eighteen months they had spent together. Damaris had been very carefully brought up, and had shared little in the habits of the ordinary class of young servants and tradesmen’s daughters. Had parents had died before she was ten years old, and after being boarded for three or four years with a good old retired housekeeper, who ‘kept her up’ as the saying is, she had been sent to a training-school, where her companions had been all girls of good capacity, and too much excited by their studies, as well as too vigilantly watched over by their mistress,

to have time for gossips and frivolities. Carefully guarded, too, had been her Allingthorpe life; her books and her companions had all been subject to the approval of Mr. and Mrs. Foley and Mrs. Brown. School inspections had been the crises of her life; choral festivals the great events; church decorations and school feasts the delights: and there was not much to call off her attention from these. She was too much cultivated to be the companion of the maidservants, and the farmers' daughters looked down on her, so that the acquaintances she had formed at the choral society, or in village intercourse, were very slight; and she had hitherto been fully engrossed with the interests of the place, extremely fond of her scholars, bent on improving them to the utmost, entering into the cycle of the Church's year with the ardour of an undistracted mind, religious, and finding its poetic instincts there satisfied; so much the model young school-mistress, that it seemed a pity to disturb her with change.

She had quickly hurried along the street to the school, and in another moment was kneeling with her face on the old woman's knees, exclaiming, 'O Mother, Mother, kiss me! You'll love me still. You'll come and live with me, and nothing shall come between us!'

'Poor child!' said the old mistress, 'it is come to a sudden; but you are a better one for it to happen to than some, Damaris; you have pretty nigh been educated like a lady, and you won't be one of they silly girls that think being a lady means nothing but fine clothes, and riding in carriages and doing nothing.'

'I do know that is not like such ladies as I have known,' said Damaris. 'I should be more sorry if I thought I had to give up all I have cared about—singing, and little children and all. Don't you think, Mother, we might live on at Allingthorpe, you and me, and have a new mistress here, and give an organ to the church, and build a nice school and church perhaps out at that sad slovenly place at Long Common; and we might go and visit it, and that would be really nice. Won't you, Mother?'

'My dear love, you are a good girl,' said Mrs. Brown, laughing and crying.

'But won't you, Mother, won't you? Then I sha'n't care! And you're every bit as good a lady as I am. Mrs. Foley said 'twas only being a discreet modest woman; and I don't want to go after balls and fine company, nor the pomps and vanities of the world. I *will* stay quiet here, and have a conservatory to grow beautiful flowers for the church, and learn to play my new organ.'

'My dear love, you must see what the gentlemen say to that. They won't have an old body like me about you; nor they won't let you please yourself.'

'The gentlemen?' said Damaris. 'Why should they have anything to do with me?'

'Why, child? sure you know that all they as have property are put under tutors and guardians; and Mrs. Foley, she did tell me as your

uncle had appointed these, to manage your fortune for you, and let you have your spending-money. Ay, ay, that's the way of it: you were willing enough a while ago, to have nothing; and now you are out of sorts that you can't have the whole at once.'

Damaris confessed, 'Well, it does seem hard that one should not be allowed to have one's own, and go back to be treated as a child. And I want to do nothing but good with it.'

'Ah, that's easy said; but by the time you are my age, you'll be thankful for anyone to tell you what is the right sort of good to do, or maybe 'twill turn out for harm instead. Ay, ay, Damaris Brockensha, you are a good girl, and you've got a first-class certificate; but all that won't make you wise before your time, or fit to manage a fortune so as not to be a misery to yourself and everyone else.'

'But are these two gentlemen to do what they please with me?'

'Well, and hasn't Mr. Beatson—or his mother—done for you nigh all your life? And could anyone have done better for you? Answer me that, my girl!'

'No, I'm very grateful to them.'

'And can't you trust him now, then?'

'Well, I suppose I ought. Only I did think I had got old enough to earn my own livelihood, and think for myself.'

Mrs. Brown began upon this to mention the cases of minorities that had come under her knowledge, and succeeded in making Damaris understand that this was the inevitable consequence of her wealth; and indeed, the girl's displeasure had been mainly owing to finding that her first project might be thwarted than by abstract dislike to control. Still she thought her desire of remaining at Allingthorpe with Mrs. Brown so reasonable and excellent, that no one could object to it; and as she prepared for her fresh conference with her guardians, she resolved to put it forward if she were consulted, and she thought the Vicar and his wife would back her up in it.

Very nice she looked in her black silk dress, with her smooth hair and blushing cheek, when at half-past eight, she knocked at the drawing-room door, hoping to find Mrs. Foley alone, but she was disappointed; the gentlemen were all there, drinking coffee, and Mr. Thrupp, who was nearest to her, set a chair for her near Mrs. Foley, with an alacrity that surprised her, and she would scarcely have ventured to seat herself but for the lady's encouraging look and smile. They went on with what they had been talking of before her entrance, something about the wild flowers, for Mr. Thrupp was a botanist, and had been noticing the flowering-rush and arrow-head in the streams. Mrs. Foley, who had tried to make the village children observe the plants around them, appealed to Damaris about some of the flowers, and she was able to describe them and their localities, with a quiet clearness that made a favourable impression, and likewise accustomed her a little to converse.

When the tea and coffee had been removed, Mr. Beatson came to the

table, and said, 'Now, Damaris, I think we had better have a little talk, and come to an understanding of our position.'

'Thank you, Sir.'

'Then to begin: Mr. Thrupp has made an abstract of your uncle's will, and you had better listen to that.'

Mr. Thrupp read accordingly, making things clear as he went, so that at the end, Damaris understood that in two years time she would have an income of nearly two thousand pounds, though without being able to touch the capital; and being liable to forfeit the greater part, should she marry without her trustees' consent. In the meantime, they added, she should be allowed a sufficient amount for the pocket-money of a young person of her expectations; and as to the question of a residence, Mrs. Foley would be so kind as to receive her for a week or two, till some arrangement could be made.

They were quite surprised, when their ward, who had hitherto said 'Thank you,' and assented to everything, plucked up her courage and replied, 'If you please, Sir, I should like best, if I could be allowed, to live with Mrs. Brown, and have a house here.'

'Mrs. Brown?'

'The governess, Sir. She has always been like a mother to me. And I should be much happier so, Sir—quiet and retired here—than going out into the world, and trying to mix with people of superior rank; for I have not been brought up to it, and the money would be of no value to me, Sir, unless I could spend it on the church and in charity.'

There was a little pause after Damaris' speech, which she could neither have composed nor delivered, had she not gone through the ordeal of various inspections. It was rather too heroic for Mr. Thrupp: he thought he knew girl nature, but he did not know it trained in so innocent and exclusive a world as this; and he was ready to conclude that the desire had been suggested by Mr. Foley. But it was Mr. Foley who first spoke.

'The school-mistress. No, I am afraid that would not do.'

'Certainly not,' said Mr. Beatson decidedly; 'when people have a position, they must live up to it; and she must learn how to do so.—Now, Damaris, there are two or three ways. Either we could send you to some good finishing school, where you might accomplish yourself; or get a governess—a real one, I mean, not a school-mistress, to take charge of you, or some lady to receive you into her family, and take you into society. I incline myself to think that would answer best.'

'It must be as you please, Sir,' said Damaris, with a certain meekness, rather too like hurt feeling.

'Well, we will think about it,' said Mr. Beatson; and then, as if glad to quit the subject, he reminded Mrs. Foley of the music he had heard from her while he was her husband's pupil, and begged for some of the old airs. Mr. Thrupp too came and stood by the piano; and meantime, the Vicar, detaining Damaris, who would likewise have risen, said

under cover of the music, 'Mr. Beatson is quite right. You have, I know, a strong desire to use this that has been sent to you, for the glory of Heaven and the good of others.'

'Yes, Sir ; and they will not let me.'

'Not at all. It is that you may learn better how to use it. If you were to go on as you are now, with Mrs. Brown, who is one of the most good and wise women I ever saw, you must live in all the same society that—you meet at the choral meetings. There would be a court paid to you for your riches, that, if it were not very unpleasant to you, must spoil you ; you would not know how to distinguish between the real and the sham.'

'You would advise me, Sir.'

'Perhaps I might ; but most likely you would be flattered into despising me.'

'O Sir !'

'Nay, you are unwilling to take my advice *now*, since it clashes with your wishes.'

'No, Sir, indeed ! Only I don't understand how going away from you and Mrs. Foley and Mrs. Brown should make me better ; and the snares of the world—' said poor Damaris, ready to cry.

'As to the snares of the world, that's all nonsense ! There would be ten times greater snare in being feasted and flattered and toadied by all the Stebbings and the Pratts and the Lynes, and being the richest among them, than in dinner-parties and balls among people who would treat you as just their equal, and don't think a few thousands anything so wonderful ! If you could always be on a desert island, I would not wish for better company for you than that dear good Mrs. Brown ; but as you can't help being in the world, you must learn to deal with it. And a person as good, but with the birth and breeding that must exact your respect, even though you had a fit of conceit, and who could keep aloof all the mere vulgar adulation from you, is a fitter guide for you. You will understand me better by-and-by.'

'But, Sir, I hope I need not go to school again.'

'I should think not ; but we shall be better able to judge in a few days time.'

And before more could be said, Mrs. Foley came to ask Damaris to sing with her. She complied obediently ; and in spite of her trepidation, it became clear to the gentlemen that, though in a different style, she sang better than many young ladies they had heard in drawing-rooms.

'I have an idea,' said Mr. Thrupp that evening, as Mr. Foley was giving him his candle ; 'but I had rather say nothing about it until I see whether it is practicable.'

(To be continued.)

WARFARE AND REST.

THE DIARY OF GERTRUDE SCHAFFER.

July 20th. I can scarcely believe I am a wife, nothing seems changed. We live in our dear old house, where we were all born, for Karl's house would not hold us all, and of course we could not leave Rose and John. We are a happy party in spite of our woes—we forget them sometimes. Things, however, are getting worse; our cow was taken to-day; I am so thankful mother no longer wants her milk. My poor little godchild will miss her sadly, though, as I took her milk every day. Johanna gets weaker and weaker; her husband came to us this morning, and asked me to go round and cheer her a little—he was fairly broken down, poor man! and cried most bitterly. When I went to her, I found her bright and happy, and I think she cheered me instead of my cheering her. She said her life had been a very happy one, and now, when trouble had come, she was going to be taken from it; she owned it was hard to leave her husband and her darling little one, but she said, who knows how soon it may be before they join her? She asked me to try and comfort poor Peter; and looking at little Johanna sleeping peacefully at her side, she said she knew I would be a real mother to her, and bring her up till she was old enough to live with her father. I promised I would do all that could be done for her; and my husband (how grand that sounds!) coming in at that minute to fetch me home, Johanna told him what I had just promised, and asked him if he was willing to allow me to have the little one. 'Most willing,' he said; 'I am sure she will bring a blessing with her; but you will grow stronger, and bring her up yourself.' She smiled sadly and shook her head, and answered, 'I shall never live to see baby grow up.' Just then our pastor came in, and we all joined in prayer with, and for, Johanna.

It is not so easy now to say 'Thy Will be done,' as when all was bright and prosperous; that shows me how imperfectly I must have said it in days past.

22nd. We have heard to-day that our Prince has now persuaded the Estates to agree to his plan of unlocking the gates of the great sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Delftshaven, and by doing that, letting the sea come over the lands. Leyden cannot be helped by land, it may be by water. The country will be in a sad state of desolation; all the young crops will be destroyed, and many of the villages; but Karl says a large sum has been raised already to carry out this undertaking, and to help those whose property will be ruined. The ladies, too, have given their jewellery and plate to be turned into money. Everywhere the cry is heard—'Better a drowned land than a lost land.' I wish I could send a bag of gold pieces I found the other day in a drawer, with a label, on which was written, 'For Gertrude's marriage-feast.' It was

not used for that, certainly; no food can be bought; we were grateful for the portion which is allowed us each day. John is never satisfied, poor fellow! but he manages now and then to get a bit of meat or bread from the soldiers, he is always ready to do anything for them. We have scarcely a bit of bread left; they say malt-cake will soon be all we can have.

24th. It is Sunday to-day; we have all been to St. Peter's, and most earnest were the prayers offered up for our country and ourselves. Our pastor preached; his text was, 'Ye have need of patience.' I think those words alone would have been sermon enough; still he drew many lessons for us out of them, and we came away comforted by his words.

25th. I was sent for early this morning by Johanna. She was all but speechless; poor Peter was kneeling by her side, with baby in his arms; she looked at it, then at me, and sunk back as if sleeping peacefully; so she was, but it was a sleep from which in this world she would know no waking. Poor little tiny one! I fear it is but for a little time I shall have you to cherish and tend, for neither milk or bread can I get for you. Your father will soon follow his wife, I am sure; he has nearly starved himself to give his scanty portion of food to his wife.

Sometimes I think I *must* give up writing; but my husband wishes me to persevere, as he says when days of peace do come once more, and we read over these trials of ours, it will ever keep us humble and grateful.

What troubles have I even yet had to write down—and many many more are yet to come, I fear; if only Karl may be preserved to me, I think I could bear everything, he helps me through it all.

26th. This morning Rose came in from the many visits of kindness and consolation she pays, with such a bright face, that I thought she had heard help had reached us; but the cause of her joy was this. In her rounds she had called on a young girl who married from our house about a year ago: she had lately had a child, but it had been sickly from his birth, and yesterday had died; and the poor mother, who knew Johanna well, had offered to come and nurse our baby. She is a great stout girl, and can eat anything, so by dint of saving all we can for her, perhaps even yet we may save the motherless child.

28th. The last day or two have been more peaceful ones to us. Rose looks better than she has for a long time; she and John have lately taken walks all round the city, seeing if any will take money for the scanty portion of food; now and then they get a little in exchange, but not often. The siege will have taught us many useful lessons: one will be, never to be ungrateful, or take as a matter of course the 'daily bread' that is sent us. It will have drawn us all too nearer to one another, and make one feel how we are members one of another; and as we are suffering together, may we not hope we may soon rejoice together?

30th. Karl has come in full of the offer, Valdez, the Spanish general, has made us to-day. Most urgent is his petition to us to surrender; and

entire pardon is offered to all the citizens, if we will open our gates and accept Philip's authority. Not one is to be found in the city who will deign to listen to this offer; we *can* starve, but surrender we never will. Karl says King David's words have been ringing in his ears—'It is better to fall into the hands of God, than into the hands of man.' Dear as I, (and not only I, but all of us are to him,) he would rather see us dead than left to the mercies, or rather the want of mercy, of the Spaniards. We do not know what our Prince is doing for us; but what man can do, will be done by him, we are certain; he has never yet forsaken his land and people. I heard the children asking, '*When* will Father William come?' And when I asked them of whom they were speaking, they pointed over the sea, and said, 'Mother told them he was a good man over there, who would come in a ship, and bring them meat and bread.' May their words come true!

2nd August. Last evening Karl and I took our favourite walk up to the old tower. This tower, tradition says, was built by Hengist to commemorate his conquest of England. Karl has often told me about it, and is very fond of speaking of England; he has had a good deal to do with Englishmen at different times, and likes them much. To-night he was talking of the peace and liberty they enjoy over there. Mary, their queen, who had the misfortune to have King Philip for her husband, has been dead some years, and her sister Elizabeth is queen; she seems to be a wise woman, but somewhat proud and overbearing; but she has round her a host of skilful advisers, and the country is in a flourishing state. She is of what we term the Reformed Religion; but Karl says their Reformation was a very different one from ours. They have Bishops, as we used to have, and set forms of prayer, all of which, or most of them, are identical with those beautiful prayers we used to have in our churches, and which I have known and loved from a child. I do not, and never shall, like long prayers, which wander on, and you are wondering what is coming next. Whatever we have gained by having *purser* faith, we have lost much by giving up our grand old Services. Karl asked me what I thought (if peace was ever granted to us again) of going to live in England; he is a clever architect, and thought he might find employment there. My father, as I said before, was a wealthy citizen, and we should have a fair sum to take with us. I think the plan is worth bearing in mind. We have no strong ties here; Karl's parents have been dead many years; John will become a soldier as soon as he is old enough, and Rose and little Johanna could go with us. The dear child gets on so nicely, and crows away as if there were no such thing as care or trouble in the world. It seems quite strange to bring before one's mind a vision of peace in a far-off land, when here all is so dark, and all but hopeless; still I firmly believe we shall be delivered out of the hand of our enemies. 'The night is darkest before the morn.'

4th. Things are growing worse and worse. There are dreadful

murmurs heard about the city; our bread has nearly all gone; there is not much malt-cake left; every scrap of green food is being eaten; starvation seems to stare us in the face. Rose, this morning, tried to cheer us by reminding us how again and again we read in the Bible of God's people being saved from starvation, and bid us remember that it is written, 'He feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him;' so how much more will He feed and care for us—His people? But oh! it is heart-breaking work to see the pale wan faces all round, and to know one *cannot* help them!

CATCHING A TARTAR.

CHAPTER I.

'MOST HASTE, WORST SPEED.'

'And the mother at home says, "Hark—
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return."'

Longfellow.

'I SAY, Tin—there's the dressing-bell!'

'Nonsense—it's impossible!'

'Listen!' And in the silence of the still December evening, the tones of the great bell at Ashurst were distinctly audible.

Both brothers looked at each other in dismay; for the rabbit-warren, where they had been shooting, was a good mile and a half from the house, the chimneys of which were just visible among the tall trees surrounding it.

'Come along; we shall have to run for it,' said the first speaker, a young man of two or three-and-twenty, with so slight a figure and boyish face, that in the dim twilight he looked little older than his school-boy brother.

'Wait a bit, Val: if we go by Broomham, we shall have lots of time,' said Justinian, who after his long day's rabbit shooting, felt stiff and tired, and not inclined to keep up with the pace at which his brother had started.

'What do you call lots of time? five minutes?'

'Anyone can jump into their things in five minutes—I can,' said Justinian, who had in all probability acquired this accomplishment at school, where he was justly celebrated for always being the last up and the first down in the morning.

'Yes; and you always look as if you were going to jump out of them again. Make haste—how slow you're going!'

'What a hurry you're in! They're not going to have anyone to dinner to-night, are they?'

'Only Mr. Griffiths.'

'Oh!'

And Justinian said no more; for the little blind track which they were following through the woods was not wide enough to admit of their walking abreast, and being full of tree stumps, and hard to find in the rapidly increasing darkness, rendered any conversation a difficult matter; nor was the clayey ploughed field which followed much better. Then came another wood, rather less trackless than the first; and then where there ought to have been a gap, where not two days ago there had been one, they were faced by a paling nearly as high as a park fence, over which no one who was not an inhabitant of Brobdiagnag could climb, and not even a Lilliputian crawl through.

Small as he was, Lord Valentine saw at a glance that it was impassable for him; and with an angry exclamation, he turned to the hedge which divided his father's property from that of his next neighbour, Sir Geoffry Blake. Alas! what had formerly been more nominal than real, had, with the aid of wattles and hurdles, been converted into a complete barricade, which, with a newly cut ditch on one side, already half full of frozen water, looked by no means inviting. The whole was surmounted by a large white notice-board, to the effect that all trespassers would be prosecuted, by order of Sir Geoffry Blake.

'They should be welcome to prosecute me, if they would only give me the chance of trespassing,' observed Justinian, shaking his fist at the notice-board, as if it had been Sir Geoffry Blake in *propria personæ*.

'Such folly! stopping up a gap in the hunting season! nobody but Sir Geoffry would have dreamt of doing such a thing. At any rate, I'll have that paling down to-morrow, for I know there's a right of way here,' said Lord Valentine, forgetting in his wrath how much righteous indignation he was in the habit of expending upon anyone whom he found making use of the short cut from Ashurst to Broomham. He and his brothers were so much in the habit of regarding it as their own private property, that it was currently reported, that once having met the farmer who rented the little strip of land separating the two outlying Ashurst coverts, they had warned him off his own territories.

'It's no use hurrying now; we are sure to be late,' said Justinian disconsolately.

'I hope Fanny will prevent their waiting dinner for us.'

'Sure to, I should think. There's the dinner-bell.'

They could hear that; but they could not hear, for they were then only just entering the park, how some ten minutes later the drawing-room bell was rung vehemently.

'Is Lord Valentine in?' inquired his father, when the old butler appeared.

'No, my Lord,' he answered, in as injured a tone, as if he, not his master, had been kept a quarter of an hour waiting for his dinner.

'How tiresome! You need not wait any longer; we will have dinner. It really is very annoying that Valentine never can manage to be in in time: it would be just the same thing if we dined at eight or nine.—Do you know where he has gone, Fanny?' he said, suddenly turning to his daughter, a very pretty girl of about seventeen; who, having only just left the school-room, had not yet acquired the ease of manner of a come-out young lady, and was endeavouring rather shyly to keep up a little conversation with Mr. Griffiths, the middle-aged Rector of Ashurst, who was regarded by the young Braybrookes as a kind of supplementary uncle.

'Val said he was going to the rabbit-warren this morning; but I do not know if he did or not.'

'I heard guns in that direction this afternoon,' said Mr. Griffiths. Was Justinian with him ?

'Yes: it's the first time he's ever been allowed to shoot; and I am a little nervous about him,' said Lady Stapleton.

'He *must* begin some day,' remarked Mr. Griffiths.

'Oh yes, I know that, and I do not wish to stop him; for it is quite a blessing to find something for him to do in the holidays; but he and Val are both so careless, that I wish—'

What she wished she did not say, for the welcome announcement of dinner interrupted her in the middle of her sentence.

It was just as well they did not wait, for dinner was nearly finished before either of the absentees made their appearance. Val's being late was too common an occurrence to excite much attention; and though Lord Stapleton received his apologies rather coldly, he did not make any remark, and left it to Fanny to ask what had kept them.

'Oh, we should have been in in plenty of time, if it had not been for that old fool, Blake!'

'Who?' inquired Lady Stapleton, in a tone of some surprise at the epithet employed.

'I beg your pardon, Mother; but really his having stopped up the path through the Cleve Woods is enough to make one angry.'

'Where? I don't think I know it—do I?'

'Yes; you must; it's the shortest way to Broomham.'

'What, do you mean the one that goes close to the house?' said his father, interested by any scrap of local news.

'Yes. It's such an intolerable nuisance!'

'He's quite right. If Broomham had belonged to me, I should have done it years ago. I remember telling Blake, when I last saw him, that it ought to be stopped up.'

'But he can't stop it; there's a right of way.'

'Right of way! Nonsense! There's no such thing.'

'Steele told me there was one.'

'Steele knows nothing at all about it.'

'Well, I know it's a great bore.'

'I should think it would be a still greater bore to Sir Geoffrey to have it left open.'

'How? It can make no difference to him.'

'It runs directly under the drawing-room windows; and I should not think that he would find it very pleasant to have all the clod-hoppers in the neighbourhood staring in.'

'There are not above ten people use it in the year; and he's never in the house.'

'I suppose, though he does not live there, someone may. I wish you would get out of the habit of arguing about everything; it is so very unpleasant. Moreover, you are perfectly in the wrong,' said Lord Stapleton conclusively.

Lord Valentine said no more, but leant back in his chair, and raised his eyebrows in elaborate astonishment, which no one noticed in the interest excited by Mr. Griffiths's news.

'By-the-by! talking of the Blakes, reminds me—I had quite forgotten to tell you—that I heard to-day in the village, that the whole family were coming to Broomham almost immediately.'

'Indeed! I thought Sir Geoffrey was so fond of his place in Sussex, that nothing would induce him to leave it.'

'So he was; but they have just lost one of their children in a very sad manner—drowned in a tank in the garden, I believe; and Lady Blake has taken a dislike to St. Martin's in consequence.'

'No wonder, poor thing!' said Lady Stapleton. 'Do you know which of the children it was?'

'The youngest one, I think; a boy, of about five years old.'

'They had only two children when old Sir Walter died.'

'That is some time ago now, Susan,' said Lord Stapleton.

'Two-and-twenty years exactly. He died in the spring; and Val was born in the July following, of the same year.'

'Are they coming for any time?' asked Fanny.

'For the rest of the winter, at any rate. If they stay any longer, will depend upon how this place agrees with their invalid daughter.'

'Well, I am very glad they are coming, at all events,' said Lord Stapleton heartily. 'It's a dreary thing having a large house standing empty, as that has done for so many years. If these people are anything like their uncle, they will be quite an acquisition to the neighbourhood.'

'Rather difficult to acquire, if they shut up all the roads to their house,' whispered Lord Valentine to his sister in a perfectly audible tone; the effect of which remark was to make his mother leave the room some minutes sooner than she had intended.

'How ridiculous Val is about that path,' she said, as soon as the door was fairly closed behind her. 'It's just the sort of thing that annoys Papa.'

'It is very silly of him,' said Fanny; 'but it must have been provoking for them to find that gap stopped up, when they were in a hurry.'

'I dare say; but of course it was accidental. However, it cannot be helped now. So suppose you go and play me "*Le Postillion d'Amour*," to compose my nerves.'

If '*Le Postillion d'Amour*' was a specific for composing the mind, it might have been applied to some of the rest of the party with benefit, for the departure of the ladies had by no means put a stop to the conversation about the Blakes.

The vexed question of the path had been discussed with a considerable degree of warmth on both sides. Lord Stapleton so fully approved of Sir Geoffry's proceedings, and treated his son's objections as such 'arrant nonsense,' that the latter became ashamed to confess how, having met Steele (the head-keeper) on his way home, he had, in the heat of the moment, desired him to have the obnoxious palings pulled down, and the gap re-opened. He hoped now that he should be able to stop him in time to prevent the carrying out of his orders; for Steele was not usually very prompt; but in this case, the orders he had received tallied with his own wishes.

Like most other old retainers, he indulged in a few private feuds; the most important of which was one with the Broomham keeper, a recent importation from Norfolk, whom he regarded with distrust and jealousy, as not only having all the new methods of breeding and preserving game at his fingers' ends, but also as being eminently successful in so doing; besides, the short cut was of great service to him. So that, all things considered, it was not wonderful that when Lord Valantine went to look for him at twelve o'clock next morning, he found that he was too late: the mischief was already done; and the palings themselves were now reposing in the back-yard, where they formed a welcome addition to Mrs. Steele's stock of firing.

Somewhat to the surprise of both master and man, no complaint was made; and as Lord Valantine had the prudence to hold his tongue, they heard no more about it. Probably in the confusion consequent on the Blakes' arrival at Broomham, Sir Geoffry's steward had been too busy to think of the gap, which the two young Braybrokes now used twice as often as there was any necessity for, for the mere pleasure of laughing at the notice to trespassers, which still remained unmolested.

An interchange of cards was effected between the two families; and there the civilities ceased; it being generally understood that the Blakes were in too great trouble to wish for society; so that Fanny's curiosity respecting them had to be satisfied with the glimpse she obtained on the way to church—of a stout elderly country gentleman; a tall lady, quite as handsome at fifty as she had been when thirty years younger, and whose mournful expression, though exceedingly touching, in no

way diminished her beauty; one or two grown-up sons; and what in her sisterless eyes were by far the most interesting of the whole party, two girls of her own age, looking so much alike in their deep mourning, that it was impossible for her to do more than conjecture which was Miss Blake, and which was 'Bessie,' whose names had appeared on their mother's card.

CHAPTER II.

'WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY.'

'Frog came to Lady Mouse's Hall,
Gave a rap and a thundering call—
"Where is the people of this house?"
"Here am I," says my Lady Mouse.'

A WEEK passed; and the weather, which had been hard, frosty, and 'seasonable,' suddenly changed for the better, and became as mild and open as the most ardent fox-hunter could desire.

Lord Valantine was delighted when he looked out of window on Monday morning, and saw that there was no longer any necessity for his horses 'eating their heads off' for want of something better to do, or for his getting into mischief for the same reason. He certainly did not emulate Justinian's boasted speed in dressing that morning; for though he did not generally care very much about his personal appearance, he was aware that his scarlet coat and blue waistcoat were very becoming; and as 'The Hammonds' was a 'lawn meet,' he thought he might just as well spend a little extra time to ensure a good 'get-up.' His last glance in the looking-glass was highly satisfactory, reflecting as it did a round merry boyish face, very pleasant to behold, lit up by a pair of mischievous blue eyes, and further adorned by fair hair, (which would have been curly if it had not been cut so excessively short;) and an infinitesimal moustache, which was just enough to excite Justinian's envy, but not to diminish from the striking likeness which existed between him and his sister; or to conceal the childish dimples in his cheeks, which rendered his nickname of 'Cupid' as appropriate now, as it had been when it was bestowed upon him some twenty years ago.

As the clock struck nine, he turned from the glass with a laugh at his own vanity, and ran whistling down-stairs into the dining-room. The table was ready for breakfast; but Fanny was the only occupant of the room; and she was so deep in the study of a new magazine, that she did not perceive that her brother had entered, till he put his hand on her shoulder, with a suddenness that would have startled any nervous person, but hardly made her raise her eyes.

'Don't, Val! I was determined I would be down first this morning, though it was a hunting day.'

'I thought I was late. Have you rung for the urn? Isn't anybody down?' inquired her brother, running his sentences one into the other in a way peculiar to himself.

'Only Papa,' she said, answering the last question: 'and he's in the library, I think. You have not been doing anything?' she asked rather anxiously.

For Lord Valentine's 'doings' were not always such as his father approved; and when there was a 'storm in the atmosphere,' Fanny, like most sisters, suffered far more than did the real culprit.

'I! I've been doing nothing at all. In fact, I have had nothing to do,' he answered, in an ill-used tone, which made Fanny laugh, though it did not satisfy her.

'Are you certain?'

'Positive! Why do you ask?'

'Only Papa had a letter, which seemed to worry him, for I heard him say, "That boy again!"'

'Is that the mole-hill you have made the mountain out of? Next time you hear anyone say "that boy," I should advise you to ask which; for there are many boys in the world; though, I not being one, you need not apply all the allusions to boys—'

'Nonsense, Val!' she said, as he paused in his speech from sheer want of breath.

'Nonsense! it's very good sense! Are there any letters?'

'One for you. Don't tear the crest, for I want it.'

He turned it over to look at the blue fire-brand and twisted R. R. C. with which it was adorned. 'It's only Chetwynd's,' he said. 'I am sure I've given you heaps of his.—I wonder if he's coming, or not.'

The letter, like most men's letters, was short, and to the point: but its contents seemed highly gratifying to its recipient. 'It's all right,' he said: 'he'll be very happy to come the day after to-morrow, and bring his horses. That's all right.'

'What kind of a man is Sir Reginald?'

'Rex? Oh, he's a very nice fellow—very big; so you'll be sure to admire him; and—' but his sentence was interrupted by the entrance of his father.

Lord Stapleton had an open letter in his hand, which had considerably annoyed him; and the tone in which he inquired, 'What is the meaning of this?' showed that Fanny's forebodings were correct as to the cause.

Valentine looked up; and seeing that some answer was expected, replied cautiously that he did not know.

'Don't know, indeed! don't care would be nearer the truth. Thompson has been here this morning,' he said, as if now his son *must* know his meaning.

'Yes—' he answered, somewhat puzzled that such an ordinary affair

as a morning visit from the old bailiff should be thought a matter of importance to him.

'Why, he tells me that Sir Geoffrey has had so many complaints from his tenants, of people trespassing on his estate, that he is determined to put a stop to it, and has given Webster directions to prosecute the next person that he finds trespassing.'

'He's very welcome to do so if he likes: but I don't see that it concerns me in any way.'

'Why, Thompson says that you and Justinian are constantly on his property.'

'Are we? I never knew it before!' said Lord Valentine, quite forgetting the celebrated 'short cut.'

His father made a gesture of despair. 'There, read that,' he said, giving his son the letter.

It was from Mr. Webster, the Newton solicitor, written by order of Sir Geoffrey Blake; couched in perfectly civil terms, but informing 'his Lordship' very decidedly, that the trespassing on the Broomham estate was so excessive, that Sir Geoffrey was determined to check it—and that his sons were the principal offenders. In short, it was evident that the letter was intended as a warning, in order to avoid the necessity of prosecuting them.

No wonder Lord Stapleton was angry; nor was his son's careless 'I remember all, about it now!' calculated to lessen his wrath in any degree.

Fanny saw that a lecture was impending, and went out of the room to avoid hearing it; for she knew of old that, whereas Valentine *might* behave properly if he were left to himself, the presence of a third person always incited him to astonish the weak mind. She only went as far as the foot of the stairs, where she could just hear enough of the raised voices to make her restless and anxious, and glad to take advantage of the appearance of Brooks with the urn to return, though the lecture was by no means over, the conclusion being,

'I must insist on your sending him an apology.'

Lord Valentine made a face. Apologies were not much in the spoilt young viscount's way; but as he had a dim idea that he *might* have been in the wrong, he had the prudence to hold his tongue; and no more was said.

Lord Stapleton began looking over his other letters, while the rest of the party applied themselves to breakfast; which was nearly over before he had arrived at the last one, which he had purposely left to the last, because of its extreme illegibility; and which even now he failed to read for himself, and had to pass across the table to his wife, saying, 'It's from Catherine: just read it, and see what she says; for she writes such a wretched hand, that I cannot make head or tail of it.'

Lady Stapleton took the letter, and read:—

The Lawn, Saturday, January 3rd.

My dear Brother,

I am afraid you will think that you have undertaken a very troublesome business in assisting me through all my difficulties, when you find how *exigante* I have become; and that I actually want to persuade you and dear Susan to tear yourselves away from Ashurst, and come and pay us your long promised visit, now that we are once more settled at home, after our six months wandering abroad.

Not only am I most anxious to see you once more, but I really wish to avail myself of the advice and assistance which you so kindly proffered. You know what a wretched head I have for business; and when I tell you that I have a letter daily from my lawyer, who seems anxious to protract the arrangement of the settlements as long as possible, and that Colonel Forbes's military duties oblige him to return to Canada in two months at latest, so that we are obliged to have the wedding fixed for as early a day as possible, you will see how dependent I am on your good nature for immediate assistance. I hope dear Susan will be able to accompany you. Tell her I shall feel quite hurt if she refuses—it is so long since I have seen her; and I have so much to tell her, which it is quite impossible to communicate by letter. She will understand what are a mother's feelings on the marriage of her daughter; and I suppose may soon expect to experience them herself—as I hear that Fanny has grown up quite as pretty as she promised to be when a child. Pray, is the likeness between her and Valantine as strong as ever?

Lady Stapleton had got fairly embarked in this sentence before she perceived its purport. When she did so, she made a futile attempt to stop, which of course only made the rest of the party all the more anxious to hear the rest, and great laughter ensued.

'You should not make rash promises, little woman,' said Lord Stapleton, pinching his daughter's cheek.

'You'll make Val vain,' said Justinian: 'the likeness is certainly very wonderful, isn't it, Mother?' and he stroked his upper lip, to call attention to his brother's moustache.

'Don't be a goose, 'Tin,' said Fanny. While Lady Stapleton, taking no notice of the interruption, continued the letter.

I suppose both Valantine and Justinian are at home now—so it is a shame to ask you to break up your family party; but you cannot think how *really* grateful I shall be to you if you will come even for a few days, for I suppose we must not expect to keep you longer. I wish I could ask Fanny to accompany you; but really our house is so small, and so full now we have Elliot and Harry and Colonel Forbes with us, that I am afraid we could hardly find room for her. Julia wishes to remind her that she must not forget that she has promised to be a bridesmaid. As I hope so soon to see you, I shall not fill up my letter with any gossip, as I know you dislike long letters. So, with best love from all to all, believe me to remain

Your affectionate sister,

CATHERINE JULIA FAULKNER.

P. S. Will the day after to-morrow be too soon to expect you? If I do not hear to the contrary, I shall send to meet the 4.50 train p.m. at Seston on Wednesday.

C. J. F.

'It's a great bore!' said the earl; 'but I suppose we must go. Eh, Susan?'

'I think *you* must,' answered his wife; 'but I do not very well see how I can be spared.'

'Not spared! nonsense, why, you *can* have nothing to do!'

Lady Stapleton evidently did not agree with him; but taking compassion on her son's very evident impatience, she said no more; and in another minute the party had dispersed.

Lord Valentine reached the stables before he remembered that he had forgotten to tell his mother of his friend's proposed visit; and returning to the house, found her still in the breakfast-room, talking to his father.

'Oh! I say, Mother, I quite forgot to tell you that I heard from Chatwynd to-day; and he would like to come on Wednesday.'

'Then that settles the matter,' she said, turning to her husband. I cannot go now, of course.'

'Why not? Surely Val can look after his friend without either you or me!'

'But you forget about Fanny. I cannot leave her all alone at home.'

'Pooh! nonsense! Why, Fanny's a child—a baby!' said Lord Stapleton, who had not yet realized the idea that any of his family were grown up.

Valentine not being much interested in the discussion, departed; and was not long before he was racing through the park as fast as his little chesnut hack could go, scattering the deer in all directions; and making up for lost time, after a manner which caused his father to repeat his often repeated prediction, that, 'That boy would certainly break his neck!'

Seven hours later, as Fanny was crossing the hall, she met him coming in, very wet, very dirty, with battered hat and torn coat, but in the highest possible spirits.

'What sort of a day have you had?' she asked, with the interest that a girl who has lived all her life in a hunting county always takes in the day's sport.

'Oh, glorious! We did not find till nearly twelve, though; and then the fox went straight away;' and he began entering into the details of his doings with great volubility.

Fanny listened for some time patiently; but at last interrupted him with her own news.

'Papa and Mamma are both going to the Lawn, and I am to stay and keep you and Jus' in order: I hope you'll be a good boy, Val. I wish that horrid friend of your's wasn't coming!'

'You won't find Rex very awful.'

'I don't know. I intended to have my own way for once in my life; and now I shall have to play propriety.'

'What a pity!' answered her brother, going up-stairs two steps at a time, in as great a hurry as if he had not been dawdling away ten minutes in the hall.

On the landing, he was stopped by his mother, who was in anything

but a happy state of mind, at the idea of leaving her family to their own devices. Indeed, during the course of that evening and the following day, she contrived to give her son so many directions, that, as he privately declared to Fanny, he became perfectly overpowered by a sense of his responsibilities; and wondered how his mother thought he got on in the army, when she considered it necessary to leave a hundred and one directions for the management of a number of old servants, who, in spite of his two-and-twenty years, still regarded him as too much of a boy to condescend to take orders from him.

He confined himself to promising, much to Fanny's disgust, not to let her ride with him to the meets while both mother and father were away; not that he could see the good of this restriction, for Lady Stapleton never accompanied them even when she was at home; but as it was a relief to her mind, and enabled her to depart with a feeling of comparative security, that whatever else she might do, Fanny would not break her neck during her absence, he did not regret having promised. Lady Stapleton had also written to Miss Dennys, (an old governess of Fanny's,) to ask her to come and perform the part of duenna; but no answer had come, when Lady Stapleton was forced to depart on the morning of the same day on which Sir Reginald was to arrive, trusting to the chapter of accidents and to Miss Dennys, rather than to the family sense, to keep 'the children' out of mischief from Wednesday till Monday. And the next post brought a letter, which Fanny was empowered to open, to say that poor Miss Dennys was ill with the mumps, and could not come! What would Mamma say? thought Fanny.

It being a non-hunting day, Lord Valentine, sorely in want of something to do, drove to Felesham to meet his friend; galloping all the way, under the impression that he was very late, and consequently arriving about half an hour too soon, creating quite an excitement at the little sleepy station, which was as quiet and old-fashioned a place as it was possible for a railway-station to become; even the train dashing up hardly aroused the two men, who constituted the staff of railway officials, to animation; till it became evident that 'the gentleman for the Hall' was there, accompanied by one groom, two horses, a gun-case, and two portmanteaus. At last, thanks to his own exertions, everything was got out; the train was off again, the horses jogging quietly along the road, and the two young men had time to greet each other.

To look at them, as they sat side by side in the dog-cart, no one would have said that Lord Valentine was by some years the elder of the two; nor was his companion's manner such as might have been expected from one who had been his fag at Eton, and was now his subaltern in the army; but rather akin to the good-humoured patronage that a large Newfoundland puppy would bestow upon a small terrier.

Sir Reginald's first remark was, 'You don't know how jolly it is to have someone to speak to again.'

'What, have you been all by yourself?'

'Nearly as bad. I've been staying with my uncle, in Hampshire. He is an old clergyman, and spends all the day in his study. I can't think what he does there.'

'Perhaps he writes his sermons,' suggested Lord Valentine.

'I never thought of that. They are very long, certainly.'

'Has not he any belongings?'

'Not the ghost of one. He is an old bachelor; and all his parishioners are as old as himself. I did go to a kind of a dinner-party once while I was there; and the people seemed to have made a bet as to how often they could say "Sir Reginald." I never thought I should have got so sick of my own name.'

'Poor Rex!'

'But that wasn't the worst of it. When we got home, old Russell said "that such dissipation was very pleasant for once; but he found it too great a distraction to indulge in it as often as he should like." You may imagine how dull I was. I was awfully glad when your invitation came, and gave me a decent excuse for getting away.'

'I am afraid you won't find it very lively here: the house is nearly empty.'

'Is your father at home?'

'No; he and my mother went off this morning. They left all manner of apologies for you; but they were obliged to go. They hope you'll be here when they come back.'

'They're very kind. Then you're all alone in your glory!'

'Not quite: there's my sister and brother.'

'Brother! I've never seen him, have I?'

'No; he's at Winchester.'

'What made you desert Eton?'

'Oh, they thought one such shining light as myself in the family was enough,' said Valentine carelessly. And the conversation turned on their old school life; and then to the 'regiment;' which fertile subject lasted them for the remainder of the five miles which lay between them and the Hall.

Sir Reginald got down. Lord Valentine was following his example, when the groom, who came to take the dog-cart, asked if he could speak with him for a minute.

'Nothing wrong with the horses?'

'No, my Lord, *only*—'

'All right. I'll come.—That's the way in, Rex,' he continued, pointing vaguely in the direction of what his companion's own eyes told him was the front door; and he departed, forgetting that his friend (never having been in the house before) could hardly be expected to find his own way about it by instinct.

Sir Reginald entered, and found himself in a large dark entrance-hall, floored and paneled with oak, with a bright wood fire burning at one

end, which threw a flickering light on the family pictures which hung round. They were none of them very interesting; and after one glance at them, (in which he decided that if they were faithful likenesses of the former Braybrokes, the present generation must have improved mightily in good looks since their time,) and another at the numerous hats, caps, walking-sticks, umbrellas, parasols, coats, and rugs, which littered the hall, making the whole place look like a museum for out-of-door clothing, he resolved to make a voyage of discovery, in search of a room containing some more comfortable seat than the hard wooden hall chairs, which appeared made with a greater regard to the exhibiting the Braybroke crest, than for the comfort of their occupants.

He chose the most likely looking of the eight doors in sight, but found that it only led into a room, crowded with all the indescribable rubbish to be found in a country gentleman's most private study; and was retreating in all haste, when he heard the front door open, and found himself face to face with a girl, whom he knew must be the 'young lady of the house.' He was rather annoyed at being 'caught' exploring; but was not prepared to see her immediately turn round, as if she were going to run away; for he did not know that Fanny's pet weakness was a dread of thieves, and that her lively imagination had converted him, great, broad-shouldered, brown-faced, young soldier as he was, into one of the swell-mob. He would have stopped her, but in his astonishment at her strange behaviour, her name had quite gone out of his head; and it was not till she had her hand on the door that she gave herself time to remember who it must be. Then her vexation at her own 'stupidity' brought on a double attack of her usual shyness; besides which, she was conscious that her boots were ankle-deep in mud, a good deal of which had been transferred to her scarlet petticoat; that her dog had torn her dress; and that her hair was coming down; and the thought that he must be noticing it too, deprived her manner of all ease, and made her very thankful when Valentine appeared a few minutes later, with many apologies for having allowed himself to be decoyed up to the stables; and having introduced his friend, carried him off for a game of billiards.

They did not meet again till nearly dinner time: for a wonder, Valentine being the first dressed, probably because there was no one to be fidgeted by any want of punctuality. Fanny was alone in the drawing-room when he came in, sitting with her white muslin dress in closer proximity to the fire than Lady Stapleton would have allowed if she had been at home, and feeling rather solitary without any woman-kind to talk to. She looked up with a little start, and a considerable accession of colour, which she accounted for by saying, 'Oh, it's only you, Val. I thought it was your tall friend. By-the-by—how odd it is that all your friends should be tall! Do you pick them out as a contrast to yourself?'

'Now, Fanny, if you're not quiet, I'll—'

‘What?’

‘Murther you entirely. I’ve every opportunity now,’ he said, taking up the poker with a threatening gesture, and flourishing it over his head, dangerously near to the chimney-ornaments.

‘Oh, I humbly beg your Lordship’s pardon. You shall be any height you please,’ she said, feigning an air of abject terror. Then, as her brother seemed inclined to carry his threat into execution, she added in a more natural tone, ‘Do be quiet; just see how you’ve tumbled my dress.’

‘You should not be so insulting.’

‘Poor Val! I have forgotten that your height was a tender subject.’

‘What do you think of Chetwynd?’ he asked, a little anxious to change the subject; for his height was almost the only point on which he was at all susceptible of teasing.

‘Oh, I like him very much! I think he’s so handsome. Ah!’—for Sir Reginald’s entrance brought her speech to an abrupt conclusion; and snatching up the photograph book, she began poring over its pages, in the vain hope of concealing the tell-tale blushes which reddened brow, neck, and cheek.

Never was an announcement of dinner more welcome than that with which Brooks broke the embarrassing and somewhat guilty silence which had fallen upon the party. No further *contretemps* happened during the evening: indeed, Fanny took good care to guard against this, by barely opening her lips, thus completely frustrating all her brother’s mischievous endeavours to make her talk. As soon as she possibly could, she went to bed, only wishing that she might have a sufficiently bad head-ache the next morning, to give her an excuse for remaining there. If she only could stay in bed till Mamma came home! was her last distinct thought before she fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

‘THE WRONG SIDE OF THE HEDGE.’

‘Oh, how’s this—and what’s this?’

And how came this to be?

And how came here this gallant gay

Without the leave o’ me?’

Scotch Song.

THOUGH Fanny had inwardly resolved that nothing *should* induce her to be the first up next morning, she failed to make enough allowance for the dawdling propensities of her two brothers; nor had she any idea that Valentine, having gone to sleep after he was called, was not even out of bed, when she at last screwed up her courage to go down-stairs.

Whoever else might be late, Sir Reginald was not. As she entered the breakfast-room, she saw him standing by the fire-place, looking rather

longingly at the pile of unopened newspapers which lay on the table. Fortunately for both, Fanny's night's rest had somewhat dissipated her shyness. Perhaps, also, the consciousness that her grey linsey dress was in perfect order, and her fair hair as smooth as brush and maid could make those obstinately curly locks, had a little to do with it. Moreover, the tea-making, and the management of the little silver tea-kettle, gave her something to do; and the questions as to whether her companion 'took cream and sugar,' something to say; to which he responded by offers of toast, butter, eggs, and cold turkey. These regulation breakfast topics being exhausted, they gradually got to some more interesting subject; and the breakfast was consequently not eaten in solemn silence, as Valentine concluded must be the case, when, in answer to his inquiries, he was told that Lady Fanny and Sir Reginald were alone. He made all possible haste, fearing that his friend might be dull; but was agreeably surprised by the burst of laughter which reached his ears as he opened the door, and which caused him mischievously to congratulate his sister on the recovery of her tongue, in return for the 'So, Sir, you've come at last! I thought you'd come no more: I waited—' with which she greeted him.

There was no lack of chatter now; indeed, some people might have found the merriment overpowering, and wondered how, talking as much as he was doing, Valentine could find time for his breakfast. Perhaps they would have agreed with Fanny, when she told her brother that he was 'like the Laird of Macfarlane's geese,' who liked their play better than their meat. Indeed, when Brooks appeared with a message, that Steele wished to know if he could speak to his Lordship, his Lordship swallowed the remainder of his breakfast at railway speed, which fairly astonished his companions, used as they were to his usual rapidity.

'Tell Justinian we shall be off without him, if he is not quick,' he said, as he left the room.

Justinian appeared to take this threat *au pied de la lettre*, by the haste with which he hustled down-stairs, and inquired where Val had gone, before greeting anyone else.

'He's only speaking to Steele: he'll be back directly.' And as she spoke, Valentine returned. 'Well! What are you going to do?' she asked.

'We're going out shooting.—There is a meet to-day,' he said, turning to Reginald; 'but it's at Staplecross, which is an awful way off, and they have no foxes; and if they do find, they run straight away from home; so I thought you would not care to go—it's a very bad country up there,' he continued; for he was such an ardent sportsman, that he considered it his duty to make excuses to himself as much as to anyone else for voluntarily missing a day's hunting.

'I don't care in the least. In fact, these pheasants seem crying out for someone to shoot them. How they were crowing yesterday afternoon as we came along!'

‘Shall you be going into any of the woods we passed through?’

‘Yes: Steele advises our going into the Carr Wood first: there—that one you see from the window.’

‘You seem to be monarchs of all you survey.’

‘I wish we were. But there’s a horrid little Naboth’s vineyard of a field—there; don’t you see? between those two woods—that does not belong to us. It’s a great nuisance; for all our pheasants get over there.’

‘Have you not the shooting of it?’

‘No: it belongs to Sir Geoffrey Blake—a horrid old man, who stops up all the footpaths, and makes himself—’

‘Where shall you have luncheon?’ inquired Fanny, seeing her brother inclined to launch out into a history of Sir Geoffrey’s misdeeds, and wishing to stop him.

‘We may as well have it in the corner of the Cleve Wood: that’s as good a place as any. Will you bring it us, Fan?’

‘Yes; if you’ll be certain to be there. I have not forgotten the scolding I got last time I came, because I missed you, and had to pursue you half over the county.’

‘Well, you were rather ill-used that day, certainly,’ he said, laughing; ‘but we won’t play you false this time, if you’ll be by the gap about one.—How much more tea are you going to give that boy?’ as Justinian’s cup went up for a third supply.

In another half hour the shooting party had started: and Fanny, after watching them off, and promising to eat all Justinian shot, returned to the house for three hours quiet reading and practising, before rejoining them.

It was Justinian’s first day’s regular shooting—indeed, he had hardly ever had a gun in his hands before; for an accident which had happened to Val when he was a boy, had given Lady Stapleton such a horror of guns, that, till these holidays, she had refused to give her consent to his learning to shoot. She would have had some excuse for her fear, if she could have seen the promiscuous manner in which his gun went off, without any wish for such an event on his part. Even Valentine, though by no means a nervous person, confessed that he was never in a greater fright in his life, than when he discovered Jus walking over a ploughed field, with his gun cocked, his finger on the trigger, and the muzzle pointed full at him. His expostulations caused him to desist from this practice; but he was rather indignant, when Val further insisted on his firing off his gun before getting through a hedge—a precaution which—though attended by some waste of shot, and rather alarming the game—was amply repaid to the rest of the party by their additional safety, as there was no other way of obtaining any degree of security as to which way his gun might be pointed at the most critical moments.

Altogether, it was very good sport; though the pheasants escaped somewhat cheaply in consequence. Fortunately, both Reginald and

Valantine were young enough to enjoy the fun, far better than regular shooting: Steele being the only person who took the empty game-bags seriously to heart.

By one o'clock they were all quite ready for luncheon; Valantine being so hungry, that in his delight at seeing the refection prepared for them, he neglected to make any remarks on the extra high paling with which the gap had been re-made. As they entered the long straight ride, which led to the trysting-place, they could see Fanny waiting for them, but not venturing to come and meet them, for fear of leaving her daintily arranged provisions a prey to the great setters, who came rushing up to her, nearly overpowering her by their boisterous caresses, which left long muddy streaks on her grey dress and brown seal-skin jacket; while one, her particular pet, the great black retriever, 'Ronald,' having established his paws on her shoulders, began lovingly to lick her face.

'Don't, Ronald—get down.—Do call him, Val.'

Calls were of no avail; till Steele's arrival, and the sight of the dog-whip he carried, reduced Ronald to good behaviour.

'What sport have you had?—Have you killed anything, Jus?' she inquired.

Jus did not think fit to hear this question, and therefore made no reply.

'We have not kept you waiting, have we?' asked Sir Reginald.

'Well, I've been here about half an hour; but that was my own fault for starting too soon,' answered Fanny. 'The house was so dismally quiet after you had all gone, that I could not bear to stay in it all by myself.'

'You did not carry all this?' he asked, looking with some surprise at the heavy stone bottle of beer, and the substantial supply of bread and cheese, prepared for the beaters—besides their own repast of mutton pies.

'Oh no; I had an escort. But I thought it was a shame, after I had made him start so early, to keep him waiting, when it was just his dinner-time; so I sent him home again. Come, I advise you to begin; for I warn you that Jus and Val won't give you much chance unless you start fair.'

'It seems a pity to disarrange all your garnishments,' he said, nevertheless attacking the provisions before him.

'I am so glad you like it! I was afraid all my pretty leaves were quite wasted, when I heard no one notice them; but Val's so wretchedly prosaic, that I believe he would as soon be without them.'

'Oh, I don't care!' said Val, who had been till then too occupied with his own luncheon to make any observation.

'That's just what I say. By-the-by! who do you think I met as I was coming here? Guess.'

'I am sure I can't tell; unless it was old Allen.'

'Oh no! you don't "burn" at all. It was the Blakes.'

'The Blakes! Where?' inquired Valantine eagerly, roused to animation, by the hope of catching his favourite aversions trespassing in their turn.

'In the Cleve Wood.—No, you needn't look so fierce!' as Val jumped up, apparently with the intention of pursuing them. 'They've gone ages ago. They had lost their way.'

'Lost their way! They'd no business to lose their way. I am sure they ought to be prosecuted. I hope you warned them off.'

'Indeed I did not. I told them which way to go.'

'Who were there?'

'The two girls. They had come to meet their father. It was a great pity you did not see them, Val, for you would have lost your heart to them—they were so pretty!'

'Val's always losing his heart!' said Justinian; who being the youngest, conceived it to be his duty to act as censor-general of the family.

'That's a true bill!' laughed Reginald.—'I say, Val, do you remember Miss Chiches—?'

'Nonsense! Shut up!' said Valantine hastily.

'Oh, let's hear of Val's last lady-love!' said Justinian.

Sir Reginald made a feint of beginning; which was stopped by Lord Valantine's throwing a clod of earth at him, which was immediately returned; and a scuffle ensued, in which Valantine, as he might have expected, got ignominiously defeated, and was reduced to quiescence by being thrown full length on the ground, his friend kneeling with one knee on his chest to keep him still.

'Take it aisy, my dear: ill-temper ruins the complexion,' said Sir Reginald, with what he himself would have called the least taste in life of Irish in his tone, which was never apparent, except when he was amused or excited, and which, with his blue eyes with their black trimmings, were the only traces of the nationality that he had inherited from his Irish mother, long since dead.

'What shall I do with him?' he asked, after he had sufficiently amused himself with Val's unavailing efforts to get free: 'the mad dog must certainly be kept chained, else he'll be doing us a mischief.'

'Put him over the hedge,' suggested Justinian.

'That's a bright idea!' and he jumped off, picked Val up in his arms as if he had been a baby, the latter being too breathless with his struggles to be able to expostulate, and only trusting to the height of the hedge to prevent the bright idea's being carried into execution.

He had not calculated on the strength and ingenuity of 'a wild Irishman;' and was proportionately disgusted, when he found himself next moment reposing on Sir Geoffrey's wet marshy grass field, and heard voices from the other side, congratulating him on having gone over like a bird.

Though Val's good temper was proverbial, Fanny was a little afraid that the uncereemonious treatment he had received might have ruffled him, and was relieved by the laugh with which he replied to their congratulations, saying, that unless they brought a waggon and four to pull him out of the mud, he should have to take up his lodgings on the cold ground; and that he certainly had broken his knees, and that they had therefore knocked £50 off his price.

'Well, you are modest! What do you think you're worth?' inquired Justinian.

While Reginald called out, 'Take care of yourself. For my sake, don't get wet!'

'For your own sake hold your tongue!' growled Valantine; who, after having elaborately felt all his limbs, declared, with a view to alarming Fanny, who was watching him through the paling, that he was certain his arm was broken, jumped up, and began vigorously fighting his way back through the quick-set hedge.

He was much too busy to hear anyone approach, and was half way through, when he was electrified by hearing someone behind him call out in an angry manner, 'Pray, Sir, are you aware that there is no path here; and that you are breaking down my hedge?'

At the expense of a scratch all across his face, he managed to twist round; though the brambles held him much too firmly for him to do more than see that his interlocutor was none other than Sir Geoffry himself, who, with his two daughters, had just appeared on the scene, and who was now surveying his operations with no friendly eye; considering it (as he said) a piece of unwarrantable mischief, and not recognizing in the hot, ragged, untidy figure before him, the faultlessly attired gentleman that Lord Valantine had been the only time he had seen him before.

It was very awkward! Lord Valantine's usual self-possession quite deserted him; and he made frantic efforts to extricate himself, which only resulted in his being still further entangled; while he was so conscious of the ludicrous appearance that he must present, that he could think of no reasonable excuse to allege for his presence there.

'Are you aware that these are *my* fields?' said Sir Geoffry in still louder tones, striking the ground so vehemently with his spud, that it stuck fast; a circumstance which was rather a relief to Lord Valantine's feelings, as he had been afraid that in the excitement of the moment, the testy baronet might have had recourse to the '*voie du fait*.' Each moment he grew more confused; nor did it add to his comfort to discover that the two girls were in fits of laughter, though they had prudently retired behind their father to conceal their mirth.

'I—I—I—am very sorry,' he stammered at length, perceiving that he must say something; 'I never intended—at least, it was against—I mean to say, that it was entirely accidental, that—'

'Do you expect me to believe, that when a man finds himself in

another man's field, destroying his property in the most wanton manner, that it is an accident? Perhaps you'll say that's an accident!' he continued, as the sharp report of a gun was heard close by. And Val, to his horror and disgust, perceived that Justinian had selected this moment of all others to fire at a hen pheasant, which, startled by the noise, was just winging its way from wood to wood. It was so close, that even Justinian could not miss it; and with a whirr and a thud, it fell dead at Sir Geoffry's feet. 'Why, it's poaching! absolute poaching!' he went on. 'I'll give you in charge—that I will!'

Fortunately for all parties, there was no policeman nearer than Ashurst: and Sir Geoffry, powerful man though he was, was unable to convey three able-bodied men to prison without some assistance. He discovered this himself, and also that the present scene was not conducive to anybody's dignity, and therefore turned away; saying, as he did so, 'You shall hear more of this. Yea, yea, you shall hear more of this!'

No sooner had he gone, than Valentine beat a speedy retreat out of his field, and joined his two companions, prepared to give them a scolding; but his first words were stopped by the shouts of laughter with which they greeted him; making such a noise, that Sir Geoffry heard them, stopped, and looked round, as if he meditated returning—but apparently thought better of it, and went on again.

'Well,' said Justinian, as soon as he was fairly out of sight, 'as I have shot the pheasant, we may as well benefit by it.'

'How could you do such a thing? You know—'

'What a rage the old fellow was in!' said Justinian, unceremoniously interrupting his brother's speech by another peal of laughter. 'Well, here goes!' and clambering through the hole in the hedge, now no difficult matter, he picked up the bird, and returned. 'Your enemies have left you a flag of truce, at any rate,' he said, holding up a handkerchief, which one of the girls had dropped, and which proved to have the name Mary embroidered on it, in extremely illegible letters.

'What *will* you do with it?'

'Send Steele after them,' said Val decidedly.

But Steele, who had arrived at that time of life when running is popularly supposed to produce a bone in the leg, pronounced that they had got a deal too far for him to catch.

'Give it me—I'll catch 'em,' said Valentine, anxious to escape from the unmerciful flow of chaff, to which he was being subjected; and not without some vague idea of making his peace with Sir Geoffry, by explaining the real state of the case, so as to prevent its coming to his father's ears.

'What?' said Reginald with affected surprise, 'are you going to beard the lion in his den? It must be a case of love at first sight!'

'It must be, if Val undertakes to *run* anywhere,' said Justinian.

'What a grand sensational novel! Romeo and Juliet, the Montagues, and the—the—the—what do you call 'em?'

But while Reginald was racking his brains in vain for the Capulets, Valentine was off, and half way across the field.

He was rather relieved to find that the two girls were alone when he overtook them, for he had some doubts as to whether their father would have approved of his penetrating any farther into his private grounds.

Miss Blake had evidently not discovered her loss, for she looked rather surprised as he came up to her.

'I beg your pardon; I think this belongs to you,' he said.

'I don't think it can be mine,' she replied rather doubtfully.—'Is it yours, Bessie?'

Both girls began feeling in their jacket pockets and muffs before taking the ordinary method of examining the illegible mark, thereby giving Valentine plenty of time to concoct the apology, which he felt was due both to them and to their father. He made a very stammering lame attempt at an explanation, but it did as well as any other; for his companions were too much occupied in suppressing the laughter caused by the recollection of the absurd scene, to pay much attention to his words.

'Yes, the handkerchief is mine,' said Mary at length, when she could steady her voice sufficiently to be able to speak without biting her lips. 'I am very much obliged to you. I am afraid you must have had a long way to come.'

'I suppose it was through me you lost it,' he said, catching the infection, and beginning to laugh himself. 'Good-morning!' and he turned away, when one of them said the shortest way back was down the ha-ha.

'Thank you!'

'Good-morning!'

'Good-morning!'

Just as he was going, he saw them joined by a lady, whom he recognized as Lady Blake. Her first remark made it evident that she did not know him, for he heard her say to her daughters,

'What a very odd-looking little man! What can he be doing here? What does he want?'

'Oh, Mamma!' said Bessie; 'don't you know that's Lord Valentine!'

'Lord Valentine!' she repeated in a tone of some astonishment; 'he looks like—' what, curious as he was, he was too far off to hear; but he thought that if he had been asked his candid opinion of his own personal appearance at that moment, he should have said that he looked more like an Irish tramp than anything else; for besides being very hot, he had lost his cap; his coat and knicker-bockers were considerably torn; and he had a patch of mud on one eye, and a scratch across his nose, which was by no means an addition to his beauty.

Nothing more noteworthy occurred till, as they were coming home, Reginald, by one extraordinary shot, killed a snipe, an eel, a goose, and hit an old woman.

The old woman was quickly mollified by the present of half a sovereign; indeed, as Justinian observed, she seemed inclined to offer herself as a permanent target for that sum. And the young men carried home the game in triumph, even Steele, the most solemn and sedate of keepers, observing with a covert smile, 'That Sir *Riginul* had made a good bag, at all events.'

'Shot himself a dinner—three courses,' said Justinian, who insisted on carrying the goose into the house to show Fanny, and tell her that, as Sir Reginald did not approve of her house-keeping, he had been doing a little to help her.

If Lady Stapleton could have heard their laughter then, and indeed during the whole of the evening, she would not have written to ask whether Fanny was dull.

CHAPTER IV.

'A COLD NIGHT OUT-OF-DOORS.'

'The night was cold, the country hilly,
And Dobbin felt extremely chilly.
Perhaps, a feeling like remorse
Just then might sting the truant horse.

* * * * *

"If this," thought he, "is all I get—
A bed unwholesome, cold, and wet,
And thus forlorn about to roam,
I think I'd better be at home."

Original Poems.

On Friday evening Valantine had just challenged his friend to one of their never-ending games of billiards, 'in order to compose his mind,' when Steele sent in his usual message: 'Could he speak to his Lordship for a minute?'

'Very well,' said 'his Lordship,' 'I'll come directly.' And then the long break, which he had, drove everything else out of his head; and Steele would have had to wait all night, if luckily, for him, Fanny, who was acting as marker, had not heard the message, and reminded her brother some quarter of an hour later.

'Just go and tell him to come here, "Tin.—You won't mind having him in, Fan?'

'Oh no,' replied Fanny; while Justinian, who was sitting by the fire, with his heels considerably higher than his head, in an attitude more easy than elegant, was not at all inclined to move, and only said,

'Fetch him yourself.'

'Nonsense; go along.'

'You go, Fan,' said Justinian, slightly roused by seeing Val approaching with very evident intentions of upsetting his chair, which was only balanced on its hind-legs.

Fanny, who was always Justinian's most obedient fag during the holidays, rose to go, when she was stopped by Sir Reginald.

'I am sure you ought not to go out into the cold for that idle young monkey. Let me go!' And he laid his hand on the door-handle, when Valantine (having accomplished his purpose of upsetting Justinian) suddenly remembered that there was such a thing as a bell within reach, and rung it.

'Well, Steele, what is it?' he asked, as Steele entered the room; and having executed a circular bow to all present, looked rather dismayed to find that there were to be so many auditors present during the interview.

'Well, my Lord, Barham told me—' he began, and then stopped short, and looked doubtfully at Fanny and Justinian, till Valantine said,

'What?'

And he began again, changing his sentence into 'I heard to-day, from a man I know in the village, that those rascally fellows at Gibbs's are come back; and if they are, that's a bad look-out for my pheasants.' (Steele always spoke of the pheasants as his own peculiar property.)

'Well,' said Valantine, as he again stopped and smoothed his hat round.

'And they say—they'll be out to-night.'

'I should not think so, it's awfully cold.'

'They don't think nothing of the cold, not they,' said Steele contemptuously. 'There's a little wind blowing, and that's what they like.'

'Rather a peculiar taste,' said Valantine meditatively, not in the least as if he were thinking of what he was saying, and with his eyes fixed on his sister's hair—being at that moment engaged in finding out how her *chignon* was constructed.

'I did see with my own eyes that George Sims loafing about, and you may be sure he ain't after no good.'

'George Sims! I thought he was in prison.'

'So he was, my Lord; but they only gave him two months. And they're up now, worse luck: he ought to have had six, and that would have carried us over the shooting season. But then there 'ud be the eggs! Such a fellow as he is ought to stay in prison: he's no good to nobody out!' said Steele conclusively.

Reginald laughed, and observed, 'If everyone had their deserts—'

'You must put on some more watchers,' said Valantine.

'Watchers are a scarce article. It's no good putting on a man you don't know, he does more harm than good.'

'What's become of our usual ones?'

'Fox is down with the ague; Bates broke his leg three days ago; Dawson has gone to Sir Geoffrey Blake—much good he'll do there, I can tell them; King has gone to Pelsham for three days to get married. Then Wells is such a drunken fellow, I've had to turn him off; and—'

'There, that 'll do,' said Valantine quickly; while Sir Reginald observed that there seemed to have been a mortality among the men.

'How many have you got?'

'Not half enough,' answered Steele jesuitically. 'You see, we must have one, at any rate, down in the marshes beside the outlying spinney; and then there's Broxholme and Spalding, besides the Cleve and the Fox-holt, which want more watching than any, for those fellows at Broomham are just as likely to take no notice of that part of their ground no more nor if they had not a pheasant there. They be such fools.'

'The best thing to do,' said Reginald, 'would be for us to go out ourselves; it would be great fun.'

Steele's face brightened considerably; he had been fishing for a proposal of this kind all along, and had been rather disappointed that his young master had not risen to the bait.

Valantine's hesitation had not been caused by any reluctance on his part to go 'poacher-catching,' but from certain doubts as to his father's approving of such a proceeding; for he knew of old that Lord Stapleton highly objected to anything which might lead to his son and heir being mixed up in a scrimmage with 'the roughs' of the neighbourhood. Whenever he had gone out before, it had been under the rose; and now that he was left in charge of the house, he did not like to act in direct opposition to his father's well-known wishes. Unfortunately, just as he was making up his mind to stay at home, he caught sight of Fanny's pale cheeks, and heard her say,

'You are not really going, Val!—I'm sure it cannot be really necessary?' she continued, turning to Steele.

'It all depends, my Lady; if his Lordship wants to have any pheasants they must be watched, and I can't be in four places at once.' Having stated this incontrovertible fact, Steele paused, grimly waiting for an answer.

The temptation was great: it was too good an opportunity for teasing Fanny for Valantine to be willing to lose it; so he said, 'Well, I suppose we may as well come. We will meet you at ten to-night, Steele, if that will be soon enough.'

No sooner had Steele retired, than Fanny began a rather ill-advised remonstrance. It would have been well enough if she had waited till she could have caught Valantine by himself; but she was rather too dictatorial for him to like to attend to her before the others, particularly as his conscience rather pricked him. The only visible effect it had, was to make the evening end with a regular quarrel between the brother

and sister, and make everyone grateful when the time came for them to separate.

The gentlemen's preparations did not take long making; certainly, Steele was right when he declared Reginald to be an 'ugly customer,' as he appeared in his tight blue pilot-jacket, thick cord trousers, and regular south country 'spats,' a costume well calculated to show off his tall powerful figure, which looked formidable enough without the aid of his life-preserver. Val had attired himself in a ragged old velveteen shooting-jacket, and muffled in an immensely thick white knitted comforter, which he fondly imagined would serve the double purpose of keeping him warm and hiding his face from all curious observers. Justinian had possessed himself of a life-preserver of even more formidable dimensions than Reginald's, which he was flourishing about in the hall, while impatiently waiting to be off. He was very much disgusted, when everyone had assembled, to see Valentine suddenly turn round and disappear up-stairs, without saying what he was going for; though Reginald had a shrewd idea that he had gone to make friends with his sister, for he knew of old that Valentine was a good-natured little fellow, who always found it impossible to keep up a quarrel for more than five minutes.

He found Fanny comfortably established by her bed-room fire, with her feet on the fender, and a book in her hand. She had taken off her cerise and white foulard dress, and had let down her hair, and put on her scarlet flannel dressing-gown, but had taken no further steps towards getting into bed. Her anger was of very short duration, and she was quite as ready to forgive and forget as Val could have wished; though she could not help hoping, when he burst unceremoniously into her room, that he was going to tell her that he had relinquished his plan, and was only come for the five minutes chatter with which he generally wound up the day when at home. His first words, however, undeceived her—

'I say, Fan, let's make friends; and then, you know, if *mon père* is very savage, or I do get knocked on the head, I shall at least have the—'

'Oh, Bertie dear!' she said, calling him by his rarely-used Christian name, as she was in the habit of doing when particularly in earnest; 'Oh, Bertie dear! I am so sorry I was cross; but I wish you would not go. Do stay at home, just to please me,' she said, looking up, with a coaxing expression in her pretty blue eyes, which was very becoming. 'Just listen how the wind howls; and it will be so wretchedly cold out of doors: why can't you be sensible for once?'

'Oh! because it would be establishing a bad precedent,' he said, laughing, and turning to depart.

She caught hold of his coat, as the only way to detain him.

'Stop a minute, Val!' she said eagerly.

'Be quick then, they're all waiting for me. Don't you hear?' as Justinian's voice shouting, 'Val! Val! *Val—an—time!*' rang through the house.

'Never mind him, only don't go. I know Papa will not like it.'

'Oh, he won't mind,' said Valentine, assuming a confidence which he by no means felt.

She shook her head doubtfully. 'Suppose you were to get hurt.'

He laughed carelessly. 'No fear of that; you know I am like a cat, I always fall on my legs. Come, don't be a goose, Fanny; you will be the first to laugh at yourself when you see us all come to breakfast.'

'But if you don't come?'

'Why, you must go to the nearest magistrate—that's Sir Geoffry, you know—and tell him that your two brothers are lost, stolen, or strayed; and he will tell you that it's a good riddance of bad rubbish. Good-night! pleasant dreams! I'm off.' And he ran whistling downstairs, unheeding her 'Wait a minute, Val!'

He found Reginald and Justinian waiting for him, both very impatient at his delay, though the out-of-door atmosphere was by no means so pleasant as to make anyone desirous of being longer exposed to it than was absolutely necessary. Moreover, it was so dark, that it was impossible for them to see three inches beyond their noses, which, though a matter of thanksgiving to Steele, was not agreeable to the rest of the party, who found, to their cost, that the uneven rutty road was not the best for amateurs in the art of walking blind-fold, to practise upon. They had not even the consolation of laughing at each other's mishaps, for at the slightest noise Steele uttered such a piteous 'Hush—sh—sh,' that they were perforce reduced to absolute silence.

Just as they were crossing the high-road, they heard the sound of footsteps rapidly approaching, which stopped short as they drew near. The next minute a dark-lantern flashed on them, and a gruff voice (which Steele recognized as that of the village policeman) was heard proceeding out of the darkness—'Come now, what are you arter?' Then the tone suddenly altered to, 'Oh, my Lord, I beg your pardon! but it is so dark, and there are so many suspicious characters about.'

Steele whispered a few words to him, and he passed on, evidently wondering how men who might be in bed if they liked could be such idiots as to prefer wandering about the woods. The same idea had occurred rather forcibly to Valentine, but it was too late to turn back now; so he put a good face on the matter, and followed Steele in the direction of the Cleve Woods, only hoping that the poachers would be good enough not to keep him waiting.

Justinian's place was assigned to him by the celebrated gap, which had not yet been re-filled; Lord Valentine, after a quarter of an hour's parading, established himself in an exceedingly muddy ditch, well out of the wind; Sir Reginald was at the corner of the two woods, at a little distance off—a wise arrangement, as Steele wished to stop all talking, and knew that his master found it impossible to hold his tongue if he had any companion within ear-shot.

So they were left to their own devices, to spend the tedious hours of their watch as best they might. It was most frightfully quiet and dull, besides being exceedingly cold, and freezing so rapidly, that Lord Valantine began to have serious fears that when the poachers did come they would find him stuck fast in the ditch. Listening seemed the only one of his faculties that was of any use to him; and so well did he use his ears, that twenty times he fancied he heard voices in the next field, before Reginald crept cautiously up to him.

'They're coming now,' he whispered. 'They'll be here directly.— Can't you hear them?'

'We had better stop here, and be ready for them when they come on our land; that's Sir Geoffry's.'

'Hang Sir Geoffry!' growled Reginald, none the less emphatically for its being necessarily spoken under his breath.

'They're stopping now.'

They were both silent, and listened intently; the party the other side of the hedge seemed doing the same; and there was a pause of a few minutes' duration before they heard them stealthily creeping on again towards the place where Justinian was posted. The two young men moved cautiously on, keeping nearly abreast of their opponents, and trusting to the thickness of the hedge to screen them. They had nearly reached the path, when Justinian for the first time perceived that 'the enemy was at hand.' His friends heard him give a shout, and before they could come to his assistance, he was through the hedge, and fighting with all a school-boy's pluck, though the odds were tremendous even when he was joined by Reginald and Valantine. A general *mêlée* ensued, hardly to be called a fight, for it was much too dark to distinguish friends from foes.

After the confusion caused by the surprise of the first onslaught had in some degree ceased, and they were able to distinguish a little, they discovered that they had at least six or seven opponents: Valantine, with his usual discretion, having selected the most brawny and muscular man among them as a fit object for his prowess. Considering all things, he made a very fair fight; but at last, a heavy blow on his right arm completely disabled it, and made it drop powerlessly by his side. It was followed by a violent blow on his head, which sent him backwards on the grass, and rendered him quite unconscious of all that was going on around him; and he was only partially roused to a sense of his position by the pain he felt when someone fastened his hands together, and which soon made him faint again. Justinian and Sir Reginald made a gallant resistance, but they were at length forced to yield to superior numbers; and after a desperate struggle, they found themselves hand-cuffed, as Valantine had been, very hot, very angry, and very much surprised by such extraordinary behaviour on the part of the poachers.

'I say, you fellows,' demanded Justinian indignantly, 'do you know who we are?'

'On course we do. You just hold your jaw, young chap, or it ull be worse for you.—Show a light, Cheeseman, there's one lying on the ground.'

'Shamming?' was the query, accompanied by a kick at the prostrate Valantine with a heavy boot, of which he was happily quite unconscious. 'He's got his fill of fighting for one while. Got anything to bring him round with, Wheeler? it's your doing; and we'd best be quick about it, for time's getting on, and we'd better be jogging home.'

Again Reginald attempted to expostulate, but it was of no avail; the only answer vouchsafed to him being, 'that *they* knew all about *him*, and it was no kind of use his getting into a rage. He had better keep all his explanations till they were wanted.' A nod and a wink filled up the blank in this sentence, which was quite unintelligible to their auditor, though they seemed highly to appreciate the joke among themselves. Finding all their attempts to reanimate Val useless, they unwillingly took a neighbouring gate off its hinges, (which Justinian thought to be adding insult to injury, as it belonged to his father,) and placing him on this uneasy litter, they proceeded to carry him through woods and fields into which Reginald at least had never penetrated. It was in vain that he argued, stormed, threatened, entreated; his arguments were treated with contempt and ridicule. Each moment he was becoming more anxious about Valantine, who lay like a log, as he had been placed, without stirring or groaning, though the pain caused by the roughness of his bearers would have been enough to arouse him if he had been conscious, or, as Reginald thought, if he had been alive.

It was a relief to his anxiety to find that they were at length emerging into a more populous neighbourhood; though, as he afterwards said, he did not think that the audacity of the Lanchashire poachers had been at all over-rated, when they could carry off bodily the two sons of an earl and a baronet, and conduct them with impunity through the streets of their county town at three o'clock in the morning. Their conversation, too, somewhat puzzled him; their frequent allusions to Sir Geoffry, and their self-gratulation at the destruction of *the* gang, were inexplicable; and it was not till they halted before the gas-lighted door of the county police station that the idea flashed across his mind that these were no poachers, but Sir Geoffry Blake's night-watchers and keepers. In spite of the hand-cuffs and numerous other discomforts of his position, the ludicrous side of the question struck him so forcibly, that he burst out into a perfect shout of laughter, which made the street re-echo, and caused the stolid-faced policeman to gaze at him with wonder and astonishment. -

'Why, you don't mean to say,' he exclaimed as soon as he had recovered his breath, 'that you have taken *us* for poachers!'

'Of course we have; and you've hit the right nail on the head, young man,' was the answer.

'Why, did not I tell you that I am Sir Reginald Chetwynd, and that he is Lord Valantine, son of the Earl of Stapleton? You must know who I mean.'

'Oh, that's a likely story: as if Lord Valantine would be on our ground! And what of these?' he continued, producing a bundle of nets, which Reginald had previously concluded to be their own.

'Why, of course, I know nothing about them! Where's the superintendent? I must see him.'

At three o'clock in the morning the superintendent was not to be seen. The policeman therefore used his own authority to put an end to the argument, declaring 'That *he* knew Lord Valantine very well, and he would take upon himself to say that there was not one of them there but would make two of the little Lord.'

Reginald only wished that 'the little Lord' had been able to claim this worthy's acquaintance for himself.

In another five minutes they were safely placed in the lock-up, (which, happily for them, was empty,) and left to their own devices; the policeman, who was a really kind-hearted man, having first assured Sir Reginald that his companion was not killed. He even went so far as to send for the parish doctor, who however was, like the superintendent, unattainable, having been sent for to a patient five miles off, leaving word that he would be back to-morrow morning.

To-morrow morning—to-day, as it was by the time they were left to themselves—seemed a long while coming to poor Reginald, who was the only one of the party who was sensible of the various discomforts of his position. Justinian, for the first time in his life, was thoroughly subdued—had stretched himself on a bench, and gone to sleep; Valantine was still almost unconscious; and Reginald, who was in the full possession of all his faculties, was marching up and down the cell, alternately raving at the stupidity of the inhabitants of Laneham, and bursting into fits of laughter at their ridiculous predicament.

CHAPTER V.

'LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED.'

"Who am I? Where am I?"

Why thus upon the ground?"

"If you please, Sir, you be'es Sir,

A gentleman what's found."

Old Song.

FANNY's night had been passed rather more quietly than her brothers'. Though she had been too uneasy to sleep well, and awoke the next morning with a bad head-ache, and a dim consciousness that something was wrong. When her maid came to call her, she was surprised to see her up and dressed.

'Have the gentlemen come in?' was her first question.

'No, my Lady,' answered Gambrel, pursing up her mouth, and looking as if she could say a great deal if she chose, but would not.

Fanny saw her face, and jumped at once to the conclusion that something terrible must have happened.

'Oh, Gambrel! what is it? Tell me directly! Is Valentine hurt?' she said, gasping for breath, and feeling so dizzy, that she was obliged to catch hold of her chair for support.

'Bless you, my Lady!' said Gambrel, completely startled out of her usual propriety, 'don't look like that; I don't know anything, not I. But I do think that it's rather strange of them to stay out all night. So many of them, too. One would have thought that they might have sent someone to let us know if anyone was hurt.'

'If anybody had been hurt they would have brought them home,' said Fanny, suppressing an hysterical desire to laugh.

'But where can they be?' said Gambrel, whose curiosity was roused. 'Master Justinian 'll be catching his death of cold.'

'That's his own affair,' said Fanny, trying to hide the quiver in her voice by the carelessness of her words. 'Thank you, Gambrel, I won't keep you any longer; you can go now, for I am quite ready.'

She went down-stairs to gaze out of the front door, in the vain hope of seeing someone returning, till the keen frosty air brought on a prolonged fit of shivering, which drove her to the dining-room window. She never thought of taking any breakfast, for the sight of the three empty places made her feel quite sick and faint, and there was no one in the house with sufficient authority to make her eat against her will. Poor old Brookes got quite unhappy about her, as no breakfast-bell rung. Finally, after much hesitation, he prepared a temptingly-arranged tray, and carried it up to her, saying, in a would-be indifferent tone, 'That he supposed the gentlemen would not care for tea when they came in.'

'No, I suppose not,' said Fanny, relapsing into the listless attitude from which his entrance had roused her, but making an effort to eat to please the old man, who hung about the room busying himself about nothing, in a way which was inexpressibly trying to her overstrung nerves, though she felt very grateful for the real kindness which she saw was intended.

'Where can they be?' she sighed: this being about the twentieth time that she had asked this question.

'I'm sure I don't know, my Lady. Perhaps they are down at Steele's. I dare say they were tired, and didn't—'

'Oh yes, I dare say they are,' said Fanny, brightening up directly at this consoling suggestion, the first that had been made to her.

'We could send down and see,' continued Brookes, delighted at having had such an exceedingly bright (and such an exceedingly unlikely) idea of the whereabouts of the three truants.

'Yes. Will you send one of the men directly? Tell them that they

may take 'Oak-apple' if the other horses have been out; only tell them to be quick!

'Very well, my Lady.' And Brookes hurried off, leaving Fanny much comforted, and able to eat a little more breakfast than she had yet done. Now that she could picture her brothers as alive and well, and not with raw heads and bloody bones, as she had previously fancied, she felt rather angry with them for having made her so unnecessarily uneasy.

'Oak-apple' did not take long getting to the keeper's lodge; but the only person there was Steele, who had just been indulging in a nap after the labours of the night: he looked rather surprised as he saw Watson ride up, and inquired what he wanted.

'Lady Frances wants to know if the gentlemen are here?'

'The gentlemen!' repeated Steele, only half awake. 'Why should they be here? Ain't they up at the house?'

'No, they ain't,' said Watson laconically. 'They haven't been in all night.'

Steele, now thoroughly aroused, stared at the groom as if he thought that he had suddenly taken leave of his senses; and finally asked the oft-repeated question, 'Where can they be?'

'You ought to know best where they are,' said Watson, 'for you were last with them.'

'I went with them to the Cleve Wood,' said Steele, 'and there I left them; they said that they were enough without me.'

'Well, then, we had better go and look for them there,' said Watson, not at all averse to the pleasing excitement of a search.

Off started both men at a round trot, which brought them to the scene of action in a state of breathless discomfort. There was not much to be seen: the ground was trampled with the marks of many feet; the gate was gone; and Steele picked up a little grey cap, which he recognized as belonging to Lord Valantine, which was stained with something which looked ominously like—blood.

Steele and Watson looked at each other, neither liking to be the first to give utterance to their suspicions.

At length Steele said, 'There's been a fight here!'

'Yes,' answered Watson; 'and our people have come by the worst of it. But—where can they be?'

'They are not here,' said Steele, peering into the ditch, apparently expecting to find them concealed in the mud; while Watson crossed the hedge, and brought back Justinian's life-preserver.

'Well,' said Steele at length, 'we shall do no good here. I shall go up to the house.'

Watson went back to the lodge for 'Oak-apple,' while Steele turned in the direction of the house, all sorts of ghastly stories of mysterious disappearances filling his head. His appearance was a signal for a general assembly of the servants in the servants'-hall, all far too curious

to hear the latest particulars themselves to think of poor Fanny, alone and anxious in the drawing-room; and no one liking to be the first to tell her of the 'No news,' which in this case was far from being good.

So eager were they in the story, dilating upon all its phases with the genuine love of horrors which exists among the lower classes, that they did not hear the drawing-room bell ring; nor see how Fanny, in her restless anxiety, had wandered out, and was now standing among them, listening with pale cheeks and dilated eyes to the whole account, adorned by several ghastly details—the result of Steele's fertile imagination, which had already converted the few drops of blood which had stained Val's cap into a perfect pool, 'like as if someone had had his throat cut.'

He was interrupted by a loud cry, and turned just in time to see Fanny fall fainting on the ground. Her old nurse and Gambrel immediately took possession of her, and got her up-stairs between them before Gambrel's unhappy attempts at consolation made her faint again.

What was to be done? The whole household saw that some steps ought to be taken for the recovery of their missing masters; but the want of a head was sorely felt, as no one liked to take the lead.

After long consultation, they decided on making an application to a magistrate; and a committee, consisting of Brookes, Steele, the coachman, and Reginald's servant, was formed in order to concoct a letter to Sir Geoffry Blake.

Ashurst, January 25th.

Honoured Sir,

I take up my pen to write to you, hoping that you will excuse the liberty we take in consulting you as to the welfare of Lord Valentine, the Honourable Justinian Braybroke, and Sir Reginald Chetwynd, Bart.

Honoured Sir, if the Earl and Countess of Stapleton had not left home, we should not have taken the liberty of troubling you, but there being no one in the house but Lady Frances, and she being very ill, through fright as to the safety of Lord Valentine, Mr. Justinian, and Sir Reginald, we think it best to apply to you, as the nearest magistrate, for your advice.

Honoured Sir, these gentlemen left home last night soon after ten o'clock, and never returned, and we do not know what has become of them. They were last seen by Steele, the keeper, in the Cleve Woods, he, having heard that there were poachers about, which there were, went out and saw nothing of them. Therefore we think it all the more probable that these ruffians may have made away with them, leaving a cap behind them, covered with blood, the property of Lord Valentine, and taking away a gate, the property of the Earl of Stapleton, which makes it look all the more likely. Honoured Sir, we hope you will assist us, and overlook all misunderstandings, as our masters may be dead by this time, but the discovery of their bodies would be a satisfaction.

We beg to apologise for the trouble we have given you, and remain your obedient servants to command—

THOMAS BROOKES,
WILLIAM STEELE,
GEORGE GOODWIN,
PETER ASHDOWNE, —th. D.G.

This missive was despatched by Watson, with instructions to make every haste in his power. Certainly he spared neither Oak-apple's legs nor his own neck; and his appearance, and the pace at which he rode, caused quite an excitement among the Blakes.

'Well!' said Sir Geoffry, 'I should have thought that one of Lord Stapleton's servants would have known better than to come tearing up to a gentleman's house in that way. I wonder what he wants?'

Sir Geoffry had not many minutes to wonder, before his own servant appeared, somewhat infected by Watson's haste.

'A letter for you, Sir!'

'What is it?' inquired Sir Geoffry, seeing that Sims was bursting with some wonderful news, and having a particular weakness for discovering what were the contents of his letters before opening them.

'Why, Sir, one of Lord Stapleton's grooms brought this letter, and he says that his master went out last night with Sir Reginald Chetwynd, and they found him this morning, dead in a ditch, with his throat cut, and Sir Reginald's nowhere to be seen; and the police—' but at this exciting point of the narrative, Sir Geoffry tore open the cover of his letter, and hastily glanced it over, then read it aloud with audible comments, and finally concluded by declaring that he could not make head or tail of it, and thought that the writers of the letter were one madder than the other, and that he must see what could be got out of the servant.

Watson was in the hall, relating his account of the adventure to a bevy of servants who dispersed as their master appeared.

'Well, my good man, what's all this about? Where's your master?'

'I don't know, Sir. Lord Valantine, and Mr. Justinian, and Sir Reginald—'

'What's become of them?'

'Please, Sir, they've gone.'

'Gone! where?' said Sir Geoffry, in utter bewilderment.

'We don't know, Sir. Mr. Steele came in last night, and told his Lordship that there were poachers about, and we think they've taken them.'

'Who? The poachers?'

'No, Sir; my Lord and Mr. ———'

'Oh, nonsense! my good fellow, that's impossible.'

'Well, Sir, they can't be found anywhere, and there are marks of a fight.'

'Where?'

'Down between the Cleve Wood and the Littleworth fields—' but he was interrupted by Sir Geoffry's bursting into a shout of laughter, which brought his sons in haste from the dining-room to see what

could be the matter, and forced him to 'leave the servants'-hall, and take refuge on the staircase, leaving Watson in a state of the greatest perplexity, not knowing whether to attribute Sir Geoffry's strange behaviour to his having suddenly gone mad, or to consider it as a deliberate insult to 'his people;' but rather inclined to take the latter view of the case, for no love was lost between the Blake and Braybroke retainers.

'Well, Harry,' gasped Sir Geoffry as soon as he had in any degree recovered breath enough to speak intelligibly, 'we have been and gone and done it now; that idiot, Hill, has taken those young Braybrokes for poachers, and—ha-ha-ha.'

'They are the fellows in the lock-up,' shouted Harry, making the house echo with his laughter, in which Sir Geoffry joined as heartily as before, though his first coherent words were—

'Horribly awkward mistake—I would not have had it happen for a thousand pounds. By-the-bye, isn't Lord Valentine the young fellow I fell foul of the other day? Depend upon it, he'll think I have done it on purpose.'

'Oh no, he won't,' said Harry, helping his father up from the foot of the stairs, on which he had been forced to subside. 'He is not half a bad fellow. He'll think it a good joke, most likely. Hill must have polished him off in next to no time, he's so small.'

'Well, I must go down there directly. Just go and see the man, will you, Harry, and explain to him; I really can't.' And Sir Geoffry bustled out of the house, and hurried to the police station in a most perturbed frame of mind.

He found the three 'prisoners' in a most disreputable looking state, which might fully justify Val's acquaintance, the policeman, for not recognizing them.

Sir Reginald had a couple of black eyes; while Justinian's face was one mass of bruises, besides being all the colours of the rainbow. Valentine's face was intact, but that was the most that could be said for him, for he was deadly pale, and both felt and looked wretchedly ill, as he lay on the bench, hardly able to lift up his head, though he made an effort to sit up as Sir Geoffry entered.

'I must beg to apologise—' he began rather stiffly. 'Bless my soul!' he added, changing his tone to one much more natural to him, 'I am afraid you are very much hurt.' And he held out his hand to Valentine's, but the latter's broken arm was in no condition for the friendly hand shake. Fortunately, Sir Reginald came to the rescue.

'I am afraid Valentine's arm is broken!' he said; 'but we have not been able to get a doctor.'

'Good gracious! You don't mean to say that; I'll soon see to that. What's the matter now?' for Val's efforts to support himself

had been unavailing, and at that moment he fell forward into Sir Geoffry's arms, who backed as if he thought he had suddenly gone mad.

'He's dreadfully knocked about, poor little fellow!' said Reginald in explanation, picking up Valentine and putting him safely on the bench again.

'I am very much horrified,' said Sir Geoffry, looking really shocked. 'We must get him out of this place. I will have the carriage here directly. He had better come to my house, it's nearer than Ashurst.'

'Oh, we can get home, thank you. I will send to Ashurst,' said Justinian, who, Val being *hors de combat*, thought proper to keep up the dignity of the family.

'Nonsense!' said Reginald. Val ought to be in bed at once. We shall be very much obliged to you, Sir Geoffry; and if you could get us a doctor—'

'Oh ah, I forgot. I will send for one directly. He shall meet you at Broomham; will you wait with Lord Valentine, while I go and see about it?' He hurried off, and sent up a message, which was nearly as confused as Brooke's letter to him had been, and caused Lady Blake to believe that he was going to remain at the police station, and that she was to prepare to receive three broken-armed individuals, and send the carriage to fetch them.

During the delay caused by Sir Geoffry's desire to hasten their departure, the whole staff of policemen hastened to visit their prisoners, and apologize for their unwitting mistake, evidently thinking that they must have been seriously offended; and were agreeably surprised when Sir Reginald laughed at their thinking any apology necessary for having done their duty, and said that he was not at all the worse for his visit to the station. Altogether he left a very favourable impression on the minds of the rural police; though the population who assembled round the doors to see them go, were undecided whether to consider them as gentlemen, or poachers, or both combined.

Immediately after he had seen Lord Valentine and Sir Reginald safely on the way to Broomham, Sir Geoffry departed for Ashurst, taking Justinian with him to satisfy Fanny of *his* well-being, and persuaded her to come and nurse Valentine.

When she reached Broomham, she found her services as nurse much required; for, though conscious, he was very ill and very unreasonable.

He was not prepared to find that a very garbled version of the story had made its way into the papers, which at this slack time of the year, were only too glad to get hold of such a sensational anecdote as 'The Disgrace to the Peerage,' under which heading Lord Valentine's escapade went the round of all the county papers, and there was read by Lord

Stapleton, when he bought the Laneham Mercury at a station on his way home on Monday.

DISGRACE TO THE PERRAGE.

On Tuesday, the little village of Ashurst was shaken from its accustomed quiet by the mysterious disappearance of three young gentlemen, residing in its environs.

It appears that Lord V—l—nt—ne, his brother, the Hon. Mr. Br—br—k—, and Sir R—Ch—tw—d, having discovered that the pheasants on their own preserves were waxing few and far between, were seized with the desire to appropriate a few of those belonging to Sir G—Bl—k—, a neighbouring squire, whose preserves, it is needless to state, were as well stocked as his noble neighbours' were the reverse. Finding that it was impossible to put their nefarious designs into execution at any other time, they sallied forth in the dead of the night; but before they could possess themselves of any booty, the noble poachers were discovered by Sir G—B—'s active keepers, assisted by our efficient staff of police. A violent struggle took place, in which the young gentlemen fought with a courage worthy of a better cause, probably aware that this exploit would not redound greatly to their credit, should it once gain wind.

At last, however, they were forced to yield, and were conveyed in triumph to the 'lock-up,' whence we will hope they will issue to appear before the magisterial bench, in another capacity from that in which one of their party has frequently been present there.

We have since heard that one of the keepers has suffered severely for his devotion to his master's cause, and rumours are afloat that Sir R—C— may have to appear before a judge, on a charge of manslaughter—if nothing worse. Lord V— himself has not escaped scot-free; besides other severe injuries, a broken arm will prove a hindrance to his shooting for this season at least.

It is to be hoped that owing to the high rank of the culprits a compromise will not be effected, and that the magistrates, when sentencing the offenders, will remember how some few weeks ago Lord V— himself caused a poor labouring man to be sentenced to three months imprisonment for merely trapping a hare.

All that Lady Stapleton *said** when she heard the story was—'I told you how it would be if we both left home together;' but she was more than ever convinced, that she and her husband could only go out visiting like the old man and woman in the weather-house. And both were not a little relieved by meeting Sir Geoffry and Justinian at the Ashurst Station with the true story, and begging them to come straight to Broomham. Lord Stapleton was too much diverted to be angry, and Valantine was in a penitential frame of mind, quite prepared for the rebukes he never received. He was too restless an invalid to have a speedy recovery; but by the time he had nearly worn out the patience of all his nurses, he was able to go home, by way of the 'short cut,' which he persuaded Sir Geoffry Blake to have re-opened for him, as he was sure it would be too much for him to go 'all the way round by the road.'

FERNDOM. *

(BY FILIX-FEMINA.)

CHAPTER II.

THE POLYPODIES AT HOME.

It is generally known that the *Osmunda Regalis* has long been crowned by botanists as the royal head of Ferndom; and perhaps, before I treat of the subjects, loyalty might seem to require that I should pay a passing acknowledgment to the monarch: but, alas! it is not the title always, no, nor yet the crown, that makes the king; and I am fain to confess that no government is acknowledged in Ferndom but that which is strictly patriarchal; and no tie but that of consanguinity is considered binding. That plea, however, is never set aside or disregarded; and, come from what quarter of the globe it may, let a Fern but be able to present the distinguishing badge of its race, and it will at once find a place and a welcome in the bosom of its own family.

The genus *Polypodium* includes, under the present arrangement, five species, viz., *Polypodiums vulgare—phegopteris* (commonly known as the Beech Fern)—*alpestre—dryopteris* (known as the Oak Fern)—and *Robertianum* (otherwise, *calcareum* or Limestone Polypody). Of these, the *Polypodium alpestre*—with its so-called variety *flexile*—is alone open to doubt. The sori of both *alpestre* and *flexile* are slightly indusiate—Mr. Moore contends *spuriously* so, but some pteridologists do not agree to this; and from the affinity which (without being precisely the same) the indusia presents to that of *Athyrium*, Mr. Newman would place it in a distinct family group under the name of *Pseudathyrium*. It is also contended that *flexile* is a species of the same genus, and many circumstances favour this idea; one of the most important being, that *flexile* has been discovered (as far, at least, as Great Britain is concerned) at elevations considerably higher than any at which *alpestre* has been found.

I myself should be glad to see Mr. Newman's arrangement followed, and the genus *Pseudathyrium*, with the two species of *alpestre*, *flexile*—and it may prove of others also—generally acknowledged; for the poor Fern has led but an uneasy life ever since its first discovery in Britain, (near Dalwhinnie, Invernesshire,) in 1841; now given to *Athyrium*, and now to *Polypodium*—from both of which families it seems to be in some measure separated—it oscillates between each, much in the same fashion that Mahomet's coffin is said to hang half way between heaven and earth; so that Mr. Newman's haven of *Pseudathyrium* seems to provide an opportune resting-place.

I have not yet succeeded in making *P. alpestre* flourish as I like to see

* ERRATUM (JANUARY No.)—Page 85, for British genera consists of nineteen separate genus, read British Ferns consist of nineteen separate genera.

Ferns thrive, the fronds never seeming to expand in full vigour; so that when I contrast it with a dried and splendid specimen sent me from its native Scotland, I feel that something is wanting to its well-being. The little *flexile*—with its stumpy stipes—is not so hard to please; and from the easy division of its roots, and the more speedy way in which it makes itself at home, I should draw a further argument that it is not a variety of *alpestris*, but a separate species.

Of the habitats of these delicate denizens of Ferndom, I cannot speak from personal knowledge, for they dwell in a purer atmosphere than I can breathe. From two to four thousand feet above the level of the sea, amidst the wild scenery of the Scottish Highlands, they make their home. Far removed from any of their kindred—if indeed they are akin to *Polypodium*—they dwell in solitude and silence, save when a wheeling kite or heron swoops from its mountain home upon its prey; while far below in the valleys beneath their feet—raising their delicate fronds of pale bright green from moss-grown bank or tangled briar, or spreading themselves abroad in a carpet of perfect verdure—may be found the fragile *P. dryopteris*.

I almost think that *P. dryopteris* is my favourite Fern, and yet when in the fernery I am asked which I like best, I feel inclined to answer, as a child so often answers the like question, 'That, and that, and that.' Yet I do not think that Nature affords a prettier picture than a bed of *P. dryopteris* waking up in the early morning with the dew lying on their fronds of tender green—and such green too! even the little baby fronds, with their three-in-one branches rolled up in separate balls, preserve this same delicate hue, which is neither blue-green, nor grey-green, nor anything but green—green, in its purest freshest colouring.

Like most other Ferns, *Dryopteris* requires moisture and shade for its roots, but it also loves sunshine and air. I have seen it creeping along from some dark corner onwards and onwards towards the light, struggling upwards through thorn and briar, till from a tiny plant it has seemed to be transformed into a preacher, and from its lowly pulpit beneath the shadow of the sombre hills, it has read me one of those sweet lessons of life that abound in every page of Nature's Book.

In the north, wherever I have found *P. dryopteris*, I have felt sure that *P. phegopteris* was not far off, but I do not remember ever finding their roots intermingled.

P. phegopteris is of shyer growth than *Dryopteris*, though in appearance it is of much less tender physique; its fronds are of a greyish green, totally distinct in colouring from those of *Dryopteris*: it is not three-branched, and the vernation is circinate; that is, the little bud unrolls itself in the shape of a crozier or crook. It is what I should call an ill-natured Fern; if it does not like its quarters, it turns sullen, its fronds dwindle and diminish in number: it has not half the pleasant qualities of *Dryopteris*. Put the latter in uncongenial circumstances, and it will throw out little skirmishing rhizomes, or underground stems, that will

poke up a head here and there till good accommodation is found, when, shaking out its petticoats, it at once furnishes its new home, and greets you with a smile.

In transplanting either of these Ferns, care must be taken to keep the 'right side uppermost,' for in a long journey they will probably lose every frond; and nothing could be more unpleasant, even for the most genial disposition, than to find the head underground and the heels in the air. After much undermining, *Dryopteris* might emerge at last; but *Phegopteris* would surely give up the attempt.

I have found these two last-named Ferns plentifully distributed over Scotland. *P. phegopteris* grows in the neighbourhood of Beckey Fall, in Devonshire; but I have as yet failed to find *Dryopteris* in the south.

Of *Polypodium Robertianum* I can only speak in cultivation, for with the exception of some plants I obtained in Switzerland, I have never seen it growing wild; and so happy is my recollection of that exceptional instance, that I hardly wish its memory to be displaced.

When I look at my large patch of *Robertianum*—which with me grows luxuriantly—I seem to hear the trickling water as it fell from stalactite to stalactite in a tiny cave bordered with moss and fern, when, after a triumphant spring over a mountain stream, I stood, trowel in hand, listening and gazing.

Around me on every side, as far as my eye could reach—from the waving ferns by my side, to the far-off mountains glittering in their pure mantle of snow—there was beauty; beauty of infinitesimal grace in every flower and weed; beauty in the many-coloured stalactites; in the pebbles of the stream; in the old grey mill close by, from the crevices of which gay flowerets peeped here and there, and the wheel went plashing round with a lazy contented sound, as if it too loved its quiet home amid those far-off hills.

To some minds a scene like this becomes a very 'Capua,' the senses revel in enjoyment, till the heart seems to lose its quick apprehension for higher calls and higher aspirations. I well remember that when, on rounding the hill which hid a neighbouring village from our view, a pitying voice recalled me from dreamland, I felt horror rather than sympathy when I saw before me, not one but many poor deformed idiots, each trying by his clamour and his woes to excite you to liberality. 'Ah,' said I to my little fern, 'you will not see the like of this in the village streets of your future home;' and then I thought, 'It is the counteraction to the beauty—the bracing of the mind.'

So I captured my *Robertianum*.

When first I began Fern-keeping, I planted *Dryopteris*, *Phegopteris*, and *Robertianum*, indiscriminately about my fernery; but I soon found that this plan would not answer, the creeping nature of their rhizomes making them dangerous companions for ferns of a more domestic character. I now have them in a raised bed of their own, with very little rock about it; and there they pay neighbourly visits at pleasure,

while their dense masses of fronds in the summer are most lovely to look upon, and for purposes of table ornamentation there are no ferns to equal them: a few fronds of *Dryopteris* in a dish of scarlet geranium is a treat to every eye, however artistic.

Of these last-named Polypodiums I have never met with any variety; but *Phegopteris* has produced a 'constant sport,' which bears the name of *interruption*; and in Mr. Fraser's published list of 'British Ferns and their varieties,' I see as many as six varieties given to this same Polypody.

Polypodium vulgare is the most home-like of all our Ferns; not only may it be called world-wide—for it is found in every quarter of the globe—but it prevails almost everywhere. It adapts itself to all climates, to all circumstances, however uncongenial in appearance; it is the very 'Mark Tapley' of Ferns. Does a tree, worn out with battling with the storms of centuries, give up the strife, and lie a ruin amidst its still stalwart neighbours? The friendly Polypody hastens to the spot, tenderly embraces the decaying wood, throws out its gold-bespangled fronds, and transforms ruin and death into life and glory. It climbs up the walls of old houses, and shakes its laughing pinns from the chimney tops; it does not even disdain the homely pig-sty. Wherever there is a cozy corner, there look out for Polypody. Wherever a little child has culled a wild-flower posy, there, in all probability, will it be, scattering its golden treasure to be borne away by the wind to decorate some barren spot with greenery and gold. Amidst the May-day garlands, side by side with primroses, and 'May-blobs,' and the—so-called—blue forget-me-not, there will you see the Polypody forming a wreath to decorate the doll, that lowly representation of one Who was 'blessed among women,' and to Whom in ancient days the month of May was peculiarly dedicated.

Yes, I must love the Polypody because of its cheeriness; 'it is so very good natured,' as we are wont to say of anyone who has not much else to boast of; but it is rather stiff and uncomfortable looking in cultivation, and when I see it in a fernery, I always feel as if a plough-boy had intruded into a drawing-room.

But its varieties? Are they its varieties? all that are ascribed to it? Mr. Moore says a great many are, so I too will say they are; but I verily believe that if I planted a hundred acres of *P. vulgare*, I should never—no, never—find one *P. v. var. cambricum* amongst them; no, not even if I planted my acres in Wales.

Of all my cultivated ferns, I have found *cambricum* the most amenable; it increases so fast, it divides so easily, it always seems ready to run in any direction that I point out to it; and yet I am always tearing it apart, breaking off first a right limb and then a left; and although I fancy it has a tendency to advance towards the sun, the vacant place will be sure to be filled up very soon. It likes peaty soil; old leaf-mould, with black peat, is its delight; and as its fronds last green and fresh long into the winter, it is a very valuable addition to the rockery. It will grow in shade, but it revels in sunshine: it is fresh in colouring, and

robust in growth; but, like its reputed parent, it is uncomfortable in a drawing-room, being stiff and unmanageable in vase or bouquet.

Two years ago, the recognized varieties of *P. vulgare* numbered sixty, and new varieties are being constantly added; from this mass I shall only bring forward those which I have found or cultivated myself.

Next in beauty to *cambricum* is *omnilacerum*, with its jagged coat, looking a little like an Irish beggar. It is a new friend of mine, or I would say that I think it even prettier than *cambricum*, to which it bears about the same resemblance that an Irish beggar does to a Welsh one, with this difference, that *omnilacerum* in Ferndom is the rarity—so rare, that few people have ever found it; indeed, I only know of one, a Mr. Bennett, who discovered it on the ruins of Goodrich Castle, in Herefordshire.

Semilacerum is less rare. I have seen it growing plentifully in Devonshire; but the Devonshire specimens have inconstant fronds—that is, fronds of the same plant are very different in growth, some presenting the appearance of true *semilacerum*, with the centre of the lower pinnæ broad and jagged, while other fronds are little more than *acutum* serrated. The Irish *semilacerum* is much more characteristic; but I must own that I take great liberties with most of the Polypodies, planting them in all the odd corners of the fernery, trusting to their good nature to adorn an ugly spot where no other fern would condescend to thrive, so that *semilacerum* has never had an opportunity of fully developing itself. *Acutum*, with fine sharp-pointed pinnæ; and *bifidum*, the apex of its lower pinnæ cleft in two and spreading out—have shared the same fate.

Not so *ovatum*. There is a cherished spot in one of the rockeries, with a patch of *P. vulgare*, bearing fronds which are in shape like an egg; the edges of the pinnæ are slightly notched, this is *ovatum*; but on the label by its side is written simply 'Colosseum;' and whenever my glance falls on this guarded Fern, I seem to be far away beneath the soft blue Roman sky; my hands are filled with many-coloured flowers which I have gathered from the grand old walls, while in the bag at my side is many a promising bulb; but I am by no means satisfied.

Far above my reach I see a tuft of *P. vulgare* of a form new to me; it springs, mayhap, from the very spot where once a Roman Emperor sat to witness a gladiator die; the very seed from which it sprung may have fallen from the victor's wreath. I must possess a root—but how? I stood on tip-toe, I sprang up parasol and trowel in hand, I raised myself by every means in my power; but the little fern only laughed at my futile attempts—when all at once I saw, resting on a twig half way, a faded frond; it seemed as if some other hand had struggled like mine, and then, when nearly victorious, had given up the chase. By the aid of a friendly walking-stick, the faded frond is mine; attached to the stipes is a little bit of root like a fluffy caterpillar. How glad I was; how I cherished my tiny prize, none could tell! It travelled with me for many months, to find at last a peaceful resting-place in a Devonshire fernery, where it throws up frond after frond, side by side with an English specimen found near Glastonbury.

To all who love Nature with a truthful love, this cropping up of old friendly faces in strange lands must ever bring intense enjoyment; it is a link with home—a touch of that electric chain that binds the universe together. The Polypody of the crumbling glory of the Colosseum, is the Polypody of the dear old English lanes and homesteads, bringing like a flood over the memory, the hours of happy childhood, the lowing of cattle, and the breath of summer flowers. The traveller through the primeval forest of the new world, gathering one of these simple fronds, feels no longer utterly alone; the old and the new world are brought for the moment together, and the link is a fragile leaf.

As a family, the Polypodiums are the most easily cultivated of any ferns; while *Polypodium vulgare*, with its varieties, will literally grow anywhere. They are all, with (I believe) the exception of *cambricum*, fertile, and their fructification is their glory; in all stages it is beautiful—so full, so rich; and winter only adds a deeper hue to its charm; when seen through a magnifying glass, the little circular heaps of sori look like bunches of golden grapes.

I would recommend every—may I say—pteridologist, to be provided with a pocket-lens; it is of the greatest use in distinguishing the family to which a fern belongs, besides being in itself like the discoverer of a new world. Oftentimes, when applying my lens to some minute form, I stand well-nigh open-mouthed in wonder, and feel much as Cortes is said to have done, when from the plains he first beheld the glittering towers of Mexico.

Besides the pocket-lens, the Fern lover should by all means have a herbarium; and in adding dried specimens to the collection, the greatest care should be taken never to put a wrong name.

I have found it very useful to keep two sets—one named, one unnamed—but if this should seem troublesome, I would simply leave the specimen without any label till an opportunity offered of inserting the true one; 'the omission of a name,' as a well-known naturalist writes, 'is trifling, but perpetuating an error often leads to serious difficulty.'

Looking over some dried specimens of Ferns lately, I found the small *L. dilatata* var. *collina* labeled *L. feniseeii*, while *P. angulare* var. *striatum* did duty for 'Holly Fern' (the note of interrogation being considered sufficient safeguard;) but these mistakes are nothing to those which I used to make in early days myself, when the tall *Struthiopteris germanica* passed with me for the minute *A. germanicum*, and *L. dilatata* for *P. calcareum*; and what is the worst of all, many friends copied my titles.

There will, I fear, always exist the great difficulty of synonymses; it will be a happy day for science when there shall be a general congress, and universal terms, as far as may be, agreed upon. Consider how provoking it would be to order *L. feniseeii* from one gardener, *L. recurva* from a second, *L. amula* from a third, 'Brees Fern' from a fourth, while a kind friend might at the same time offer you (as a friend once offered to me) a plant of '*Lastrea recumbens*, or Breeze Fern;' (this 'sin of commission,' however, could hardly rank as a synonymical difficulty.)

FILIX-PRÆMINA.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A REFUGEE IN GEORGIA DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

Sewatha, Bibb County, September 5th, 1864.

I returned here on the 1st. Merely passing through Macon in the carriage, without going *into* a hospital, brought home the horrors of war to me more than anything I had before seen. The Town-hall, all the schools, asylums, public institutions, and all the large houses, are taken for hospitals. These are not enough; there are hundreds of tents full of wounded camped round these buildings. Two thousand more wounded came in by train last night. We have staying here three invalids, Louisianians, who cannot go home to their own state. One, a fine brave fellow, only twenty-one, started by rail for Macon from near Atlanta, the eventful Saturday, July 30th, the day of the raid on Macon. The train was delayed three days, and his wound, not bad at first, turned to gangrene; for about a week they thought he must die; he is now slowly recovering: it may be months before he is fit for service. (On my way here, I saw in several places among the trees hastily-constructed huts, or tents of refugees, sometimes with good and handsome furniture scattered around outside. Tables, drawers, chiffoniers, and even good pianos, are among the savings hastily carried away, and thus set down in the woods. Some families have begged old unused railway carriages, and are living in them.)

Atlanta has just been evacuated; earth-works are thrown up round Macon to defend the town, but we are outside them, so feel rather helpless. Should the Lowths remove to their other plantation, I am sure they will not want me, for the house there is occupied by the overseer's family, and the refugee log-house is not yet built.

There are reports flying about of another raid expected, but we never know what to believe. The last one has not had the effect of stirring up to action the men who are shirking their duty in this neighbourhood. This is the general effect of raids; and it is said, when persons are not liberal towards hospitals or kind to the soldiers, 'They want a raid, then, that will make them all right.'

The Atlanta hospitals have been removed to Forsyth, a town about fifteen miles north-west of Macon on the railway. There being a great demand for nurses, two of my friends have volunteered, and went about three weeks ago. The duty of the matrons is rather more that of a housekeeper than of a nurse. They have to superintend the negro servants, who want a very great deal of careful overlooking. The enclosed note will give you some idea of the life in hospital; but, being in pencil and crossed, I am afraid you will have even more trouble than we have had in reading it.

Gilmer Hospital, Forsyth, Wednesday, Aug. 17.

My dear Sister,

I have really had no time till to-day to write home. We plunged into our work the very first thing on Saturday morning, and feel as if we had been here months. We have each a ward to superintend, and the kitchen attached to it. Mine is No. 1, under Dr. O., son of the Bishop of Tennessee, full of officers; Miss P.'s is No. 2, common soldiers; forty-six beds in each. Our hearts are overflowing with sympathy and compassion for these poor fellows; the suffering among them is perfectly frightful. I cannot tell you how thankful we are that Providence has led us here to be the comfort and help all women can be in such places as this. We are hard at work from morning till night, either in the ward or the kitchen. I feel sure this hospital is more destitute than those in Macon; we really want anything and everything you can spare. My kitchen especially is in a deplorable state; send all the cooking utensils you can do without—a gridiron, an oven—for I have nothing but some old coffee-pots, which perform in turn every imaginable office. Do you think Mother *could* part with those bottles of essences, the vanilla, &c., and with the gelatine? Send pepper, spices, dried herbs, all the seasoning things you can. We need gourds too, if you can get any, to help out the cups. I do so wish Father could make some arrangement to send fruit as long as it lasts.* The men feel a great craving for it, and get so little; sometimes, too, they will eat it when they can touch nothing else. We gave them all we brought from Indian Springs; you should have seen how eagerly they stretched out their hands for it as I carried the plate from bed to bed. The supplies are miserable, and so closely economized, that they only barely keep off starvation. Oh! if one could make something nice out of nothing to tempt the poor sick men; they cannot and will not touch the horrid stews sent up to them. I have no doubt semi-starvation is good for them; but I do want to put more on to each of the plates going to the convalescents with keener appetites. As soon as they can possibly bear the journey, they are furloughed to go to their own homes; several of mine went this morning: it did me good yesterday to see their faces brighten up, when telling me of their pleasant anticipations.

Miss P. and I share this little bit of a tent, and have no conveniences, but, first, a small piece of old matting for floor; second, a wooden bucket; third, a tin wash-basin; fourth, a tin candlestick: but we are as happy and contented as if we were living in luxury. Compared with the stern realities of life, with the absorbing interest of our work, all these trifles seem secondary, and not worth thinking of for a moment. I do hope you will be able to come to us soon: there is a ward waiting for you.

Selfish people sneer at the volunteer nurses, saying they offer for the sake of notoriety. Miss Florence Nightingale and her band were spoken of in the same manner in some quarters.

The small troubles of life, even the 'eternal want of pence,' that frets away the comfort of many a home, sink into nothing when compared with the sorrow and grief borne here patiently and even cheerfully. The *Richmond Whig* gives a letter from a lady of high rank in Virginia, Roanoke County, the daughter of the first Governor Floyd, and sister of the late general of that name; and I myself know many who, having similarly suffered, express the same feelings; so I send you the newspaper extract.

'I have now nothing on earth of all that I ever possessed, but my children; and I would fain have them worthy of their country's service and their own race.

'I am now one of the tens of thousands in our mourning land, who have been robbed of everything on earth by the enemies of God and man. General

* This was done.

Hunter, in his retreat past my place, ordered the plunder of my house, and was with difficulty restrained by General Averill from burning it and every building in the valley. I lost in one short hour the fruits of a whole life of labour; with them, every single vestige of a happy life, of a fair and sufficient home. The diabolical miscreants, who are not worthy to be called men, behaved with an atrocious brutality that I had never dreamed could exist; it shocked and insulted every feeling of affection, whether relating to time or eternity. Every line of love, every token and memorial of the living and the dead, is gone. Can General Hunter think such acts will tend to bring back the sufferers to the Union, or even bring them under subjection? No, they never will; for life itself would be but a crowning insult, if spared, in order to be spent in contact with things so revolting as Yankees.

'Thus it is that I now wish to fit my sons for their present duty. I do not begrudge my "jewels" to Virginia. They shall achieve her independence, maintain her honour and their own, or vindicate by a soldier's death their title to the name of man, gentleman, and Christian.'

Think of poor Mrs. Lowth and Janette—Edward, a boy of only just seventeen, volunteered two months ago, and he is the *only* son! The widowed mother, too, of our worst patient here! He, the last of her eight children, could not bear to break to her his wish to volunteer, but she herself proposed it to him. She is an Englishwoman: he was taken as a boy to London to be educated, but the climate did not suit him at all, so he speedily returned.

September 12th. I know you will be anxious during these critical times, so I shall post every week. Several families are preparing to move into the woods. The Lowths are going to their other plantation.

There was a suspicion about ladies travelling alone just before the time I went to Pulaski, the beginning of July; so Mr. L. procured me a passport, which I enclose; it was not, however, asked for at the stations, the alarm having blown over before my journey.

No. 10,515. CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, Macon, Ga., July 1st, 1864.

PERMISSION is granted to Miss — to visit Pulaski Co. Ga. and return upon, not to communicate in writing or verbally, for publication, any fact ascertained, which if known to the enemy, might be of injury to the Confederate States of America, (subject to the discretion of the Military Authorities.)

R. FULKISON,

Good for 90 days.

CAPT. and PROVOST MARSHAL.

Much as I have seen and heard of the soldiers, I declare I am astonished at their spirit. In spite of all their sufferings, they are more cheerful and confident than anyone else. One of our invalids three years ago left his wife and children in New Orleans, and has never seen them since. He delights in music, and I am glad to amuse him by playing the airs from operas with which he is familiar. Very very many of the soldiers have, too, a better and higher source of cheerfulness and confidence than natural temperament. These troubled times make men devout; great numbers of the officers of high grade, among them Generals Johnston, Hardee, and Hood, have been confirmed within the last six months.

A lady here tells me that when she was in Savannah, one Sunday morning, Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, gave notice that he would hold a Confirmation the same evening. When the time came, the rite was administered to one single candidate, a noble looking young man, who stood forth alone. The Service was expressly for him, as he was going to the front; it was so unexpected, or others might have shared in the ceremony. Confirmation is much more rarely administered here than in England: there are numbers of the baptized members of the Episcopal Church who have never been confirmed, partly for want of the opportunity presenting itself, partly from their not going out of the way to seek for it. The rite is *never* thought little of, and now the near prospect of danger and death has brought many middle-aged men to ask for it.

The Episcopalians are far more numerous in Virginia and Louisiana than in Georgia, but even there the Episcopal Church is a sort of Missionary Church, supported by voluntary contributions. There is but one bishop to each state; in peace times, the scattered small populations to visit, and the great extent of country to be travelled over, made it difficult for a bishop to thoroughly 'oversee' his diocese; and the war has much increased their labours.

(To be continued.)

DRESDEN DURING THE LATE WAR.

August 14th, 1866.—Many thanks for your June letter, which I received safely, though in the midst of many anxious forebodings. You will remember that I told you the Baroness had determined to remain in Dresden and watch over her possessions, which she did not like the idea of leaving to the mercy of the soldiery, whether Prussian or Austrian, one or other of whom we were expecting to see. Since then you will have seen the march of events in the papers, and can imagine how sad it was to us residents, to see the Saxon troops file off amid the farewells of their friends and relations. Their departure was followed by an 'unheimlich' pause, during which we knew not whom or what to expect, which was succeeded by the cautious but peaceful entry of the Prussians, who were certain that the Austrians were close at hand. One day, indeed, all the shops were closed, cannon placed in position, and soldiers picketed at the corners of the streets, and the inhabitants prepared for a bombardment; while we three ladies sat, travelling-bags in hand, prepared, if necessary, to start at a moment's notice, and leave our house and goods to their fate. This, however, as you know, passed off, and then began the dreadful accounts of the battles, followed by the arrival of the wounded in hundreds. The town had made all possible preparations for them; and I went several times with the Baroness to visit the

Protestant Sisters, whose red cross on a white ground, worn on the left arm, showed them to be some of the hospital nurses, appointed especially by the Order of the Knights of St. John. We, with several other ladies, collected and took them linen, &c., and shuddered as we looked at the hundred beds, in double rows, and wondered who would occupy them. We wished to help the Sisters at some hospital, behind the scenes, in folding compresses, &c.; but soon found ourselves enlisted to organize a depôt at one of the largest hospitals, for the receipt of all sorts of stores. We were a medium between the large depôts, the committee, and the wants of our own particular hospital. After a week's hard work, we succeeded in obtaining closets and shelves, wherein to bestow our stores of wine, lemons, sugar, cigars, books, and linen. In our hospital the Sisters are Roman Catholic; but clergy of all denominations come to us to make inquiry; and many persons bring us presents. When time allows, we go into the rooms, and judge for ourselves of any especial needs, or stay a few moments by each sufferer, whose effort to smile a welcome is often most touching. As we could not be so constantly absent from home, we obtained permission to associate with ourselves four other ladies, who all in turn assist in the above manner, so as to leave the Sisters entirely at liberty to attend to their patients. A great saving of time is effected in this way, as we are ready to attend to their applications immediately, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

The staff doctors, too, are of opinion that the superintendence of ladies, in a hospital of this kind, acts beneficially on all; but, though many are ready to help impulsively, it is difficult to ensure perseverance. Health and nerves are not always to be had; and it is such a trying time, that the strongest of us can but pray fervently for the right wisdom and strength for each day. I am now principally at home, but generally contrive to go and fetch the Baroness in the evening; and every other day visit the wooden hut. The worst cases are here, of those who have had, or are going to have, some limb amputated; but the free circulation of air, and good nourishing diet, are found the best means of saving human life. Three of these poor fellows are Hungarians, one of whom, István, has lost a leg. He is so patient, and so intelligent. He made the Baroness understand he was a Protestant, and would like some hymns. I am trying to get him a Testament, but it is very difficult to procure one here. I went to see him on Sunday, and made him understand I had thought of him in church; at which he looked pleased, poor fellow!

Some friends have given us a few thalers to buy little extras, which may serve to soothe, perhaps, one half-hour; and I am going to take István a pipe and an engraving. If only I could speak Hungarian, how glad I should be! We have no officers among our men, they being principally lodged at the Deaconess Anstalt, or in private houses. Men of all nations are lying indiscriminately in our hospital; and we have five Italians, some Czechs, Croats, Slovaks, Saxons, and Prussians. The

two latter read a good deal; and a Baroness Jósika * has been very kind in lending us books, and we are going to ask her to visit our Hungarians. As far as my experience of these latter goes, I should think they were a most fascinating people. There is something so charming in their way of expressing themselves: and they seem to be so very full of life. Do you think you could send me any printed Hungarian hymns, open at the ends, to show what they are? or could you copy me out one or two? I fear getting a Testament is out of the question.

August 25th.—Many thanks for your efficacious begging, as shown by the safe arrival of a Hungarian Bible from Leipzig! I fetched it this morning from the post. The Hungarians are trying to teach me a few words of their language; and my attempts at learning 'a little better,' actually drew a smile from poor István, who always strikes me as the very embodiment of suffering. If I could paint, I would put him in an allegorical picture; there is such a patient, though straining, eager, searching expression, about his face. 'István the second' is much more brisk, though not able even to sit up; and he is quite determined I must speak his language, so I shall get Madame de Jósika to teach me a sentence, to astonish him with. What you tell me of her husband is a new tie. I hope we shall see more of her when our poor wounded are less wanting visitors. Baroness L—— is gone away for a little change, which she greatly needed. She has worked very hard the last two months, and feels the various sufferings, of which she is witness, so acutely, as to endanger her health if not forcibly taken away. So I am the only one left of our 'Clee Blatt,' as the Germans call us, and am deputed to visit in the place of the Baroness.

There are twenty-two rooms, containing from four to twelve men in each, besides the wooden hut, containing about twenty, and the tent with six. I go alternately to each set on separate days. This morning I took the hut and tent. I found some of them liked very much to hear about the Crimean and Indian Wars; and as I had relations in both, there was much detail they enjoyed hearing. Two Prussians from Magdeburg, especially reminded me of war-horses, and seemed to live their own battles over again while listening to my descriptions. A little way from them lies the wreck of a human frame, and the eager young face sends a pang to one's very heart! He sighed yesterday, and said, '*Ach! ja, es ist ein Elend auf der Welt!*' It was so terribly true for him, that I could only echo it. He is hardly twenty, I should think, and is now nervously expecting his relations, and imagining their horror. I tried to impress on him that gratitude for the life saved predominates over every other feeling; and this morning, his face quite beamed at sight of a pipe and tobacco I had brought him! One has, indeed, cause for thankfulness when such little things can bring a ray of light to cheer

* The late Baron Jósika died at Dresden, a political exile, in 1866. He was the founder of classical Hungarian romance, and may well be called the Walter Scott of Hungary.

such misery. Near him lies a poor Saxon, who will soon be released. He is shot through the lungs; but exerted himself to say '*Danke schön*,' for a few sweet peas, and a little broom to drive off the flies, which I took him. Another poor fellow could only find relief in the eau de Cologne which I put on his handkerchief and forehead. It seemed to afford him great refreshment through the intense fit of pain his foot was causing him.

One of the men was quite merry, having arrived at sitting in an arm-chair, the charms of which he endeavoured vividly to impress upon me, by rising up and down in it, to the great danger of the springs.

The feeling here about Prussia is wondrously practical among the trade-merchant population. One of them told me the other day it was necessary such a change of government should take place, and it would be eventually better for Saxony; so the sooner it belonged to Prussia the better! An officer's wife, however, observed to me the same day, it was very well for those officers whose private means enabled them to quit the army; but inexpressibly sad for those in the reverse case, who must be incorporated in the Prussian army. Dresden was a unique bit of German jog-trot business, monarchy and etiquette, so well-ordered and quiet, that it was a paradise for lonely ladies. All this, however, must go, and we are becoming quick, business-like, and commonplace, so that soon a visit to the Gallery will be as great a contrast to the outer world as it is in other places.

October 12th.—István is, I hope, progressing towards recovery. Our medium of communication continues to be Madame de Jósika; but she herself is unfortunately ill just now; so, the other day, when István had tried in vain to communicate his meaning by pantomimic gestures, I gave him my memorandum book and pointed to a blank page. To my amusement, he looked back with care for a modest unused corner, and there wrote what he wanted, at the same time trying to press into my hand some silver coin in payment of the desired article. On taking the memorandum to the Baroness, she said it was, of all things in the world, a '*portemonnaie*' István wished for, and which, to his great delight, she sent to him; he being of so orderly a turn of mind, that it distresses him to have all his little possessions packed indiscriminately into his hospital knapsack. It seems, he is engaged to be married; and I imagine the idea of his possibly helpless future (you will remember he has lost a leg) depresses him. He certainly can sometimes look the very essence of melancholy out of his expressive eyes. Smoking does not seem to be a passion with him, but only a relief, and something to vary the monotony of his days; but all the books lent him he narrowly examines from their title-page onwards, and tries hard to make me understand all he would say. I cannot tell you how vexed I am each time not to be able to converse with him. His countryman and neighbour, 'Paul,' is much less intellectual, I fancy. He is a tailor by trade, enjoys biscuits or '*zwieback*' and tobacco heartily; but always shows me

a small green book with a gold cross on it, which he fervently kisses, seeming to wish to make me understand that if István is a heretic, he at least is not. Our Italians are going on well, and one of them is always ready to hear me read or read to me himself. A friend of mine sent me twenty thalers, and I have spent ten of them in getting him a knee-rest and wooden supporter, which enable him to go about. It is such a pleasure to him, and indeed, to all his companions, as well as to ourselves. A few days ago, I went with Fräulein C—— to Augustus Bad, where we had promised to visit four patients, who had left our hospital for baths and change of air. We soon found ourselves in a room with a Dalmatian, a Gallician, and several others, all of the Austrian army. The Dalmatian, a splendid looking fellow, was sitting astride on his bed, with some money before him, and on either side a comrade whose language was not his own. He was evidently the superior in point of intelligence, and was settling a money affair. He just broke off to greet us, showed us laughingly that he was only minus the third finger of the left hand, and then proceeded to settle the groschen business; while the others showed us how much better they could hobble with their crutches. Our special friends were highly pleased to see us, and we invited them to coffee at two o'clock, in the garden of the inn. Happily, the season is nearly over, so we had not many to stare at our party, who contrived to enjoy their bread and butter and cake very heartily. Three of them had the use of only one arm, so we cut bread and butter for them. We had invited a Saxon and Austrian besides, so my friend and I each took an end of the table. They were rather shy at first, and did not like to eat or drink; but when we set the example, they soon followed, and tried to tell us stories by way of making conversation. They were much interested by the medals we and several other ladies have received from the Saxon branch of the Knights of St. John, for having assisted in the hospitals during this sad year. After warmly shaking *left* hands, and receiving many grateful words, we parted from our friends, and returned by train to Dresden, where, on Wednesday, I took a lady's duty at the dépôt, and was warmly greeted by the Sisters, at my old post.

VICISSITUDES OF PRINCES.

THIS rather trite subject has been lately illustrated by a good many examples; amongst others, the case of the Duke of Nassau attracts especially the sympathy and attention of those who have spent a portion of their time in that complete little domain, once the Duchy of Nassau, now only a small speck in the growing kingdom of Prussia. Its name will however remain to the small territory, containing about half a million of inhabitants, and extending thirty miles or more across in each

direction. The scenery is varied, and in many parts beautiful, as at Ems, one of its bath places, where the river Lahn flows into the Rhine, just opposite to the royal residence of Stolzenfels, from whence the King of Prussia now, since July, looks upon the sweet Lahn valley as his own.

The House of Nassau is one of the most ancient in Germany. From an elder brother of that house, in the tenth century, descends the present, or as we must now rather say, the late, Duke of Nassau; and from a younger, came our King William the Third, and also the present reigning house in Holland—Orange-Nassau.

What must be the feelings of the poor Duke and Duchess of Nassau, still young people, in losing by one sudden stroke their place in the map of Germany—their homes, their palaces, their splendid vineyards, where grow the best wines of Germany; their beautiful hunting-seat, which looks over the wide wooded country, where the stag and the wild boar offer to the hunter his coveted sport; the various mineral springs—‘the Brunnens of Nassau,’ Schlangenbad, Schwalbach, Ems, and Wiesbaden itself? All have passed into the grasping hand of Prussia. It may be ultimately for the benefit of the country at large to cut away so many of the small confederate States, which composed the Bund, as they named it, and absorb them into one large body; but that does not prevent the sympathy of those, who while watching the transformation, yet do not forget how it was effected—not by reason or common consent, but by force of arms.

We will hope that the very poor population of some parts of the duchy may in time benefit and become better off. That would be a boon, helping to reconcile us to the change. In that part called the Westerwald, the people are exceedingly poor. Women work fourteen hours a day in the fields, and are paid at the rate of twelve kreuzers per day—that is fourpence English. The charwomen who come in to wash, from four in the morning till ten at night, have also twelve kreuzers per day and night as we might almost call it. But they have abundant meals—coffee at four o'clock, coffee and bread at seven; at ten o'clock brandy, at twelve dinner, at four coffee again, at seven supper, and brandy before going away. A sempstress will get her meals and two kreuzers per day—about two-thirds of a penny. It is to be hoped that the Prussians will consider the Westerwald, and try to improve its finances.

There is one object which the Duke must look upon as he leaves it with a regret peculiar to itself. That is the beautiful Greek Church erected about a mile from the town, at the head of the valley called the Nerothal. The forest clothes the hills on each side of the valley, and the three gilded cupolas of the building seem to repose against the trees which stretch behind it. It is a small church, but the gilded cupolas alone cost £7000 of our money.

The Duke of Nassau's first wife, whom he married soon after he was of age, was a niece of the Russian Emperor Nicholas, consequently she belonged to the Greek Church; and that Church, from the time she came to Wiesbaden, took a position which it still retains. It is the only

locality along the whole Rhine where the Greek Service can be had, except perhaps at Strasbourg. The Duke was devotedly attached to his young wife. She was extremely beautiful, possessing the classical style of feature which characterized her uncle, the Emperor; and her mind, it is said, was of a superior cast. She died at the end of the first year of their marriage, and he remained perfectly inconsolable. The building of this church as a monument to her memory was commenced, and there her remains were to repose. They were deposited in the meanwhile in a vault of the Protestant Church, to which the Duke belongs; a fire broke out, the church was burned down, and the coffin was with difficulty taken out in safety; it was then deposited in the Roman Catholic Church, where it remained a considerable time; it has since been removed to its final resting-place in the Church of the Nerothal, and a full-length figure of the Duchess, exquisitely sculptured in white marble, is placed upon her tomb. The face, it is said, is a perfect likeness, but the unity of effect is spoiled by an immense wreath of roses, sculptured round the head.

For some years the Duke refused to marry again; he only did so at last, urged by the importunities of his mother, the Dowager Duchess. It was brought about in this way. She invited to her residence in Wiesbaden, for a morning's entertainment, nine young princesses any one of whom might be esteemed an eligible match for her son. They came in three carriages. Two of them were his near connexions; one was beautiful, and she took the greatest pains to attract him, paying him the utmost attention; the other was not remarkably pretty, and was perfectly quiet and indifferent in her manners towards him. When the hour of departure came, first six went away in two carriages, the beauty amongst them. The Duke attended them to their carriages, and seemed to make himself agreeable to the beauty by his liveliness and courtesy. The third carriage came up, and the Duke returned to escort the other ladies, but people wondered why the carriage stood so long at the door. Presently the party appeared, the Duke having detained them in the ante-chamber and passages; he had a shawl hanging on his arm, and the young princess, his near connexion, looked grave and almost sorrowful. As they entered the carriage, the Duke gave the shawl to the young lady, saying he hoped it would be of use to her in her ride home.

Great was the astonishment of all—this sign was unmistakeable, and they found how wrongly they had decided as to the beauty being his choice. The young princess was only seventeen; she had rather not have married the Duke; she had, it was said, already a preference for some Graf, whom in the course of time she might possibly have married. Nothing was positively known of this, and her parents could not permit her to decline so advantageous a match: so they were married, and all agree that they live most happily together, and since the birth of her little son, it is thought that she has acquired a cheerfulness which some imagine before that event was wanting to her.

In taking leave of the Duke of Nassau, testimony ought to be borne to the goodness and entire respectability of his character. Even before this sudden bereavement of his property, he had known what it was to apprehend its loss, though in a different way. In the troublous year 1848, the revolutionary party was strong in his States, as elsewhere in Germany, and he felt that his tenure of power hung upon a very slight thread. During the eventful disturbances in Paris, he frequently went down to the railway station to get the intelligence by electric wire. 'No wonder,' said he to a friend who accompanied him, 'that I am anxious; if things go badly in Paris, then I know what will be my fate.' And he drew his hand across his throat.

Ten years ago, when all was quiet, and the tide of revolution passed away, and he was content and happy in his second marriage, which had brought him a son to be Duke of Nassau after him, he still had the appearance of a man over whose mind griefs public as well as private had passed, and left a strong impression. As he sat at the back of his box in the theatre, he seemed very often quite to lose sight of the stage and the actors; he was evidently thinking of other things not before his eyes, and an expression of the profoundest melancholy would steal over his countenance and remain fixed there. It was impossible to avoid feeling interest and sympathy for him, knowing the history that had gone before. How much more now!

M. M.

OUR ORPHAN GIRLS.

ONE question has of late been much discussed; and its discussion has brought forward such a variety of opinions, that it has become almost perplexing to endeavour to see a plain question in its plainest light.

The charitable efforts which were made to secure a home and a maintenance for the numbers of children who were left orphans by the recent visitation of cholera in London, gave rise to a controversy, in which nearly everything which could be said, either for or against orphanages in general, was brought forward. First, we were reminded that to create permanent orphanages on account of a temporary calamity, would be both injudicious and unnecessary; then, that after all an orphanage is not a natural mode of life; the children brought up in orphan homes, are brought up under a sort of unnatural restraint, very different from the family life in which they were originally placed; then followed the question, Was it right to remove those who were left orphans from the care of the nearest remaining relatives, on whom naturally the care devolved? And as a last question, If no relatives were at hand, who had the power to maintain those who had been thus

bereaved of their own parents, was it right to relieve the parish of the burden thus thrown upon it?

Into that controversy we have not the slightest intention to enter. We simply accept the fact that a great calamity suddenly deprived hundreds of children of their homes and their parents; that the children thus bereaved, were thrown upon the sympathy of the kindly-disposed and charitable, and may we not say, committed to our care by One who calls Himself the 'Father of the fatherless,' and who, when first bringing in His own people to the Promised Land, made special provision for the widows and the fatherless?

One fact, however, seems to have been lost sight of, namely, that a provision does already exist for orphans, partly parochial and partly charitable, where these solitary ones may be set in families, and where they will be watched over with a truly loving care by those who are willing to do all that is in their power to endeavour to replace to them the care of the parents they have lost.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that there are in different parts of the country several Orphan Homes, to which girls who have become inmates of our workhouse schools may be sent to be trained as domestic servants, under the care of a competent matron, and under the supervision of ladies who have undertaken to superintend and watch over these institutions.

The very name of a workhouse orphan is one which seems especially to appeal to our pity. Perhaps that popular book, 'Ministering Children,' has scarcely a character in it more touchingly drawn than that of poor little Patience, the Workhouse Orphan.

Few situations can be imagined more utterly lonely amidst a crowd, or friendless when most in need of a friend, than that of the child who has become the inmate of a workhouse, and is necessarily thrown into close contact with so much that is evil, so much that may tend to injure her character and ruin her prospects for life.

The removal of the workhouse children to schools out of town has been a step in the right direction: the poor children enjoy the full benefits of fresh air and country life, at the same time that they are placed out of the reach of the evil influence of elder associates.

The establishment of the Homes and industrial training schools for orphan girls, is another and a still better step, except that it is necessarily a very limited provision as yet.

By an Act of Parliament, passed in the year 1862, called the Pauper Education Act, the poor-law guardians may remove an orphan girl of suitable age from the union school to one of these institutions, certified as an industrial training school, paying towards her support there whatever her maintenance would have cost per week in the union school, varying from three to four shillings. Of course this is quite insufficient for her support in the Industrial Home; but the rest is done partly by the voluntary subscriptions which help to support the Institution, and partly

by the industrial work, which renders it to a great extent self-supporting.

Our object in writing these pages, is to bring forward these institutions, which in the last few years have been rising up in different parts of England, and also to invite the many ladies who visit our workhouses and take a warm interest in the poor orphans they meet with there, to unite in urging upon the guardians the importance of availing themselves of the power they possess to transfer some of these poor children to institutions, where they will receive an education especially adapted to qualify them for their station in life, and to render them (what is so much needed in the present day) well-trained and useful servants.

As it is always best on such subjects to give an example, we will briefly relate the history of one of these institutions, the first of its kind, commenced in 1859, at Brockham, near Reigate, in Surrey, now known as 'The Brockham Home and Industrial Training School for Orphan Girls.'

Its commencement originated with a lady who, herself a workhouse visitor, took a warm interest in the welfare of all its inmates, and who had watched with deep sorrow what is so often the sad fate of the orphan girls. Associating necessarily with so much that is hurtful to them, they quit the union school, generally with more of the 'knowledge of evil' than of good; received only into the lowest situations as maids of all work, and too often induced by neglect and harshness to run away from these; they have no character to help them in life, no friend to guide them, no home to which to return. What a future is before them! And yet whence did all this trouble originate? Many of them have been the children of respectable though poor parents, and bereaved of their natural guardians, no other home opened to receive them but the union.

To shelter some of these poor girls in a kindly home, under the loving care of those who would watch over them with warm interest, was the purpose with which the Home was commenced; and to train them for useful servants, the end which it sought to attain.

How far that end has been accomplished, the following account may help to prove: but first let us own, for how can it be denied? that there is a great want in the education of working girls, and a want which it is most difficult to supply.

'To learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call me,' is a lesson learned by every child who passes through our national schools; yet, as we are speaking of the education of the daughters of working men—the class from which our domestic servants are chiefly drawn, the girls who will hereafter become the wives of working men—we cannot but feel that some knowledge is needed to fit them for that station in life, which somehow or other we do not succeed in imparting.

These girls attend school for a certain number of years; they make some progress in reading, writing, and arithmetic, (most necessary

learning for any station,) they receive the rudiments of a useful education, and just when their diligence and progress have been such as to awaken in the minds of their teachers the greatest interest in their welfare, they are removed from school, and we see them no more.

Now and then some little maiden greets us with a well-remembered smile; but perhaps, alas! she looks very different from the orderly school-girl we knew so well some months back. Have we never known what it is to notice the careless mien, the shabby finery, perhaps the slipshod shoes, and to wonder if this can possibly be the girl whose voice was wont to read in so pleasant a tone, whose hand used to trace such neat lines in the copy-book, whose countenance always brightened with so much intelligence when solving some arithmetical difficulty? What has become of her learning meantime?

Our time for teaching is over now, our opportunities are at an end. Did we make the best use of the time while it was ours? Did we store her mind with knowledge, which she could bring forward for her own benefit in her daily walk of life?

We can but answer with regret that perhaps we did our best; but oh, how we longed to have the opportunity to do yet more! If we could but have kept her at school a year or two longer, how much more we might have done, how far better an influence might we have gained over her!

We are not so faithless as to think that the good influence of early training can ever be entirely lost; never will it be fully known on earth how much of evil has been averted, how much of good has been effected, through the influence which earnest loving teaching cannot fail to exercise over the young.

If only these girls were for the time being entirely under our care, if we could keep a watch over them as long as we like, and teach them whatever we like, could we not send them forth better prepared to fight the battle of life, with greater strength to meet its temptations?

The condition of the orphan girls in the union schools forms an answer to these questions.

There they are, ready for our care, if we will undertake that care. None will dispute our right to be as kind to them as we please. None will say to us that they have had learning enough and need no more. We may take them if we will, and watch over them as long as we please, and teach them all that we think it may be profitable for them to know, and they will be only too thankful to have found a friend at last, and to feel that life is not to them the lonely blank it had seemed to be.

Very touching are the instances recorded of the grateful recollection which has been cherished, of the time passed within the walls of some of these training schools, the first shelter which could really be called a *home*.

Such a home has Brockham been during the last eight years to no less than eighty-eight girls. It was opened in a small cottage on the 1st

of February, 1859, with only six girls; and now sixty have been sent forth from its walls as well-trained servants.

Pleasantly situated in the beautiful valley of the Mole, near Reigate, it is now carried on upon a different scale from that with which it commenced. New rooms have been added, new work undertaken. The Institution is carried on with all the regularity of a school, and with all the homeliness of a family.

The girls are week by week initiated in the various duties of a servant's life. Twenty-five are at present under training; and turn by turn they do the work of housemaids, cooks, and laundry-maids, in order that each may acquire the knowledge respectively necessary for these various stations. Thus we may find two scouring and sweeping and dusting with all the energy of indefatigable housemaids; passing into the kitchen, we find others occupied in learning and practising the mysteries of the culinary art; while in the laundry, the greater number are employed; for the laundry work is a very important department in the establishment, and a very profitable one also, as we find by the last Report, in which it is stated that no less a sum than £128 had been received in payment for washing undertaken at the Institution.

Needlework is also undertaken, in order that the girls may enter service sufficiently expert in work, to do neatly all that may be required of them in the nursery and school-room.

A cottage has been added to the original building, but wholly detached, which forms a servants' home for those girls who are thrown out of place by illness or other causes, not owing to any serious misconduct, and who, from having no home to go to, would otherwise be forced to seek a refuge in the adult wards of the workhouse.

Since the opening of this Institution, two girls have returned, and died, after many months of lingering consumption.

The dying words of one of them will best testify how great a blessing such a home as this may be to the workhouse orphan.

'I was very ignorant when I came here; I did not know my Saviour; I did not feel as I now do. I am so happy now; everyone is so kind to me. I hope—yes, I think my Saviour will receive me.'

A savings-bank fund is connected with the Home; and each girl, on leaving for service, is expected to send five shillings a year to be placed in it, so as to enable her to contribute a small sum weekly, in payment for her lodging when in the servants' home, as well as to procure any clothing she may require.

A good outfit is provided when they first leave for service; but a second one is never given, so that the necessity of laying by for future use is fully enforced.

Implicit submission is a rule duly insisted upon at the training-school, as the girls are mainly intended to go out as under-servants, acting under the directions of an experienced elder servant, rather than as completely qualified servants themselves; though their training would

equally adapt them for service in the small quiet household, where they would be especially under the eye of the mistress herself.

May we venture to offer one suggestion to the ladies who manage these institutions in different parts of England? Or rather, perhaps, we ought more correctly to say, to the mistresses who receive these young girls into their households; for with them it chiefly rests to see that the early education is not lost.

It is this. That each girl in these homes, or on their entrance into service, should be provided with a neatly-ruled and strongly bound notebook. In this she should enter every recipe for cookery, as soon as she has had practical proof of its efficiency. The quantity of ingredients used, the time required for cooking, and as near as possible, the actual cost of every dish, as soon as she has satisfactorily accomplished it.

Will not her arithmetic be of great service to her in this? Will it not be something to be able to calculate in a moment, that where pounds and gallons have to be estimated for a household of twenty or thirty, a proportionable number of ounces and pints must be reckoned for a family of four or five? Sums in weights and measures, practice and proportion, will all have a special interest for the girls, when they thus learn by experience their practical utility; and the elder young ladies of the family, who have a natural turn for arithmetic, might render much valuable assistance to the girls in showing them how to work out such calculations. Then, too, what neat careful writing will be necessary, that the little book may retain a respectable appearance, and what methodical arrangement will be required to index it completely. She might also enter recipes for starching and getting up shirts, fine linen, dresses, &c.; especially how to render the latter unflammable, how to take stains out of silk, linen, &c.; anything, in short, which may be of service to her.

What may we hope will be the result of this system of training? Our scholar will go forth into the world at the age of sixteen or seventeen, in a very different position from the untrained workhouse girl of twelve.

At the end of her years of training, she will, through the help of the ladies who have interested themselves in her welfare, feel sure of obtaining a good situation. She feels and knows that watchful eyes will be upon her; her conduct will be more scrutinized, her actions more noticed, than would otherwise have been the case; it is a matter of importance now how she conducts herself in her first place. Those who have proved themselves true friends during her years of training, will not forget her as time goes on; the friendly interest will rather increase as they look with sincere anxiety for her well-doing; and knowing that she has a character to maintain, she will exert herself to deserve the good opinion that has been formed of her.

She has, we will hope, during her years of training, acquired a taste for a neat and suitable style of dress, far more beneficial to her than the useless finery in which so many young girls spend their first earnings.

She carries with her the recipe-book, a useful memento of all that she has learned, always ready to be brought forward whenever any occasion calls for its use; to be followed, we hope, by the bank-book, containing the account of her little store of savings, to be in many cases the tiny nucleus of a little fortune, a valuable resource to fall back upon some future day in time of sickness or distress; or, if happily no such time should arrive, be used to advance the welfare of her own children in after years.

All that we have wished to do in this notice, is to point out what may be done in behalf of the poorest and most friendless. We believe that many loving hearts will be inclined to take up the cause, and endeavour to lend a helping hand to this good work. There are several of these training-schools in England; let us hope that in time there may be many more.* At least, much may be done, by all ladies who have the opportunity, using their influence to get the orphan girls in union schools sent to these institutions to be trained, and also by applying to these training-schools themselves when they are in need of a young servant. And let us hope that the small beginning may in time grow into a rich harvest; and hereafter, through the blessing of Him who alone can prosper any work undertaken in His Name, the golden fruit may appear in the increased comfort of many households, and the sacred happiness of the cottage homes of England.

IVANOVNA.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL, INVERNESS.

My dear —

As I know what an interest you take in everything relating to the Episcopal Church in Scotland, I am going to send you an account of the laying of the Foundation-stone of our new Cathedral, in Inverness, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on Wednesday, 17th October.

We had two friends with us, the Rev. C. K., and his sister-in-law, Miss C., who had travelled one hundred and eighty miles in order to take part in this most interesting ceremony; and many and anxious were the speculations as to what sort of weather we were likely to have, since the lateness of the season, for a festival of the kind, inclined us to be more than commonly apprehensive on this always very important

* Any further particulars respecting the Brockham Home, will be gladly supplied by the Manager,

THE HON. MRS. WAY,
WONHAM MANOR,
REIGATE.

subject. When, therefore, the morning rose clear and bright, when all nature smiled, and the very birds of the air rejoiced, you may imagine how delighted we all were. We had to start early, and reach Inverness by the first train, that we might be in time for Litany and Holy Communion, in the Mission Church, at 11 a.m., as we wished to join in all the Services of the day.

Inverness presented a most animated appearance, with flags waving here and there, nearly all business was suspended, and the inhabitants, Presbyterian as well as Episcopalian, had evidently determined to make common cause to do their best to welcome the Archbishop. Groups of clergy were to be seen in all directions, and many were the greetings we interchanged, as we made our way into Union Street to obtain our tickets for the banquet, and also for the ground where the foundation-stone was to be laid.

We went at once to the Mission Church, situated on the banks of the river Ness, and although at first Miss C. and I were refused admittance, as (not knowing that they would be required) we had neglected to provide ourselves with tickets, yet, through the kindness of the Primus' Chaplain, the Rev. W. Ronghead, we were allowed to enter, and as we had come early, we were so fortunate as to secure very good seats. The Mission Church is merely an upper-room, in a house bought by the Primus, as we call our presiding Bishop, fifteen years ago; and very neatly fitted up for Divine Worship. It has, indeed, been made to look as ecclesiastical as possible; but the great drawback to it is, that it is now too small for its increasing congregation. There are apartments below, which have been appropriated to the chaplain and his family.

At half-past eleven, the procession of Bishops and clergy, preceded by the choir of St. Mary's, Aberdeen, singing Hymn 164, from Hymns Ancient and Modern, 'We love the place, O Lord,' advanced up the church, and took their appointed places; the Bishops on either side of the altar, while the clergy occupied the row of free seats on each side of the church. The service was choral, the Litany being sung by the Rev. J. A. Sellar, of St. Peter's, Edinburgh, and the Rev. H. J. Palmer, of St. Mary's, Aberdeen; and to me, who have been so long debarred from hearing the service conducted in this only right and proper way, it sounded very beautiful. The congregation joined very heartily in the responses; and everyone seemed to enter most fully into the spirit of the day. The Sacrament was administered by the Archbishop, assisted by the Primus; and a large proportion of the congregation remained to partake of it. Miss Eden, the Primus' daughter, presided at the organ.

Immediately on the conclusion of the service, Miss C. and I started for the site of our new Cathedral; but on getting outside the church, we were quite taken by surprise to find the Inverness Light Infantry Militia, and Artillery Volunteers, drawn up, and we had to walk between the double file of men, waiting to receive his Grace. It was impossible for

us to mistake our way, from the streams of people all following in one direction; and on looking up at the Castle Hill, I found, to my astonishment, that the whole side was one mass of human beings, and was in itself a most curious spectacle.

After all, though we had procured tickets, we never entered the enclosure, as falling in with the owner of one of the houses in Ardross Street, directly facing the site, he insisted on our betaking ourselves to his drawing-room windows, as he feared the crush on the ground would be too much for Miss C., who is somewhat of an invalid; and the result was, that we both saw and heard very well indeed.

The long procession wound along the banks of the river, crossing the light suspension-bridge; and great was the excitement among the very orderly crowds, as it came in sight, marshalled in the following order:—

The Band of the Highland Light Infantry Militia.

The Artillery Volunteers, under command of Captain Duff.

The Contractors.

The Building and Finance Committee.

The Lay Representatives of Congregations.

The Inverness Choir.

The Choir of St. Mary's, Aberdeen, in surplices.

The Clergy, two and two—Mr. Rollo, W. S. Registrar to the Primus;

Mr. George Anderson, Registrar to the Diocese; Mr. John

Allan Elgin, Auditor to the Diocese.

The Bishops of Scotland, two and two—namely, the Bishops of Argyle and the Isles, St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, Glasgow, and the

Bishop Coadjutor of Edinburgh.*

Together with whom walked,

The Bishop of North Carolina.

The Virge.

The Archbishop and Primus.

The Bishop's four Chaplains.

The Staff of the Highland Light Infantry Militia.

Some of the Bishops wore their hoods over their robes; and the clergy, who numbered about sixty, were in surplice, stole, and hood. The Band of the Militia, which, on the procession leaving the Mission Church, had struck up 'Sound the loud timbrel,' now ceased; and as the gate of the enclosure was reached, the choir commenced chanting the 132nd Psalm.

The sight of so many white-robed priests and choristers, winding slowly round the Stone that was about to be laid—and to become, as we hope, an enduring foundation; and the sweet and solemn music, which came floating upwards on the air, produced altogether an effect inexpressibly touching and soothing. I could never have imagined anything

* The Bishop of Brechin was absent, being unable to bear the Scotch climate in the winter.

half so lovely, and I felt most deeply moved by all that was passing around me. The service was most impressive; the Archbishop's delivery very clear and reverent. The choir sang Hymn 142, part second, from Hymns Ancient and Modern, 'For thee, O dear dear country,' to the tune of St. Alphege, after which, they gave us the Old Hundredth with very good effect. The 126th Psalm was then chanted.

The behaviour of the very mixed multitude, during the whole time, was most reverential; not a sound was to be heard, nor was the slightest exhibition of adverse feeling manifested; which is the more remarkable, as it is only of *very* late years that the once oppressed Scottish Episcopal Church has won for herself, or been given by the Providence of God, this kindly toleration at the hands of the overwhelming majority of Presbyterians around her; and I have since heard it remarked by one of their body, that no farther back than twenty years, the procession I have described, being viewed doubtless as an adjunct in some idolatrous rite, would have been the mark for every kind of missile that could have been laid hold of by idle hands. As an illustration of the present state of feeling, it may not be out of place to record the exclamation of a Presbyterian minister's wife, who was present at the ceremony. 'When I heard the chanting,' she said, 'it made me long to be a member of your Church.' Some few there were who came laughing, and only seeking for means of fresh amusement; these gradually became awed into silence, 'It was so solemn.' It is now said that the people of Inverness are so well affected towards the cause, that if the Primus would only take the trouble to go amongst them, he might collect £1,000 with ease! If this is true, a great deal is probably owing to the kind and conciliatory manners of the individual man, and to the good which he and his family have set themselves so energetically to do amongst the poor of Inverness.

An interesting episode occurred on the ground. A venerable lady, the daughter of a former Bishop of Moray, and who has ever evinced the liveliest interest in all matters pertaining to the Church, more especially the Church in this, her late father's diocese; had—in despite of her many infirmities, which were supposed by her friends to present an insurmountable obstacle to her ever appearing in public again—caused herself to be wheeled to the scene of action, and being led up to the Archbishop to be introduced to him, as probably the oldest Episcopalian present, was most affectionately received by his Grace.

The procession then re-formed, and marched back to the Mission Church, the band playing the Russian National Hymn. Miss C. and I then left the house which had given us such friendly shelter, and went in search of my father and Mr. C. K., and having found them just emerging from the Mission House, where the sixty clergy had all disrobed, we proceeded together to the banqueting hall, a really noble room in the recently built Union Street, decorated in true Highland fashion, with waving tartans; but having, by way of a novel feature in a Scottish hall, mitres fastened to the walls.

At the upper end was a dais, where the high table was placed, at which sat all the dignitaries; and three tables placed the whole length of the room, furnished ample space for the rest of the company, although they numbered altogether more than three hundred. By a most liberal arrangement on the part of the managing committee, the bishops and all the clergy were entertained as *guests* at the banquet, which was given to the Archbishop, and was consequently provided on a very handsome scale, the tables being covered with every sort of delicacy, and champagne flowing in abundance. I was very well placed for seeing and hearing, and sat with much contentment between two of the four chaplains; of course you will guess who one of them was—an honour not unmerited after his seven years service in the diocese!

A friend, writing from England, had expressed a fear that the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury in Inverness, to take part in such a ceremony as had just been concluded, would not be very cordially welcomed by the Presbyterians; but could she have heard the applause which followed every mention of his name, and the cheering when his Grace's health was drunk, she would, I think, have been quite satisfied that so far from taking any umbrage at his coming among them, it was looked upon as the highest compliment that could have been paid them. At the risk of tiring your patience, I think I must make a few extracts from one or two of the principal speeches.

In proposing the health of the Archbishop, the Primus said, 'I have a toast which I confess I feel it extremely difficult to propose. It is because I feel so deeply the act of his Grace the Archbishop. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) What has been done to-day is, I believe, wholly without precedent in Scotland. (Hear, hear, and applause.) It has been my privilege to know his Grace for many years; I do not mean to say that we were at school together, but we were educated at the same school—Westminster; and we were trained in the same college, at Oxford. I was permitted to be an undergraduate of Christ Church, when his Grace the Archbishop was one of the principal members of that House. Since then it has been my privilege from time to time to meet his Grace, and to obtain, I trust, his kind friendship. When this Cathedral scheme was first started, I little thought that it was to be crowned by such an event as this; perhaps you will excuse me if I make a short statement, with the view of showing the origin of our auspicious meeting to-day. (Applause.) This Cathedral scheme originated from two little children, without shoes or stockings, who were the first scholars I had in my girls school at Inverness. The two first teachers of these children—Mr. and Mrs. Comper—I am happy to see them here to-night. (Great applause.) I shall not easily forget their dismay, when I entered the school-room on the day of its first opening, and saw only those two little children, so small that their feet did not touch the ground when they were seated! Their fear was, that the scheme would fail; but I have always been sanguine. (Cheers.) I told them it was most hopeful

to see *two* attending! (Laughter.) The result has been, as you are all aware, a handsome school-room, containing two hundred scholars; and that school, I trust, has been a blessing to Inverness, independent of Episcopacy. (Hear, and applause.) The persons attending the school increased so as to compel us to look out for another building, and we procured that which is now the Mission Church. Well, it became too small for the wants of the congregation, so we resolved to erect another. My brethren of the laity first suggested that the proposed new church should be made a Cathedral, and I readily fell in with their views—with this reservation—that we were not prepared for carrying out fully the Cathedral system. I thought, however, we might fairly build a church, which would become the Cathedral of a Bishop, and which might be disposed to have a chapter to occupy it. (Applause.) This, then, is the simple history of our Cathedral, so far as it has yet gone. If we had required encouragement—if we had lacked encouragement from the members of our own Church, (which I am thankful to say we did not,) we have received the highest possible encouragement from the kind act which his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has this day performed; recognizing in this public way, the direct and close intercommunion between the great Church of England, and the Episcopal Church of Scotland.' (Great cheers.)

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was received with loud and prolonged applause, said—

'My right reverend brother the Primus, Nobles, Ladies, and Gentlemen, let me tender to you my most cordial thanks for the honour you have done me in proposing, and receiving in the way you have done, the toast which has just been given. That honour, I can assure you, is doubly enhanced by the warm and cordial welcome you have given me. (Applause.) I rejoice to be able to give testimony to my anxious desire to seal the union and communion between the Episcopal Church in Scotland and the Church of England. (Loud applause.) That Episcopal Church is the only true representative of the Church of England in Scotland—(Cheers)—and I think it well that it should be understood that the prelates of the English Church pretend to exercise no jurisdiction over clergymen in Scotland. (Applause.) It is entirely contrary to the diocesan system, that such a course should be pursued. We all remember those days of bitter persecution—persecution on one side and on the other—and I do not say which were most to blame; (hear, hear, and applause.) but when one recollects those days of bitter persecution and animosity, it really gladdens one's heart to know that those live now in peace and amity. (Cheers.) With regard to the Cathedral, I can only assure you it is my cordial wish that a blessing may rest upon it. May peace be within the walls, and plenteousness within the palaces, of the Episcopal Church. May a blessing rest upon those who minister the Word and Sacraments; may they have many hearts touched, many souls saved! Now a very pleasing duty remains to me, and I conclude by offering to your enthusiastic reception the toast of the Right Reverend Primus.' (Great applause.)

The Bishop of North Carolina, in reply to the toast of The Three Branches of the Great Catholic Church—England, Scotland, and America, and who, on rising, was greeted with immense applause, said—

He 'felt the deepest gratitude for the sentiments expressed towards the Church of which he was a minister, and for the exceedingly cordial

manner in which they had been received. As had been already remarked, the American Episcopal Church felt a lively gratitude to the Episcopal Church in Scotland, since it was by that Church that the first Bishop of the Reformed Catholic Church was sent to the diocese of North Carolina, and that Bishop did a great deal by his personal character and learning, to impress upon the American Church the image of the Scottish Episcopal Church. There was another ground on which he and others felt a very lively interest in the Church of Scotland. Their respective positions were in many respects similar. They were both branches, as they thoroughly believed, and as GOD in His Providence, as well as in the Scriptures, seemed to teach, of that ancient primitive Catholic Apostolic Church, planted by Christ Himself, and His immediate followers, which should never come to an end, wherever it had been planted. The two branches were similar in the respect, that neither of them was a State Church. It gave them the deepest pleasure to see that the Episcopal Church in Scotland was making progress; and it would be a matter of encouragement to the clergy and Bishops of that Church to learn that under circumstances in many respects similar to their own, the Church in America was making progress, and even rapid progress. (Applause.) It was the only religious body in America which outgrew the progress of the general population; and that, he need not tell them, was no easy thing to do, in a population which had a remarkable facility of duplicating or re-duplicating itself. (Applause.) I am thoroughly persuaded, from general considerations, and from what I have seen this day, that the progress of the march is to be—onward—onward—onward! (Applause.) I heartily thank you all, for the way in which you have responded to the toast of our health; and we have only to say, with the Bishop Coadjutor of Edinburgh, that separated as we are in the body, by thousands of leagues of ocean, we can still maintain that communion of spirit, to which he so eloquently alluded.' (Cheers.)

It was nearly six o'clock before everything was concluded, as some of the speeches were very long; but from the beginning to the ending all was a complete success. On coming out of the banquet hall I was introduced to the Bishop of North Carolina and Mrs. Atkinson, and found them people of simple manners and quiet exterior. The latter appeared much delighted at the reception her husband had met with; indeed, she said that she could not keep from tears while he was being applauded. The Bishop, whose mild features, and benevolent expression of countenance, were very pleasing, expressed himself as extremely proud of his English descent, and seemed eager to remember that his grandfather had been a Cumberland man.

One of the agreeable features of the day, was the falling in, as one is sure to do on these occasions, with old acquaintances, whose being at Inverness was quite unknown to us; and with one of these we drank tea, returning home to a more substantial repast, by the latest train, which brought us quite into the dark hours, moonlit though they were; and we then found ample employment in detailing the events of the festival to those of our party who had stayed at home; and in congratulating each other on the wonderfully successful day we had enjoyed so thoroughly.

And surely its great success is yet to come; surely the Archbishop's kind and cordial act, and the sympathy he has shown us in our struggles to rise, will yet bear fruit; and Englishmen who have hitherto known little of us even by name, and those who, but a shade less ignorant,

know us only to deny the existence of communion between us and themselves, will learn to acknowledge that there is indeed no difference betwixt us and them; that the Glorious Mother (who distributes her gifts, even the most precious of them, so freely to all, that once when a Presbyterian lady was dying in Edinburgh, and grieved at the thought of departing to the Unknown Land without the Provision for her journey, which we know the followers of John Knox, in their sad short-sightedness, will not give at the *bed-sides* of the afflicted, sent to England for a clergyman, one came and gave it to her,) is part and parcel with us, and has the selfsame existence, for are we not alike built on the 'City which hath Foundations?'

Yours, most affectionately,
H.

THE DYING HEROES.

(LUDWIG UHLAND.)

THE Danish swords press Sweden's host before
A wild sea-shore;
Fierce war-shouts echo far, and weapons gleam
In the moon's beam.
Dying upon the field that fatal day,
The fair young Sven and Ulf the hero lay.

SVEN.

O woe that Fate should thus without remorse
Crush my youth's force!
No mother's hand these chilly locks may now
Smoother from my brow.
In vain my love, from her lone tower on high,
Will pierce the distance with her anxious eye.

ULF.

Deeply she'll mourn, and still thy features see
In memory.
Ah! be consoled, soon must such sorrow's smart
Break her true heart;
And, smiling there, where gods and heroes sup,
Thy fair-haired love will hand thee Odin's cup.

SVEN.

I longed to match with some heroic words
Thy harp's loud chords;
Telling of kings below and gods above,
Of strife, and love.
Neglected hangs that harp—the winds alone
May touch its strings with melancholy tone.

ULF.

It gleams all glorious on the shining walls
 Of Odin's halls.
 The stars stream on its strings, though there may stray
 The winds at play.
 Thou, at the heroes' board at rest ere long,
 Shalt lift thy joyful voice and end thy song.

SVEN.

O woe that Fate should thus without remorse
 Crush my youth's force!
 No tale of noble deed in danger's field
 May grace my shield.
 Twelve awful judges with stern look and word,
 Deny my title to the hero's board.

ULF.

One deed outweighs all others in their sight—
 They judge aright
 When honour and our country on us call
 To fight and fall.
 Oh see! the foe are flying! morn shines fair,
 The heaven opens, and our path lies there!

A. H.

HINTS ON READING.

Sermons by the late Rev. S. Rickards, (Mozley,) will be much prized by many besides those who personally knew and respected the Vicar of Stowlangtoft. They are short and simple, and would be found excellent for readings to those who have natural intelligence and devotion, but not much acquired knowledge.

Whoever wishes to immortalize himself at a Penny Reading, should take the October number of *Nature and Art*, (Day,) and read *An Adventure in the Pacific*—namely, the ascent of one of the most terrific volcanoes we ever read of. This is an excellent shilling magazine, devoted to artistic and natural history subjects, and with brilliant chromo-lithographs, beautiful to behold. There is a series of papers on sketching from nature, with a study appended to each, which have received the approbation of no less a judge than Mr. Ruskin; and, we think, would be found very valuable by many a home amateur, whose cry is ever for 'Something to copy.'

Miss Parr's Life and Death of Joan of Arc should have been mentioned before, as a study of history well carried out, and placing the heroine before us in a stern, true, sharp-cut reality—not a whit lessening her high and heavenly devotion and purity; but making her the real flesh and blood peasant she no doubt was, instead of the chivalrous Britomart our fancy depicted—and doing much to show why, though all-powerful with the common soldiers, she was unpopular with the nobles, who might have bent to a lady, but could not brook either the reproofs, or hail-fellow well-met greetings, of a rustic girl, well able to defend herself. Yet after this, Joan comes out even a grander being than even we had conceived her.

Baptismal Vows: (Masters,) a nice little story, with a great many consumptions in it. The heroic catastrophe is the desperate walk of the motherless young lady to fetch a clergyman to baptize a girl with a broken blood-vessel, who is to live only an hour, but talks all the time. A fall into a river, and a decline, are the result. And may we be allowed to hint to the readers of the really prettily-written book, that many a young lady is charmed to *think* there is urgent need, and make a great hurry, when calmness and thought are the real things needed.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Declined with thanks.—M. A. Y.; Sophia; Zealandia; Napa.

Anastasia asks where the lines of Longfellow, ending with

‘Take thrice thy fee;
Spirits twain have crossed with me.’

are found. The lines she encloses cannot be accepted.

Farnham.—In the middle ages, the Emperor was regarded as the chief sovereign in Europe, taking precedence of all kings. The modern title is a mere assumption, in imitation of what once had real meaning.

Ravendale.—The lines beginning—

‘Look not thou on Beauty’s charming,’

are Lucy Ashton’s song in ‘The Bride of Lammermoor.’

E. K. N.—C. S. B. believes that the hymn—

‘Three in One and One in Three,’

is from the German;

‘Sion’s daughter, weep no more!’

from the Modern Roman Breviary; and that

‘Take up thy Cross, the Saviour said,’

was written by Mrs. Alexander, in 1853.

Thankfully accepted.—On the Inspiration of Holy Scripture.

H. K. C. is thanked for £1 10s. for the Clewer Field Mission, and 10s. for the Sisterhood of St. Michael’s, Shoreditch. Also the Clewer Mission acknowledges with thanks:—Miss Dashwood, £2; Anon., £5; The Hon. Caroline Rice, £1; Miss Webb, 12s.; M. F. S., 10s.; Miss Barry, and Anon., 5s.; Miss Goodrich, 4s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; and nine offers of work.

The Sisters of the Poor acknowledge a bundle of clothing from ‘The Donor.’

E. C. will find Questions and References for the Collects in Vol III. of The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching.

E. F. G. asks the origin and true religious meaning of Christmas Trees. We fear that they have not a distinctively Christian origin; or, at least, if they are connected with the Tree of Life, that it is only through the Teutonic World Tree, the Ash Yggdrasil. The use of the Christmas Tree is in Germany Protestant; while Catholics adorn instead the Cave and Manger.

S. R. (in a very kind letter) replies that—

‘There is in the lone lone sea,
A spot unmarked but holy,’

is in a poem called The Sailor’s Grave, by the Rev. H. F. Lyte. S. E. F. adds that it was set to music by Mrs. H. Shelton.

Florence and A. I. B. answer that—

‘Galahad was in the night.’

is in a poem called The Sangreal, by George Macdonald, in Good Words for June, 1863, p. 454.

B. G. C. is informed by Filix-Fœmina, that there are several British ferns possessing a sweet aromatic scent. They will be described in due order in Fern-dom. If a bit of the fern be inclosed, F. F. will gladly name it.

A. M. L.—St. Ouen, or Audoneus, was a Frankish monk, a friend of St. Eligius, and was made Bishop of Rouen in 640, under Clovis II. He died August 24th, 683.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 15.

MARCH, 1867.

PRICE 1s.

SONNETS FROM THE COLLECTS.

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

'MEMENTO HOMO QUIA PULVIS ES, ET IN PULVEREM REVERTERIS.'

O MAN, remember that thou art but dust!
And to the dust shalt soon return again!
Yea—this the goal of all thy joy, thy pain,
Thy hope, thy love, thy glory, thy disgust.

And when the hour shall come, as come it must,
When death shall break the spirit's earthly chain,
Ah, then, how base, how paltry, and how vain,
Shall seem the toys wherein is now thy trust!

And while for dust thou toilest, fretting, sighing,—
Remember, Man, that on this moment, 'NOW,'
Hangs an eternity of years undying!

Then cease from earth, strew ashes on thy brow,—
And with a heart contrite, for mercy crying,
'Dust,'—to thy dust in tears in penance bow!

THE ANNUNCIATION.

A PRAYER FOR FAITH IN THE INCARNATE WORD.

O LORD, through whose blest guidance we believe
The mystery of the holy Incarnation;
The WORD MADE FLESH in Her the second EVE;
The VIRGIN BLESSED OF EVERY GENERATION:

Oh grant us, thus, in spirit to '*receive*
The Word with joy,' and humble expectation;

And evermore, with her of old, to cleave
Unto the holy Child, the consolation

Foretold by Seer and Patriarch and King;
THE SECOND ADAM; TRUE EMMANUEL.
May we, like her, with faith unquestioning,

In joys, in sorrows, which no tongue can tell,—
To Christ the Babe, to Christ the Saviour, cling,
To Christ, Who yet shall reign in Israel!

LENT THOUGHTS FOR THE SICK.

I AM sick, and worn, and weary,
And faint, with hours of pain;
And marvel if a day of ease
Will ever come again.
But *one* thought high above the rest,
Higher than all beside,
Cheers on the hours, and fills the day—
'Tis 'Jesus crucified.'

Ah! when I see Him hanging there,
Upon the shameful Tree,
All I can do is still to look,
And think, 'He died for me.'
And so my thoughts are fix'd on *Him*;
For me, *for me* He died,
And while all else seems dark and drear,
'Jesus was crucified.'

In the wide world is naught I want,
Which *there* I cannot find;
I gaze, and as I gaze, the Lord
Seems present to my mind;
Whate'er I need I look for there,
And naught I need beside;
I see my sin, and pardon too,
In Jesus crucified.

So as the thought gleams through the day,
The hours, so long and drear,
Are lighten'd by that wondrous Cross,
Which seems so *true* and *near*;

And every burden falls off there,
 And Hands and piercé Side
 All speak, in one sweet loving Voice,
 'Thy Lord was crucified.'

Jesus! when these dull hours of pain
 Are all but past away,
 And the cold hour of death comes on
 To herald in the Day,
 Be Thou above all other thoughts,
 Above all love beside;
 Since *Thou* didst bear the Cross for me,
 For *me* wast crucified!

Amen.

THORGIL'S CHOICE.

A LEGEND OF ICELAND.*

I.

JARL THORGIL sat by the Yule-tide fire,
 With his father Brand, and his true-love Thyr.

'Hark! I hear a knock at the door—
 One knock—no more.

'Maybe some storm-wrecked mariner bold
 Craves a shelter from the cold.'

The strong oak staple quivered and shook:
 Thorgil opened the door to look.

'Naught I see but the pathless snow
 And the pine boughs swaying to and fro.'

'Hark! I hear two knocks at the door—
 Two knocks—no more.

'Maybe some lonely hunter is there,
 Followed hard by wolf or bear.'

So loud it clanged with might and main,
 The hanging armour rattled again.

* See History of Christian Names, vol. ii. page 218.

He opened the door and looked : he spied
No step in the snow on any side.

‘Hark ! I hear three knocks at the door—
Three knocks—no more.’

So strong they struck, the walls did rock
As with the noise of an earthquake shock.

Thorgil rose : spake Brand the seer,
‘Lok and his brood are passing near.

‘Stir not out, O Thorgil, my son,
Till the hours of night are done.’

‘Lok may pass, and the brood of hell :
What care I for his weirdest spell ?

‘Lok may pass : let him try his might :
He cannot harm a Christian knight.’

Cried Brand the seer, ‘My son, beware !’
Wept white Thyr with golden hair.

‘Whoso calls I may not know :
Yet craven were I should I fear to go.

‘Forth I fare, through dark or light :
Courage, Father !—Thyr, good-night.’

II.

Brand the seer and fair-haired Thyr
Watched and listened beside the fire.

‘Thorgil comes not : let us go
Track his footsteps through the snow.’

They tracked his footsteps out away,
Until they found him where he lay,

Speechless on the great snow-plain :
They took and bare him home again,

Thyr his feet, and Brand his head :
He lay all one as he were dead.

As they bare him in at his father’s door,
His speech returned to him once more.

‘Lay me down, my true-love Thyr,
On the white bear’s fell before the fire.

'Lay me down, and sit near by,
And hear my tale before I die.

'My father Brand on my right hand,
And my head at rest on my true-love's breast.'

They sat beside him, each by each,
And hearkened unto Thorgil's speech.

III.

'When I passed from out my father's door,
I followed a raven that flew before,

'Over the snow, a moving mark :
At last he vanished into the dark.

'Naught could I hear, and naught could see :
I stood and waited for what might be.

'And as I stood, lo, a wonder showed !
From out the north nine maidens rode,

'Their robes and their steeds were black as night,
They darkened the very stars from sight.

'And from out the south nine maidens came,
White-robed, white-steeded, in moonlight flame.

'Swift and sure and silently
Rode the maidens up to me.

'They came around me, and naught they said :
Their eyes were fixed like the eyes of the dead.

'Spake one black-robed maiden at last :
"We are the Spirits of the Past.

' "With Odin and the Æsir band,
We must vanish from the land.

' "Only thou canst stay our flight
By the choice thou makst to-night."

'I could not stir, nor motion make,
And the foremost white-robed maiden spake.

'Her voice rang like a church-bell's chime—
"We are Spirits of the Coming Time.

' "We bring unto thy land and thee
Life, joy, and Immortality.

- “Thy choice to-night, it cannot stay
Our coming, but it may delay.”
- “The black-robed maiden raised her hand :
“I warn thee, hearken our command.
- “Renounce thy new-learnt faith—return
To the pale gods that thou dost spurn ;
- “Bring back to Iceland Odin’s sway ;
Thou shalt be blest to thy dying day :
- “Long life be thine, and fame and love,
All other mortal men above.
- “But if thou wilt not join our part,
Death’s hand to-night shall touch thy heart.
- “Unwed, unsung—like a broken wave,
Thou goest down unto thy grave.”
- “The white-robed maiden said, “Alas !
I cannot make her doom to pass.
- “Yet, Thorgil—sweet though long life be,
Love and joy and fame, to thee—
- “Yet know I one thing far more bright,
To yield them all for love of Right.
- “Though never skald thy deeds may sing,
The harps of Heaven for thee shall ring :
- “Though ne’er thy name in story shine,
Our triumph, Thorgil, shall be thine :
- “And though thine earthly hopes be o’er,
Thyr’s love be thine for evermore !”
- “Then said I, “Lo, is this my doom
That I must die in manhood’s bloom,
- “And leave my love, and leave my fame,
And never a son to bear my name ?
- “Might it be so, I fain would stay,
Win fame and wealth, and pass away
- “Amid the champions’ battle cheers,
With Valkyr music in mine ears :
- “Yet since that lot I may not fill,
O black-robed maidens, work your will :

- ‘“For in the *Æsir*’s cause to fight,
Would ill besem a Christian knight.”
- ‘Then did the black-robed maidens frown,
Spurred their steeds, and rode me down :
- ‘And I felt, with icy dart,
Death’s cold finger touch my heart.
- ‘Yet while upon the ground I lay,
Ere my senses passed away,
- ‘I saw them wheel, and issuing forth,
Vanish far into the north.
- ‘Then the white-robed maidens came,
Smiling in the moonlight flame—
- ‘“Hail,” they sang, “O Thorgil, King!
Triumph comes by suffering !
- ‘“Hail, O Thorgil, Iceland’s son,
For the battle that is done,
For the victory that is won !”’

IV.

- In the south the dawn broke grey :
Thorgil’s spirit passed away.
- Brand’s slow tears fell one by one :
‘O my Thorgil, O my son !’
- Thyr wails low, the dead above :
‘O my Thorgil, O my love !’
- White-robed maidens, crowned with light,
Chant round Thorgil’s bier to-night.

M. B.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXXII.

THE BATTLE OF THE HERRINGS.

VERY significant indeed was it of the times, that the favourite spectacle of the French people was the *Danse Macabre*, as they called it—namely, the Dance of Death ; that dance which we know only as depicted by Albert Durer, and other masters, and carved in one rib of the vaulting

of beautiful Roslin choir, but which was gazed on as acted out by living performers, by the Parisians of the fifteenth century, when one would have thought the involuntary Dance of Death supplied them with quite horrors enough. For more than six months of the year 1424, a multitude assembled every evening in the charnel-houses of the Cemetery of the Innocents at Paris, to see Death, as a grisly skeleton, leading off behind him Emperors, Popes, Kings, Cardinals, knights, and ladies, down to the very lowest of the people. It was as if all the satisfaction left to the unhappy populace was in being reminded that their oppressors would be levelled with them in the grave.

The King of Bourges, as Charles VII. was called by the English, while even his adherents only termed him Dauphin, had, however, given a new character to his counsels, by bestowing the Constable's sword upon Arthur of Brittany, Count de Richemont.

He was an able man, of resolute nature, with hardly any weakness or softness in his composition; and if he had the honour of chivalry, he had none of its tender grace. He had no pity for any folly in others, and followed out his resolutions unsparingly. A true Breton, his most ardent desire was to free the kingdom from the English; and he was clear-sighted enough to perceive that this could only be done by a reconciliation with Burgundy, the first step to which could of course only be that the King should cease to identify himself with the murderers of Jean Sans Peur.

He himself was the husband of Marguerite, the daughter of the murdered duke, and formerly wife of King Charles's eldest brother Jean; and he had obtained the consent of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy, before he took service with Charles. This consent, given when Philippe was very angry at Gloucester's marriage with Jacqueline of Hainault, was a sort of token of placability towards the King; and all the way to Bourges, Arthur and his bride were enthusiastically received by the people of the country; all the gentlemen of Maine, Touraine, and Anjou, hastened to his standard, and all the cities petitioned him to rouse the King from his bondage.

Stout La Hire was past his patience. He told the King he had never seen a kingdom so merrily lost; for it seems to have been the fashion of the court of Bourges to use each supply, as it came in, upon a great feast, and then to starve. Once, when La Hire and Pothon de Xaintrailles were invited to dine with the King, they found nothing to eat but two chickens and a sheep's tail.

Festivals were, however, the order of the day on the arrival of the Count de Richemont, and who was lodged in the Abbey of St. Florent, which rung with joyous music, Charles affectionately receiving Marguerite of Burgundy, and actually apologizing to her for having murdered her father, as an act of youthful indiscretion prompted by evil counsellors.

These evil counsellors, Richemont saw, were the ruin of the King, and must be got rid of. Tanneguy Duchatel, though the foremost in

the murder, had some patriotism, and moreover, as a Breton, was ready to listen to one of his native princes. 'Heaven forbid,' he said, 'that he should be an obstacle to so great a boon as peace;' and he not only retired from the court himself, but gave his personal assistance in turning out his fellows, even killing with his own hand one who resisted. He was made Seneschal of Beaucaire, the others were exiled; and there only remained of all the murderers that guilty pair, the Seigneur and Dame de Giac, who had lured the victim to Montereau, and, strange to say, Giac was made the head of the council. Probably they were such favourites that the King was loth to part with them; and the Constable seems to have gone upon the principle afterwards followed out towards Louis XIII. by Richelieu, of giving his contemptible master an insignificant playfellow, who might pay him the attentions that his mighty tyrant guardian disdained. The plan did not always answer with either the Constable or the Cardinal.

Arthur's influence brought his brother, the Duke of Brittany, to authorize the levy of troops for the King in his dominions, and to promise that he would openly join the King when the Duke of Burgundy would do so.

These were the tidings that brought the Regent, John of Bedford, from England in haste, and Beaufort with him. At Calais they met the tidings that Beaufort had been named a Cardinal by the Pope; and the scarlet hat and mantle were bestowed on him in the presence of a numerous assembly, on the feast of the Annunciation, 1426.

To punish the Duke of Brittany was Bedford's first object; and he sent the Earl of Suffolk into the duchy, which he ravaged up to the walls of Rennes. Richemont hastened to the assistance of his brother, and made reprisals in Normandy, by taking Pontorson, and laying siege to St. James de Beuvron. He had taken measures for the supply of his army with money and provisions; but suddenly all failed him, and it was evident that the Lord de Giac must have played him false. He was starved into precipitating the attack, which he hoped would not be very arduous, as there were only seven hundred English in the town, under Sir Thomas Rampstone. He divided his force, sending a body of Bas Bretons to coast between the walls and a large pond, so as to reach a bulwark they were to attack; but after they were on the way, he thought their numbers too small, and sent two hundred more after them.

The English on the walls, seeing this fresh troop, thought it was the vanguard of their own army coming to their relief, and began to shout, 'Suffolk! Salisbury!' with all their might. The Bretons below took it on their word that the enemy were behind them, thought themselves hemmed in, and fell into confusion; the English sallied out, and between their swords and the water of the pond, there was such a destruction, that the Constable was forced to raise the siege.

He fought his way back, paying and feeding his soldiers by the sale of his jewels; and hastening to Bourges in a far from placable mood,

he entered the King's apartment, and disclosed to him the abominable peculations of the Lord de Giac; to which Charles, who did little to deserve his soubriquet of the Well-served, made hardly any answer.

'Well, Sire,' said the stout Constable, 'if you will not act, I shall act without you.'

Next morning Richemont rose before daylight, and after hearing Mass, proceeded with his men to the house of De Giac. Six men-at-arms ran up-stairs, caught the unlucky seigneur in bed, and without giving him time to dress, dragged him down-stairs, tied him on a horse, and carried him off to prison. As he went shrieking past the King's lodgings, the Constable went up to satisfy the King, who was asking what all the noise signified. 'Only doing you a service,' said Richemont; and Charles went to sleep again.

In prison, the Lord de Giac was sternly interrogated, and apparently was bewildered and confused into thinking he must confess something. So, without a word of his real crimes of treachery towards the Duke of Burgundy, and peculation of the King's treasures, he accused himself of poisoning and sorcery, saying that he had thus destroyed his first wife, and had presented one of his hands to the devil, which, it may be feared, was figuratively if not literally true. Richemont thereupon condemned him as one sold to Satan, but out of consideration for the the Lady of Giac, did not have him burnt alive, but *only* sewn up in a sack, labelled, '*Laissez passer la Justice du Connétable,*' and thrown into the Loire by George de la Tremouille, Count de Guines.

Charles shewed some grief at first; but as soon as Richemont had gone back to assist Brittany, which was again invaded, he attached himself to another favourite, a squire called 'Le Camus,' or the Snub-nosed, de Beaulieu, under whose influence the scanty revenues were lavished even more wastefully than before, upon splendid and luxurious feasts. The consequence was, that Arthur was again left destitute of all means of supporting his army, or of assisting his brother; and Jean V. of Brittany was obliged to make a treaty with Bedford, by which he acknowledged Henry VI. as his lawful sovereign, and undertook to pay homage to England for his duchy. His young sons, his barons and prelates, signed the treaty; but not, it may well be supposed, the Constable, who went off to Poitiers to have his revenge, and to ask the King 'how long he meant to dance on the fragments of his throne!'

The King shewed his usual carelessness and inattention. 'So, Sire,' said the Constable, 'you mean to ruin France, and disgust all your faithful servants. That shall you not do; or, at least, the traitors shall perish first!' Then throwing open a window in the castle hall, he added, 'Sire, will your Grace trouble yourself to come to this window for a moment?'

The King walked across the room, and leant against the window-seat, but immediately he gave a cry, for he saw his favourite, Beaulieu, in the hands of two men who were stabbing him with daggers.

Charles was at first angry; but finding that the whole court approved of Richemont's proceedings, he fell back into his ordinary easy mood, and quietly said to Richemont, 'You are right, since the court approves; but at least, let me have a minister whom you will not be obliged to hang or stab.'

With this meek request the Constable complied, by giving him George de la Tremouille, who, he thought, could be trusted, as a dependant of his own; but Charles gave an ironical smile as he heard the name, and said, 'Well, be it so, my fair cousin; but remember that it is your own doing, for I know him better than you do.'

Charles was right. Tremouille had just married the Lady of Giac, whose husband he had so lately sewn up in a sack; and he pursued the same course as the two former favourites, of poisoning the King's mind against the Constable, only he took precautions against meeting their fate. The Counts of Clermont and La Marche, finding the old mal-administration as ripe as ever, agreed with Richemont that they would go and do justice upon the reigning favourite; but on their march to the court, they found the gates of the city of Chatelherault closed against them, and they were obliged to keep at a distance, since they had at least public spirit enough not to embroil the miserable remnant of a kingdom by civil war.

Charles VII. bears the title of the Well-served. It should be 'the well-served in spite of himself.' He had been five years king, though uncrowned, and usually called Dauphin; and the state of the two parties remained much as it had been at the death of Charles VI. and Henry V. The English had secured all the north of France, and had broken the force of the Scottish allies who had espoused the cause of the French king. Scots still swarmed in France, and were some of the most efficient soldiers in the service of Charles; their king, now on his throne at home, though still at peace with England, had betrothed his infant daughter to the little Prince Louis, and given six thousand soldiers as her dowry, under the leadership of Sir John Stewart of Aubigny, but their hatred to the English was a much more lively sentiment than their love to the French. The nobles and gentlemen indeed learnt courtesy and breeding, and either carried them home to their own land, or became possessed of lands and lordships in France, where their names underwent such changes that their shields alone shew their connection with their home cousins. Coqueburne shewed himself a Cockburn by his proud cocks. Acquet retained nothing of Halket, but the field sable, three water boujets or; and the Williamsons, though still bearing azure, an eagle displayed argent, beaked and membered or, perched on a barrel or, hooped argent, and the English motto, 'Venture or win,' changed their names to Ouillançon, Oleançon, and De Oillançon! And some even of less noble birth found nobility in France, such as the Sieur de Salmonet, whose grand title, it was whispered at home, merely meant that salmon-nets were spread

by his father at the mouth of the Forth or Clyde. These Scots of lower rank were great pillagers, and were much hated by the peasants, who often repeated the uncivil proverb, that there was no place without a Scot or a flea.

Several councils were held by the English and their allies at Paris, and it was resolved that as all was now entirely tranquillized in the north, it was time to take advantage of the disunion between the King and the Constable, and to push on into the country south of the Loire. The regent Bedford, it is said, was averse to this project, and only gave his consent in deference to the strong opinion of his colleagues. The event certainly shewed him sagacious; and yet the English could hardly have desisted from fresh conquests, without occasioning all the evils of an inactive discontented army, and a restless nation who required victories as the price of their subsidies. It was not a moral question, between peace and war, only of how the war should be carried on. The Crusade of Henry against French crime was as much called for as ever; the plight of the House of Valois had never been more wretched or disgraceful; and though perhaps Bedford apprehended the effects of driving the high national loyalty to extremity, he could never have foreseen the marvel which really wrought the deliverance of France. Accordingly, Thomas Montacute,* Earl of Salisbury, who had arrived from England with six thousand men—and whom the chroniclers describe as ‘more like an ancient Roman than a modern knight,’—William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, and Lords Scales and Talbot with four thousand more, marched to the banks of the Loire, took several small places, and laid siege to Orleans.

The Duke of Orleans, a prisoner ever since Agincourt, had entreated that his appanage might remain inviolate, as he was not making war; but Bedford considered that he had no power to enforce neutrality on his domains, and that they were therefore liable to attack. In fact, the Orleanais were by no means disposed to neutrality; their national spirit was strong, they had exercised themselves in arms, had laid in stores of provisions and ammunition, and had destroyed their beautiful country houses and suburbs, burning altogether twenty-six churches, and laid the land waste for miles around their city, in order to deprive the enemy of shelter and provisions. The Sire de Gaucourt was governor of the town, and several of Charles’s best captains threw themselves into the place for its defence.

Meantime, though Tremouille gave advice to these defenders, he actually made the King take the Countess de Richemont, Burgundy’s sister, out of her own castle, and send a body of troops against the Counts of Clermont and La Marche, the only remaining princes of the blood who preserved their loyalty. And to their eternal honour, they preserved it still.

* Or Montagu. The pointed mountain was the meaning of the name; but whether the adjective was *Aigu* or *Acute*, was never settled in the time of the Salisburys.

The city of Orleans covered a triangular piece of ground, with the base, the longest side, on the north bank of the river, and a fortified bridge crossing it, having a fort at the extremity, called *Les Tournelles*. Salisbury arrived on the 12th of October, 1428, crossed the Loire above the town, took up his head-quarters in a ruined convent, and raised huts for the shelter of his men. His first attack was on the *Tournelles*, but he was more than once repulsed by the resolute defenders, assisted by the women, who brought caldrons of scalding water and oil to pour on the English. On the 23rd, the fort was won; but in the meantime, the defenders had broken down an arch of the bridge, and set up another fort behind the breach.

Cannon were much used on both sides; each gun having its own establishment of gunner and his valets, with horses, and with bullets suited to its calibre, and most had names. The favourite on the French side was cast in Lorraine, and called *Maitre Jean*: it was light enough to accompany the besieged on all their sallies, and was regarded as a sort of hero, but at last it was captured by the English, and turned against its friends, from the *Tournelles*.

Salisbury gave up the hope of entering by the bridge, which seems to have been always an unpromising place for an assault; and about the same time the Count de Dunois, the illegitimate brother of the Duke of Orleans, entered the town with a reinforcement of French, Scots, Italians, and Spaniards. Salisbury saw that he must blockade the town, and began to take measures accordingly. Sir William Gladsdale, or as the French called him, *Glacidas*, managed, however, to surprise the new fort on the bridge; but while Salisbury was reconnoitring the town from the *Tournelles*, a cannon was fired at a venture from the wall by a child; and though he saw the flash, and stepped back, the iron-work of the window, torn away by the ball, so lacerated his face that he died in a few days. He was the last of a gallant and chivalrous family, and was much lamented by the English, who esteemed him as their ablest captain.

The Earl of Suffolk took the command, by order of Bedford; and finding that the French continually threw supplies of men and provisions into the town, he began to erect round it temporary forts, called *bastides*, or *bastilles*,* from *bastir*, to build, but without preventing De Culant, admiral of France, from entering; and the winter passed in chivalrous skirmishes between besiegers and the besieged.

In the February of 1429, the Duke of Bedford collected all the carts and waggons in the neighbourhood of Paris, five hundred in

*The great Bastille of Paris was so called, as the Tower of London is the tower par excellence, from its pre-eminence over other bastilles. When Gray wrote of

'Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,'

as a mere poetical reminiscence of the old horrors of our great arsenal and national monument—the delight of every country visitor to London—the Bastille was verily the shame of Paris, and soon the news of its ruin was to fill Europe with ecstasy.

number, and storing them with provisions, especially salted herrings, for the Lenten diet of the army, sent them off under the escort of Sir John Fastolfe, with 1500 men, on Ash Wednesday.

The Count de Clermont, heir of the imprisoned Duke of Bourbon, undaunted by his king's ill-treatment, resolved to intercept the red herrings, and sending notice to Dunois, appointed to meet him at Yenville, since the river was open to the passage of troops. Accordingly, from Blois on one side, and Orleans on the other, there coalesced no less than five thousand cavalry, among them La Hire, La Fayette, Stewart of Aubigné with his Scots, all the best warriors of France except Richemont, who held aloof at Parthenay.

Fastolfe heard of their coming when he had reached the little village of Rouvray en Beausse, at nightfall, and there he entrenched his little body of men in a square within their waggons of herrings, leaving only two openings, each defended by a body of archers, and firmly awaited the assault of more than three times his own army, without a thought of turning back or deserting his convoy.

La Fayette, as an old general, knighted the Count de Clermont; and a night attack was intended, but was delayed for two hours by a dispute between the French and Scots. Sir John Stewart thought it would be much wiser to attack the herring carts on foot; but the French knights were inseparable from their horses, and at three in the morning it was resolved that each nation should take its own course.

The artillery fired upon the waggons, broke the barrels, and covered the field with red herrings; the Scots forced their way towards the openings, but were shot down with the arrows; the cavalry charged confusedly, but the unfailing arrow-shot demolished all who came near. By the time the sun rose, the Scottish leader and his son had both been slain, Dunois was badly wounded, six hundred men lay dead on the French side, Clermont was forced to retreat in disgrace; and Fastolfe safely carried the remnant of his herrings to the camp, where he was most joyously received; and his combat was dignified with the title of the Battle of the Herrings, these having really borne the dint of the fray.

Captain John Stewart, with some of the Scottish remnant, drew off into Brittany, where they seem to have been considered as too like English to meet with any mercy. They likewise behaved with violence, and killed a peasant, whom they regarded as a spy. In revenge, one of them, named Michael Hamilton, was caught in a village, dragged to Clisson, and there hanged; though, from the moment of his seizure, he had been entreating the aid of St. Catherine, and vowing to come and thank her at her chapel of Fierbois, if she would save him from death.

That night, the Priest of Clisson heard a voice, bidding him go and cut down the Scot; and on the second repetition of the command, he sent a man to see whether the wretch were dead. The messenger twisted and turned the body; and at last, to make sure, pulled off the boot,

and gave a sharp cut to the great toe of the right foot. Blood flowed freely; the leg moved, and the body writhed; the messenger ran away in a fright, and told the Curé. He, deeming this a divine interposition, told the case to the assembled people, and in his priestly robes went with the clergy and magistrates to cut Hamilton down.

The son of the peasant who had been killed was so incensed, that he gave Hamilton a severe wound over the ear before he could be prevented; but the Scotsman was still alive, and was carried into a house, whence the Abbess of La Regrippière sent for him, as one favoured of Heaven, and as he could not speak French, sent for a Scot to nurse him. At the end of a fortnight, he set out to fulfil his vow to Ste. Catherine de Fierbois, whose register bore the record of this miracle.

Faith in this popular Saint was working one greater and more important—for the safety of all France, at the moment of greatest need. The Battle of the Herrings, with its disproportionate numbers, was the culmination of the English glory in France; the French were more dispirited than ever; the Orleannois offered to capitulate, but to the Duke of Burgundy, instead of the national foe; and Bedford thought himself so secure of the almost famished place, that he refused to permit that it should surrender to any save Henry VI. of England and II. of France, saying that the English were not men to beat the bushes while others killed the game, or to chew morsels for others to swallow.

(To be continued.)

MARLBOROUGH'S LIFE AND TIMES.

CHAPTER III.

'BLENHEIM.'

THE death of Marlborough's only son was a severe blow to his affections in the midst of the greatest worldly prosperity.

His two elder daughters, Henrietta and Anne, were at this period both married: the former to Lord Godolphin's son, and the latter to Lord Spencer, eldest son of Lord Sunderland.

His younger daughters were Elizabeth and Mary, and were afterwards married, the one to Lord Bridgewater, and the other—the beautiful Mary, the pride of her father's heart, and the crown of his rejoicing—to Lord Montagu, whose father was shortly afterwards created a Duke.

Lord Godolphin, so intimately connected with the career of Marlborough—his constant friend in prosperity and adversity—first rose into royal favour in the days of Charles the Second, when he filled the post of page to the King at the Palace of Whitehall. Later in the reign of Charles he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury, and created a peer;

and of him the King had remarked, 'Sidney Godolphin is never in the way, and never out of the way.'

During the reign of James he was also especially favoured, holding the delicate post of Chamberlain to the Queen, and appointed in 1687 again to the Treasury.

He was the last to forsake James in his adversity; in fact, he accompanied him to the shore, when that unfortunate monarch quitted his native land for ever. But notwithstanding this, he was favourably noticed by William, and even appointed to his old office in the Treasury, which he continued to hold from 1690 to 1696.

In the days of Charles the Second, Godolphin had married the fascinating and lovely Margaret Blagge, maid of honour to Catherine of Braganza; her humble piety and real excellence shone forth on every occasion in the midst of a profligate and immoral court; but dying early in life, she left Godolphin an only son, on whom to bestow all his affections. This son, as mentioned above, married Marlborough's eldest daughter.

We have already seen how the War of Succession commenced under his auspices, when he filled the office of Lord High Treasurer; an office, which apparently for a long time previously had been in commission. Occupying this important post, he became, as a matter of course, Prime Minister of England, and did not quit office until the fall of Marlborough becoming inevitable, he resigned to make room for Harley and St. John.

Whilst Marlborough and Godolphin were moderate Tories, Spencer, afterwards the well-known Lord Sunderland, was a decided Whig. He, together with his mother-in-law, the Duchess of Marlborough, used all the influence they possessed to induce Marlborough to join the ranks of that party.

It is as well to bear in mind the fact that Godolphin was the minister who steered the vessel of the state between the shoals and quicksands of a transition period in our history.

The first period of our national history, when chivalry and feudalism reigned triumphantly throughout the land, ended with the House of Tudor. It was then that soldiers dressed in chain and steel armour, and knights broke lances in the tournament, led on by such heroes of a past age as Richard Cœur de Lion, the Black Prince, or Henry the Fifth.

The second period, which lasted during the seventeenth century and the dynasty of Stuart, was one of a transition nature. It was one of deeper sentiment and of more ardent loyalty and devotion to the sovereign on the one side, and the seed-time of popular and democratic tendencies on the other. It was then the struggle was occurring between the spirits of a past age and the present; and, to a great extent, mistaken conceptions were arising of so-called popular rights. And this struggle resulted in the third period of our history, when a compromise between kingly and popular rights produced the kind of constitution we now enjoy.

Godolphin and Marlborough were at the helm of the state, as its stately

vessel emerged out of the turbulent billows of anarchy and ruin into the quieter waters of the present constitution.

But we must now turn our attention to the progress of the war.

Owing to the perpetual opposition of the Dutch Deputies, and the vacillation and disobedience to orders of the Dutch generals, the second campaign of 1703 was nearly fruitless in its results, and can therefore be discussed in few words.

In March Marlborough returned to the Hague (at that time the chief town of Holland) to prosecute the war.

Marshal Villars, Tallard, Boufflers, and Villeroy, were all employed as generals by Louis the Fourteenth.

Villars having captured Kehl, poured his forces into Bavaria, which country was in strict alliance with France.

Tallard having taken Treves on the Moselle, checked the progress of Prince Louis of Baden, who stoutly adhered to the allied cause.

Villeroy remained in Flanders, to guard against the schemes of Marlborough: he confidently expected to re-take Liege, and the other towns of the Meuse.

One absorbing idea had possessed itself of Marlborough's mind. He desired (and felt confident of success) to advance steadily from the course of the Meuse, already in his hands, into Brabant and West Flanders, or what we now call Belgium; and having captured Antwerp and Ostand, to expel the French, not only from Holland, but likewise from Belgium. And yet in all these arrangements he was frustrated by those under his command.

Having besieged and taken Bonn on the Rhine, he turned his attention to the above plans. Ordering the Dutch generals to advance from the north and from the river Scheldt, he advanced simultaneously from the south-east. But Opdam, one of the generals alluded to, having commenced operations before the appointed time, disconcerted the whole combination, and disgraced himself by his cowardly conduct.

However, the Duke having arrived at the gates of Antwerp, was eager to attack Villeroy's and Boufflers' army in the neighbourhood of that city; and though the very smoke of the French camp proved their proximity, and the Duke was confident of success, he was forced to yield up his project, and to retire to the course of the Meuse, owing to the refusal of the Deputies to sanction an attack.

The campaign closed by the capture of Huy and Limburg.

The country surrounding Liege and Cologne by means of this campaign was brought more effectually under the control of the Allies, and the Duke returned to England in time to welcome Charles the Third, the allied King of Spain, who visited that country this autumn.

The Dutch Government and their Deputies, the Dutch generals under his command, and the state of parties in England, combined to disconcert all his arrangements in the conduct of the war, and determined him (so say the historians) to resign his command; but the Queen's affection,

and, we may surmise, his own ambitious feelings, retained him in the service of his country.

The campaign of 1704 was the third of this war, and was that in which the Battle of Blenheim occurred. During the winter which had intervened, the aspect of affairs was anything but encouraging. The French King, with the assistance of Bavaria, was engaged in carrying out an extensive and most important scheme, whereby more effectually to humble the pride of Germany. His grand design was to secure a passage into the very heart of Austria, through the Black Forest and Bavaria; his friend, the Elector of that country, had congregated 45,000 men at Ulm, on the borders of the electorate, in order to carry out the designs of Louis: and every circumstance in connection with their arrangements seemed to presage a final triumph over the confederate cause. But the Duke determined to frustrate these designs. He kept his intentions secret from everyone with the exception of Prince Eugene, the great Austrian captain, who was an Italian by birth, and of the ducal house of Savoy.

Whilst he pretended that his utmost desire was to carry the war to the course of the Moselle, he suddenly advanced his army to Coblenz and Mentz, crossed the Rhine at Philipsburg, and turning suddenly to the left, hastily marched towards Bavaria, where along the course of the Danube he intended to carry on the war, and in this manner frustrate the designs of Louis upon Austria.

English, Dutch, Prussians, Danes, and Hessians, formed his motley host, which amounted to 40,000 men, of which the British contingent were 14,000.

Tallard, the French general, had advanced towards the scene of action as far as Strasburg, from whence he strengthened the Bavarian army with ten thousand French troops. Villeroy was advancing from the Moselle, whilst Vendôme intended to cross the Tyrol to their assistance, and in this manner to concentrate all the armies of France upon the scene of action. It was therefore necessary that the allied chiefs should strike the blow on the Danube as quickly as possible, and before the arrival of these immense armies rendered their position perilous in the extreme.

The Duke of Marlborough, Prince Louis of Baden, and Prince Eugene, arranged their plans; whilst the last-named general returned to the Rhine to watch the movements of Tallard's army, the two first alternately, day by day, were to command the confederate forces. They immediately invaded Bavaria, and quickly encamped their armies by the broad waters of the Danube, in the vicinity of the town of Donauwerth.

Behind this town were the heights of Schellenburg, on the flat summit of which more than 12,000 Bavarians and French rested on their arms.

Marlborough having persuaded the Prince of Baden to advance the army towards these heights on his day of command, determined on his own day vigorously to attack the opposing foe.

Starting early in the morning from his encampment, fourteen miles

distant from the scene of action, at the head of six thousand infantry and thirty squadrons of cavalry, he reached by nine o'clock the neighbourhood of the heights, and prepared for a vigorous attack. Prince Louis of Baden, following with the main army, arrived at the scene of action later in the day.

Dividing his army into four lines, late on that summer afternoon, he furiously assailed the enemy. Fifty Grenadier Guards, under Lord Mordaunt, led the forlorn hope, and in the midst of a murderous fire assaulted the entrenched position. The carnage was awful! The English and their allies, unassisted by the forces of Baden, began at first to waver; but finally the Prince of Baden also advancing, the enemy were driven from their position; Lumley with his gallant dragoons greatly contributing by their brave assistance to the success of the day: though it was six in the evening before the attack commenced, the French and Bavarians were in full retreat before nightfall.

The Elector having watched from a neighbouring height the defeat of his army, fled to Augsburg, and was on the point of yielding to the Duke's demands, when Tallard appearing with all his forces, the Elector determined to prosecute the war.

When Tallard left the vicinity of the Rhine, Eugene, opposed to him on that river, advanced in a parallel line to the assistance of the allies. With difficulty a junction was effected between their forces, and only just in time to oppose the united armies of France and Bavaria.

The Prince of Baden having been persuaded to undertake the siege of Ingolstadt, the Duke and Prince Eugene alone assumed the command. A perfect understanding existed between these great commanders, which was never injured by any petty jealousies or unworthy rivalry. This perfect agreement upon all the details of the campaign contributed to those glorious results, which render their friendship remarkable in the page of history.

And now one of the most important battles on record was impending. The opposing forces had each of them reached the neighbourhood of Blenheim, near the river Danube, but situated on the Nebel.

The 13th of August, 1704, is memorable in the annals of history for one of the greatest battles of modern times; memorable for the completeness of the victory, and the results which ensued; memorable for the prowess of the allied troops, and for the consummate skill of the generals who directed their movements. The Battle of Blenheim will ever stand out conspicuously in history, not only as a mighty contest in which Marlborough's talents were signally displayed, but as being in itself one of the greatest struggles for victory in which the proud nations of England and France were ever engaged. Well may it rank with Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, of former times; or Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo, of our own.

From a neighbouring church tower, the evening before, the Duke and Prince Eugene descried the enemy lying encamped at their feet, and

formed their plans in accordance with their disposition and the nature of the ground.

The allied army being numerically inferior, his officers besought Marlborough to desist from the conflict; but he attended not to their entreaty, well aware, however just their conception, that greater danger would result from delaying the contest, than in vigorously fighting.

A portion of the previous night Marlborough passed in earnest prayer to the Lord God of Hosts, imploring His Divine favour on the coming battle. Having received the Sacrament, he applied himself to the ordering of battle. The right of the Confederates was commanded by Eugene; the left, which consisted of a much larger force, by himself. Fifty-two thousand men were under their joint control, whilst the enemy mustered fifty-six thousand.

Very early in the morning the two leaders rode forward, accompanied by brilliant squadrons of cavalry, to inspect the enemy's position. At eight o'clock the guns of the enemy beginning to play, Eugene bade adieu to Marlborough and took command of the right wing; and whilst Eugene was opposed to the Bavarians under the Elector, and to the troops of Marshal Marsin, Marlborough's forces were ranged opposite the French right, under Tallard.

For defensive operations, the position occupied by the French was of a remarkably strong character. The Nebel flows at a right angle into the Danube. At their confluence, and on the right bank of the former, the village of Blenheim is situated; further up this stream are three other villages, Unterglau, Oberglau, and Lutzingen, all of which were occupied by the French, the two latter being strongly fortified by battalions of infantry and heavy artillery. A double line of cavalry, stretching from Blenheim to Oberglau, a distance of two miles, formed the enemy's right wing, supported on their flanks by the above-mentioned battalions. Their left stretched in front of Lutzingen, and was composed of cavalry flanked by infantry. It will therefore be seen that in the right wing, stretching from Blenheim to Oberglau, the long line of cavalry, however supported by infantry, formed but a slight barrier against a well organized and powerful attack; and of this Marlborough determined to take immediate advantage.

The first operations on the part of the Allies was a general advance to the banks of the Nebel; but this, owing to the impassable nature of the ground over which his troops had to march, Eugene found great difficulty in effecting.

By half-past twelve the joyful news was communicated to Marlborough that his colleague was prepared for action. In the meanwhile, he had himself been earnestly engaged in providing for all contingencies, and preparing for the coming contest.

At the head of every regiment prayer had been offered that success might crown the efforts of his gallant troops.

He had but just seated himself on the ground to swallow a hasty

mouthful, when the joyful news arrived that Eugene was ready. In an instant he was in the saddle, exclaiming as he mounted, 'Now, Gentlemen, to your posts!' Within five minutes his troops were advancing to the fords in four lines, composed of infantry in front, and cavalry in the rear of each.

The battle raged from Marlborough's extreme left to the right of his wing, and quickly the whole line of his advanced troops were approaching the Nebel, and enveloped in the enemy's smoke.

An attack was made by the English on the town of Blenheim, supported by some regiments of Hessians, but repeatedly they were repulsed by the superior force and fire of the French. Nothing therefore decisive was effected in this quarter, until the Nebel had been crossed by the centre of the Duke's wing. At this point in his line, in the vicinity of Unterglau, General Churchill effected the passage of the river with his division of infantry. The English cavalry quickly following, had no sooner succeeded in gaining the opposite bank, and were yet in a disorganized state owing to the difficulties of the passage, when the enemy's cavalry vigorously charging would have undoubtedly cut them to pieces but for the timely succour of Churchill's battalions, and the aid of fresh squadrons crossing to their assistance.

The attention of Marlborough was at this moment called to the perilous position of his extreme right, opposite Oberglau. It was there that the Prince of Holstein was likewise endeavouring to cross the Nebel with his troops. But the strong bodies of French infantry stationed around the town, assisted by a brigade of Jacobite Irish, frustrated all his efforts. So fiercely did the latter charge the Prince of Holstein's division, that his troops were forced to retreat, and were in danger of being cut to pieces. The connection between Eugene's and Marlborough's forces was thus on the point of being broken.

Galloping at the head of several squadrons, Marlborough charged in person the Irish in flank, and completely restored the order of battle, saving by this timely assistance the whole army from the greatest peril.

In the meantime, Eugene fared but badly. In vain he opposed the Elector's forces; for whilst his infantry remained firm, the cavalry wavered and fled. The victory thus seemed hanging in the scales of doubt.

But Marlborough now struck the effectual blow. Onwards his central columns crossed the Nebel, onwards his cavalry and infantry unitedly poured like a flood over the banks of the stream, and firmly planted themselves on the enemy's side of the river. Then victory seemed secure.

Now the critical moment had arrived, and the fate of Europe depended on success. Eight thousand sabres of the Allies gleamed in the western sun, and the men were eager to be led to victory. They were under the eye of Marlborough himself!

Ten thousand French cavalry were drawn up in battle array a few paces in their front, ready for any emergency; the banners of half the nobility of France were floating over their glittering squadrons—from Provence, Languedoc, Normandy, and Loraine. Never was there a grander spectacle in the history of battles! The double line of the French cavalry was however soon broken, for (in the words of the historian*) ‘The trumpets sounded the charge, and the allied horse rushed forward with tremendous force. The hostile cavalry did not await the shock, but after a scattered volley fled in the utmost dismay; the left towards Hochstadt, and the right, reduced to thirty squadrons, in the direction of Sonderheim.’

Marshal Tallard, surrounded, was easily captured, and brought to the presence of Marlborough.

Blenheim itself was yet untaken. Attack upon attack seemed to fail, until the helplessness of the Governor and the humanity of the Duke effected a surrender on honourable terms; and that night Marlborough and Eugene rejoiced in a victory, which had annihilated the French forces, paralyzed the power of Louis, and shaken his throne to its very centre! And had Eugene succeeded in scattering his foe with the same effect, still greater results would have ensued. But as it was, 11,000 men were taken prisoners, besides innumerable generals, and Tallard at their head; the latter was sent to England as a proof of Marlborough’s victory.

So fearful a blow had been struck by the Duke against the power of France, that his very name became a terror to its inhabitants. Mothers, like the Scotch matrons regarding the Black Douglas, quieted their infants on their knees by mentioning the name of Marlborough; and all nations were amazed at the skill and the courage of one who having shaken the tyranny of Louis, was thus gradually but surely restoring a due balance of power amongst the nations of Europe.

The three allied generals re-crossed the Rhine after this wonderful triumph; and Villeroy, who had advanced towards Bavaria, had to retreat to his own country, leaving Germany almost entirely free of the presence of her enemy, and Austria safe from the threatened invasion.

It is sufficient to say, the rest of the autumn was employed on the Moselle, where Treves as well as Laudau finally surrendered. And Marlborough, having visited Berlin and obtained the promise of eight thousand Prussian troops for the ensuing campaign, finally landed in England to enjoy his well-earned triumph.

The joy expressed by almost all classes of society was unbounded. The Queen showered her favours upon the illustrious general, endowing him with a princely property at Woodstock, now well known as Blenheim Park; where, at the expense of the nation, it was determined a palace should be erected, worthy of the gift so graciously bestowed upon him.

Party feeling however ran so high, that the extreme Tories, headed by

* Coxe.

Nettingham and Rochester, endeavoured to divest him of his well-earned honour by all the means in their power. The more brilliant his success, the more virulent their bitterness and vexation. The general objects of the war they highly disapproved, and therefore hurled their weapons of attack upon its chief promoter; and yet on the other hand the more violent Whigs were equally opposed to the Government.

Thus at home and abroad the Duke was surrounded with the greatest difficulties, as well as the greatest glory. Though he himself belonged to the Tories, yet the extreme section of his own party was by far more opposed to him in their policy than the Whigs, who advanced the objects of the war.

Harley and St. John were with Godolphin his most trusted colleagues, and they endeavoured to form a coalition of parties, which might promote the objects of the war. They excluded the extreme Tories, and included in the Government several Whigs of influence. It was thus Marlborough gradually, though hating the name of party, was drawn by the force of circumstances to unite himself to the Whigs, a common bond of sentiment regarding the War of Succession uniting them in the course they pursued.

The last campaign, which had won him such glory and renown, had naturally been more successful in its results than the former two.

The first, on the Meuse, had resulted in the capture of forts and towns situated on that river, as well as the exclusion of the French from Holland. The second, the ineffective campaign in Flanders, had for its object the exclusion of the French from Flanders as well, but had been frustrated on the eve of success by his own allies. But the third campaign, that in which Blenheim occurred, was more glorious far than these! Freed from Dutch objections and Dutch weakness, the native vigour of Marlborough's mind expanded; his active genius, his quick foresight, and his military knowledge, under Providence, prevailed against superhuman difficulties; and Europe acknowledged the debt of gratitude under which she laboured.

(To be continued.)

OLD ENGLISH POETS.

No. V.*

FRANCIS QUARLES.

In taking for the subject of our next remarks on the native Poets of England, Francis Quarles, we are quite conscious of leaving unnoticed several very striking writers of English verse, both preceding and contemporary. Possibly we may recur to one or two of these at some

* Continued from Vol. I. new series, p. 496.

future time. In fact, there are gleams of poetic fire among some of these writers, which would force us to rate them higher, in point of genius, than Quarles. Drayton and Daniels, for instance; then W. Browne, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, is one of these; and we have, also, Southwell, Lovelace, Habington, Herrick, and several more. Unfortunately, we could, in many instances, however, give only very fragmentary specimens of their powers; while Quarles, both in prose and verse, covers a wider field, devotes his muse to religious subjects, and, wherever he has gained a footing at all, retains it by reason of a certain vigour, manliness, and spirit, which impresses his best passages strongly on the memory.

He has, however, little imagination, and ranks far below Henry Vaughan in that which forms the principal charm of the latter, a certain gentle, emotional way of viewing man and nature as they act one upon another. Quarles is, like Herbert, injured by a perpetual and literal handling of abstract doctrine—but he is profoundly *wise*. There is an axiomatic power in many of his verses, which you never find in Vaughan, nor in either Wither or Crashaw. He gives you always the idea of direct *teaching*—not a form of poetry we for ourselves greatly delight in; but it should have its just meed of praise, when well carried out—as it certainly was by Quarles. There are passages, both in the *Emblems*, and in *Job Militant*, in which some mighty practical truth is put forth in words which, for aptness and even elegance of arrangement, can scarcely be exceeded. It is also matter of curious interest to look into some circumstances of his life; but in this we would be brief, because, drawing necessarily our materials from the same sources, we cannot expect to compile a piece of biography equal to that of the Rev. R. A. Wilmott, in the first series of his *Lives of British Sacred Poets*. Yet we cannot wholly omit a few particulars.

Francis Quarles was born sometime in 1592, in the parish of Romford, Essex. He was not of obscure family, for his father held the offices of Clerk of the Green Cloth and Purveyor of the Navy to Queen Elizabeth; and he owned estates in neighbouring parishes. He sent his son to school, and to Cambridge; and Francis afterwards entered Lincoln's Inn, studying the law for some years. How he obtained employment at Court we know not; but he was certainly cup-bearer to Elizabeth of Bohemia, and, it is supposed, was only sent back to England when the tide of misfortune swept away all that was beautiful and bright from the Palatinate. For some time, at all events, he must have had companionship with Sir Henry Wotton, and have shared (for Quarles was always a Loyalist and an admirer of beauty) his passionate devotion to his Royal mistress. Miss Aikin* does not mention him in her charming work on

* We observe that Mr. Wilmott makes a reference to *Miss Benger's Life of Queen Elizabeth*. We conclude he means *Miss Aikin's* work on the same Sovereign; but it is in her *Memoirs of James the First*, a far superior work to that on Elizabeth, that Miss A. bestows her just encomiums on Sir Henry Wotton.

the reign of James the First, and in fact, he in no way has made this part of his life conspicuous; but its next stage, probably, was more congenial to his grave scholastic turn. He went, on his return from Germany, directly to Archbishop Usher in Ireland; and there he must have remained long, for, though little is known of his residence, he certainly wrote some of his best poems, particularly *Job Militant*, somewhere about 1623. The whole course of this work, and the turn of mind it displays, show the gravity and devotion of his spirit, though a layman, to subjects which seem to require a clergyman's education and learning. He must have studied all the historical portions of Scripture, which his muse illustrates, (the Books of Jonah and Job, also the lives of Samson and Esther,) with very close attention; even the paraphrastic parts are not common-place, and the Meditations, which in his plan follow every chapter, are often original and worth examining into. Then followed other Poems; the best known of which are the Emblems and the Hieroglyphics. In what year he married we are not told, but his wife brought him no less than eighteen children; and he died in 1644, aged fifty-two. Some have said that he lived in Ireland till 1641, when the Rebellion broke out; but this is a mistake, as he was appointed to be Chronologer to the City of London early in 1639, with a pension attached to it, amounting to a sum not inconsiderable at that day, £33 6s. 8d. per annum. After this he wrote his famous prose work, 'Enchiridion,'—'the best collection of maxims,' says a writer in the *Retrospective Review*, (V. p. 181,) 'in the English language.' 'There is little of paradox,' the Reviewer observes, 'and nothing of the ostentation of ingenuity; every sentence strikes upon the reader with the force of irresistible truth.' A part of this work he dedicated to the daughter of Archbishop Usher—that 'faire branch of growing honour and true virtue.' In the dedication he speaks of the service he owes and the affection he bears to her 'most incomparable parents.'

For all the remainder of our knowledge of Quarles we are indebted to the pen of his excellent widow. We learn that, profoundly loyal himself, and a zealous Churchman, he died in the prime of life—absolutely heart-broken at the disorders of the realm, and also at the malignant aspersions thrown upon himself by the Parliamentary party, who accused him of Papistry, a charge he could not brook. He was plundered of his books and some rare manuscripts; but some false accusations, touching his belief, seem most of all to have grieved him. His dying illness was painful, but full of the fruits of a long-cherished, earnest trust. He was unwearied in Christian exhortation to the friends who came to visit him, and the children who surrounded him; and in prayer and ejaculation, and fervent reliance on the great Sacrifice, he passed away. From many passages scattered about his writings, we should judge that he was a very tender father, and that he laid great stress on allowing his children, as they grew up, all reasonable liberty—not ruling for rule's sake. In this respect his practice seems to have formed a contrast to that of the

severe and chilling Puritanism, then in vogue. Of all his children, the name of but one has come down to us. John Quarles, probably the eldest son, was educated specially by his father's friend and patron, Archbishop Usher. He too remained a layman, and seems to have borne arms for Charles the Second. When Usher died, he composed an Elegy, which ends thus—

'Then weep no more: see how his peaceful breast,
Rock'd by the hand of death, takes quiet rest:
Disturb him not: but let him sweetly take
A full repose—he hath been long awake.'

John appears to have inherited the poetic spirit in no small measure. He wrote many Poems, but a few of which have survived. The best known are his 'Divine Ejaculations,' which have place in several collections of Sacred Poetry; but it should be said that in the original, every stanza is a separate ejaculation, whereas, in the transcript, we always find them formed into a hymn.*

Among those which we do not remember ever to have seen quoted, are the two following:—

Ejac. 117.

Lord, give me a believing heart:
Though wanting strength, I fear not man;
If Thou be pleas'd to take my part,
Let malice do the worst it can;
Although ensnar'd, I will not fear,
For Thou art stronger than a snare.

127.

Light Thou the lamps, great God! that they,
Lighten'd by Thee, may give us light!
Let their bright lustre drive away
All darkness from Thy courts by night.
Bless us and them, that they and we
May bless Thy Name, first bless'd by Thee.

Then follows the beautiful stanza, given by all compilers—

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends;—when eyes grow strange;
When plighted faith forgets its vows;
When earth and all things in it change—
O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never,
When once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever.

John Quarles was carried off by the Plague in 1665.

We must return, however, to his father. In the works of Francis, there are occasional instances of the exercise of a quaint sarcastic humour. Thus, in the History of Queen Esther, where he is speaking of women, specially of wives, he says—

* See Flowers and Fruits from Old English Gardens, p. 163; also, in Spring-time with the Poets, p. 78.

Ill thrives the hapless family, that shows
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows;
I know not which live more unnatural lives,
Obeying husbands, or commanding wives.

Meditation to Section III.

May we not trace something of the same ironical turn, even in the grave Meditation of 'The Ignorant Man,' in 'Boanerges and Barnabas; Judgment and Mercy for Afflicted Souls,' 1667.

'I am sure I go to church as well as the best in the parish, though I be not so fine; and I make no question that if I had better clothes I should do God as much credit as another man, though I say it. And as for doing God's will, I beahrew me, I leave that to them that are book-learned, and can do it more wisely. I believe the vicar of our parish can do it, and has done it too, as well as any within five miles of his head; and what need I trouble myself to do what is so well done already? I hope his being so good a schollard, and can speak Latin too, would not leave that to so simple a man as I. It is enough for me to know that God is good; and that the Ten Commandments are the best prayers in all the book, except it be the Creed.'

And after all this mixture of burlesque and earnest, there yet follows a beautifully simple and appropriate prayer.

Job Militant deserves to be called the most complete of his longer Poems. We cannot pretend to read with pleasure the merely paraphrastical part; but the Meditations, at the end of each portion, are sometimes striking, both in thought and expression. Often, in reading them, do we recognize lines well known indeed, but we suspect, in their more modern appropriation, not as they came fresh from the mint. As thus—

He that's the truest master of his own,
Is never less alone than when alone.

The celebrated passage also, in which the provinces of Wisdom and Knowledge are so well distinguished, has served as foundation for many a modern sentiment nearly allied, if not identical.

Wisdom's a strain transcends morality;
No virtue's absent, wisdom being by:
Virtue by constant practice is acquir'd;
This, this, by sweat unpurchas'd, is inspir'd;
The master-piece of knowledge, is to know
But what is good from what is good in show.
And there it rests: wisdom proceeds and chooses
The seeming evil, the apparent good refuses.
Knowledge describes alone: wisdom applies.
That makes some fools, *this* maketh none but wise.

* * * * *
In mine afflictions, knowledge apprehends
Who is the author, what the cause and ends:
It finds that patience is my sad relief—
And that the hand that caus'd, can cure my grief;
To rest contented here, is but to bring
Clouds without rain, and heat without a spring:

What hope arises hence? The devils do
 The very same—they know and tremble too:
 But sacred wisdom doth apply that good
 Which simple knowledge barely understood;
 Wisdom concludes, and in conclusion proves
 That whatsoever God corrects, He loves.
 Wisdom digests what knowledge did but taste—
That deals in futures: *this* in things are past.
 Wisdom's the card * of knowledge, which without
 That guide, at random's wreck'd on every doubt;
 Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,
 Is like a headstrong horse that throws its rider;
 Which made the great Philosopher avow,
 He knew so much that he did nothing know.

Job Militant, Meditation XVI.

The above passage unavoidably brings to mind those fine lines in
 'The Task,'—Cowper must surely have read Quarles.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oftentimes no connection :—Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
 Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass—
 The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
 Till smooth'd and squar'd and fitted to its place,
 Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Task, Book VI.

There are several beautiful Elegies on the death of his friend, Dr.
 Alymer. We are compelled to confine ourselves to one.

Eleg. XVII.

Rare soul, that now sitt'st crown'd in that quire
 Of endless joy, fill'd with celestial fire;
 Pardon my tears, that in their passion would
 Recall thee from thy kingdom, if they could;
 Pardon, oh pardon, my distracted zeal,
 Which, if condemn'd by reason, must appeal
 To thee, whose now lamented death, whose end
 Confirm'd the dear affections of a friend.
 Permit me then to offer to thy hearse
 These fruitless tears, which, if they prove too fierce,
 O pardon, you that know the price of friends;
 For tears are just, that nature recommends.

Most of all, however, we admire the noble lines on Prayer.

Lurk'st thou in want? and 'is thy small cruise spent?
 Seek Him in want, enjoy Him in content.
 Conceiv'st Him lodg'd on cross, or lost in pain?
 In prayer and patience find Him out again:

* Chart.

Dart up thy soul in groans : thy secret groan
 Shall pierce His ear, shall pierce His ear alone.
 Dart up thy soul in vows : thy sacred vow
 Shall find Him out, where Heav'n alone shall know.
 Dart up thy soul in sighs : thy whispering sigh
 Shall rouse His ears, and fear no listener nigh.
 Shoot up the bosom shafts of thy desire,
 Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire;
 And they will hit : fear not : where Heav'n bids come—
 Heav'n's never deaf but when man's heart is dumb.

Emblems.

The first edition of the *Emblems*, Mr. Wilmott tells us, 'is supposed to have appeared in 1685.' That they are not wholly original is confidently affirmed. A certain Jesuit, Herman Hugo, wrote a work called *Pia Desideria*, in Latin verse. Several of Quarles's pieces, and many lines, are either paraphrase or translation of these; and a writer in the *Critical Review*,* whom Mr. Wilmott believes to be Southey, says 'they are fine poems on some of the most ridiculous prints that ever excited merriment:' and yet these absurd, and often disgusting, prints have been better known and oftener re-published than the work itself. 'They have even appeared in Spain, with a paraphrase by Hugo. In Portugal, they have been twice published.' Our own copy (one of the editions of 1808, published at Bristol) *did* contain these vile illustrations, long ago consigned to the flames.† Nothing, however, can ultimately damage Quarles's reputation as a thoughtful, meditative poet—of course to be read, as all the authors of that day must be read, with pretty large allowances for the homeliness and occasional pedantry of the compositions.

At the very beginning of the *Hieroglyphics* he gives us to understand how firmly he is convinced that the study of human nature is essential to our apprehensions of the Deity.

Man is man's A B C. There's none that can
 Read God aright, unless he first spell MAN.
 Man is the stairs whereby his knowledge climbs
 To his Creator, though it oftentimes
 Stumbles for want of light, and often trips
 For want of careful heed, and sometimes slips
 Through unadvised haste; and when at length
 His weary steps have reach'd the top, his strength
 Oft fails to stand; his giddy brains turn round,
 And, Phaeton-like, fall headlong to the ground, &c.

Who does not know the fifth Emblem? of which we copy two out of five stanzas.

* *Critical Review*, September, 1801.

† It seems as if this ill-used poet was doomed for ever to be united to the illustrations so long condemned. Even while writing this paper, we have seen two new and handsome editions of the *Emblems*. The most recent, by Tegg, contains all the frightful accompaniments to which we have adverted.

False world, thou ly'st! thou canst not lend
 The least delight:
 Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
 They are so slight:
 Thy morning pleasures make an end
 To please at night:
 Poor are the wants which thou supply'st;
 And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
 With Heaven—fond earth, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st!

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
 Of endless treasure:
 Thy bounty offers easy sales
 Of lasting pleasure:
 Thou ask'st the conscience what she will,
 And swear'st to ease her:
 There's none can want where thou supply'st,
 There's none can give where thou deny'st—
 Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st!

Surely there is beauty, as well as manly energy and power, in the following (from Emblem XII.)

If those refulgent beams of heaven's great light
 Gild not the day, what is the day but night?
 The drowsy shepherd sleeps, flowers droop and fade,
 The birds are sullen, and the beast is sad:
 But if bright Titan dart his golden ray,
 And with his riches glorify the day,
 The jolly shepherd pipes, flowers freshly spring,
 The beasts grow game some, and the birds all sing.
 Thou art my sun, great God! O when shall I
 View the full beams of Thy meridian eye?
 Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies
 The gracious presence of Thy glorious eyes,
 Or give me faith; and, by the eye of grace,
 I shall behold Thee, though not face to face.

And, among the Hieroglyphics, how graphic the picture of approaching winter, and of advancing wintry age—

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
 To cobweb every green;
 And by the low-shorn rowens* doth appear
 The fast declining year:
 The sapless branches doff their summer suits,
 And wear their winter fruits;
 And stormy blasts have forc'd the quaking trees
 To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy frieze.

Now careful age hath pitch'd her painful plough
 Upon the furrow'd brow:
 And snowy blasts of discontented care
 Have blanch'd the falling hair;
 Suspicious envy, mix'd with jealous spite,
 Disturbs his weary night:
 He threatens youth with age: and now, alas!
 He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

* Rowens—last mowed grass.

Grey hairs, peruse thy days ; and let thy past
 Read lectures to thy last ;
 Those hasty wings, that hurried them away,
 Will give these days no day ;
 The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire,
 Until her works expire :
 The blast that nipt thy youth will ruin thee ;
 The hand that shook the branch, will quickly strike the tree.

Of the prose works of Quarles we have not left room to say much. His prayers appear to us extremely beautiful. They are flowing and earnest ; not flowery, or tinged with conceits. The *Enchiridion*, of which we have spoken, does not, we think, quite deserve the high encomium of which we have spoken. The maxims are wise and good, but have not the beauty of Arthur Warwick's 'Spare Minutes.' The following is perhaps a too favourable specimen :—

XXVIII.

God is Alpha and Omega in the great world—endeavour to make Him so in the little world : make Him thy evening epilogue, and thy morning prologue ; practise to make Him thy last thought at night when thou sleepest, and the first thought in the morning when thou awakest : so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding be rectified in the day ; so shall thy rest be peaceful, thy labours prosperous, thy life pious, and thy death glorious.

T.

NOTE.—The writer of the above article, having acknowledged the obligations due to the Rev. Robert Aris Wilmott, whose *Biography of Quarles* is the best we have, takes the liberty of noticing in the *Life of George Wither*, in the same series, that Mr. Wilmott's transcript of Wither's glorious hymn, 'Come, oh ! come, in pious lays,' contains exactly the same variations from the original (as given in Russell Smith's edition of the *Hallelujah*, and also in Sir Roundell Palmer's copy,) which we complained of in Mrs. Alexander's *Sunday Book*. We should like to know the origin of the 'orphanion,' and of those other changes also. What is the authority for these lines in the last stanza ?

There our voices we will rear
 Till we fill it everywhere,
 And enforce the fiends that dwell
 In the air, to sink to Hell.

The true reading, as we believe, being,

Where, in such a praiseful tone,
 We will sing what He hath done,
 That the cursed fiends below
 Shall thereat impatient grow.

PROFESSOR ADAMS'S RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY.

PROFESSOR Adams, director of the Cambridge Observatory, at the beginning of last year received from the hands of the President of the Royal Astronomical Society the gold medal, for his valuable contributions to the development of the Lunar Theory. I propose

in the present paper to give a short sketch of the nature of these contributions, and to point out their importance, and their position in the splendid history of astronomical discovery. It will be possible, I trust, to present this subject in a way that shall be intelligible to an attentive reader, even if unversed in the mysteries of mathematics.

If a careless person were to note the position of the moon among the stars on a succession of fine evenings, he might suppose that, during the intervals of twenty-four hours between his observations, the moon moved over equal distances. A more careful observer would see that this is not the case, but that sometimes it moved faster, and at other times slower. If now his attention were arrested by this irregular motion, and he were accurately to observe what the motion of the moon really is at all times, and express it in such a manner as would enable him to predict its future motions and position, and assign those of the past accurately, he would be constructing by observation a 'Lunar Theory.'

The astronomers before Newton, by means of observation alone, made progress in this direction, which will always strike the student of the subject with admiration and astonishment. They discovered that the position and motion of the moon depended on the relative position of the sun, and found means of expressing this dependence. To show how they discovered and expressed it would be to write an account of the 'Lunar Theory,' which is not my purpose. It will suffice here if it is understood that they discovered that the distance of the moon in front of or behind the position which *it would have occupied had it moved uniformly* in a circle round the earth, could be represented by a series of small quantities, (called 'terms,' 'equations,' 'variations,' &c.,) which depend in a simple manner on the relative position, and distances of the three bodies, the sun, earth, and moon. In the increasingly accurate discovery and expression of these 'variations,' resides the development of the 'Lunar Theory.'

Newton's hypothesis of the law of gravitation—i. e. 'that all bodies attracted each other with a force proportional to the mass, and inversely proportional to the square of the distance,'—altered the aspect of the Lunar Theory. If this law were true, the motions of the moon might be deduced from it, by tracing its consequences on the action of the three bodies; and conversely, the close observation of the actual movements of the three bodies, would subject the truth of the newly discovered 'law' to the most rigorous test. Newton began this great work with unrivalled sagacity; and the great mathematicians of the age following his carried on the work. The highest stimulus was given to the observers on the one hand, and to the mathematicians on the other. Any deviation of the observed place of the moon from the place predicted for her by the mathematicians, sent them to their work again. The inexorable moon travels on in her orbit, regardless of the efforts that are being made to account for her eccentric motions! If she is not where the

mathematicians say she ought to be, either their calculations or the law of gravitation must be in error.

Now slight discrepancies of this kind have several times been detected; and the importance of Adams's discovery may be illustrated by some of them. In any single revolution of the moon round the earth, her path will be nearly an ellipse or elongated circle, cutting the plane, in which the earth moves round the sun. But from the action of the sun on the moon; her path is somewhat distorted; and at the end of the month she has not quite returned to the place where she was at the beginning, and sets out for the next month in a new ellipse, slightly differing from the previous one. Now these variations admit of being calculated on Newton's hypothesis; and this hypothesis is tested by its results agreeing with observation. But on one point Newton's Theory as worked out by himself, gave only *half* the motion actually observed. And moreover, when the calculations were yet more completely worked out by Clairaut, they gave the same result! Clairaut did not hesitate to suggest that Newton's law might be an incomplete and approximative representation of the law of nature. But he was fortunate enough to discover afterwards that it was his *own calculations* that were incomplete. They were soon advanced to a level with observation; the agreement was complete, and Newton's law established more securely than ever.

Once more:—the smaller planets Juno, Pallas, and Vesta were affected with perturbations, which seemed to be due to the attraction of Jupiter, but which Jupiter's estimated mass was inadequate to produce. So Bessel suggested that the power of attraction in Jupiter might be not in proportion to his mass, but *elective* like magnetic attraction, an extraordinary solution, which was happily rendered unnecessary by Airy's discovery, that the mass of Jupiter had previously been wrongly calculated, and that, when the right estimate was made, the disturbances of the little planets were all '*en règle*.'

So when a discrepancy has been found to exist between calculation and observation, it has always been the herald of fresh discoveries.

Now when the solution of the problem about the moon's motion was first effected, and was awaiting the verdict of the future to test its powers of accurate prediction, it was an obvious thought to verify it by an appeal to the past. If the shortness of life forbade these early mathematicians to verify their calculations in future ages, they could at least show that the position of the moon at any past epoch could be accurately ascertained. And the accuracy of these predictions respecting the past, if I may be allowed the expression, could be examined by means of the records of eclipses. Would or would not their theory assign such a position to the moon on June 21st, B. C. 399, that her shadow should be thrown on Rome just before sunset? and on Antioch on January 23rd, A. D. 883? Halley was the first to see that when accurate knowledge was obtained, it would appear that the moon was now moving faster, and performing its revolution in a shorter time than it used to do. In order that an

ancient eclipses should be valuable for proving or disproving calculations, its date, its hour, and the place of observation, are required. If the tables of calculation are in error ever so little, they will make the path of the eclipse pass not over the given place but some other. And hence it may be calculated what change must be made in the tables of calculation in order to bring the moon's shadow at that particular date over that very place.

Without entering further into the subject, I think that the following statements will now be understood:—

First. That observation indicates a 'secular acceleration,' i.e. regular increase of pace, in the moon's motion.

Secondly. That eclipses furnish the means of ascertaining the amount of this acceleration with a tolerable degree of accuracy.

Thirdly. That the amount of acceleration has been discovered to be not less than 10", and the latest works on the subject raise it to even 18".

Now for a long time Theory was entirely unable to account for this. It seemed as if the law of gravitation was inconsistent with this acceleration. Euler and Lagrange pledged themselves to this assertion. Laplace at last discovered the true cause; and some account of this must be given before Adams's discovery can be appreciated. It has been said that the attraction of the sun disturbs the moon in her orbit round the earth: now the amount of this disturbance depends on a variety of circumstances; and among others, on the exact shape of the earth's orbit round the sun. It had been supposed that this orbit was unalterable; and therefore, since the other circumstances also were unalterable, that the amount of the sun's disturbing force on the moon remained always the same from century to century. But Laplace, when engaged on a very beautiful investigation respecting the motions of Jupiter's satellites, discovered that their mutual influence must alter the shapes of their orbits in a peculiar manner. By analogy, he instantly saw that if Jupiter's little moons altered the shape of each other's orbits, then must also the planets—the sun's moons, so to speak—alter their orbits: and hence the shape of the earth's orbit must be undergoing a change. With intense interest he devoted himself to a most elaborate and difficult investigation respecting—firstly, the change in the earth's orbit due to the other planets; and secondly, the amount of alteration that would follow in the disturbing force of the sun on the moon; and thirdly, the amount of acceleration of the moon's motion that would result. How anxiously he must have looked to the end of these long calculations! Would the answer come out right? For he knew the answer—it was about 11". His hand may well have trembled as he worked the last figures. The answer he obtained was, 11" and a small fraction over.

And now at last the reader is in a position to appreciate Adams's discovery. If there had still remained a discrepancy between theory

and observation, it would be easy to anticipate that Adams had reconciled them. He has done no such common-place thing. He has done what is far more important; he has shown that the theory, *though it agrees with the observation*, is in error. He has shown that Laplace overlooked a certain cause of disturbance. By a method of great intricacy, and one that avoids all possible sources of error, Adams showed that the amount of secular acceleration which had been accounted for was only 5".7. Then began the famous controversy which has occupied so much of the attention of astronomers. At first Adams stood alone. His announcement was received with incredulity, and even with anger. '*Il ne tend a rien moins qu' d'en lever a Laplace l' honneur d' une de ses plus belles decouvertes.*' And it must be remembered that it was not only Adams 'contra mundum,' but 'contra lunam' too! But by degrees numerous mathematicians entered the lists, and in succession investigated the question, and the result is, that the utmost amount of acceleration that has been accounted for is 6".11. This then is the amount produced by the perturbing action of the planets on the earth's orbit, which had been previously over-estimated.

Let us pause for one moment to reflect on the minuteness of the discovery. It has been ascertained that the moon's motion is being accelerated; that it is travelling faster during the present century than during the past one; and that it will continue to travel faster and faster. How much faster does it travel now than it used to do? In the present century it will advance by 10" or 12" more than it did in the century preceding. Or, in other words, if anyone observed the motion of the moon from A. D. 1700 to 1800, and then again from A. D. 1800 to 1900, he would discover that in the second interval of one hundred years the moon travelled further than it had done in the first interval, by the 150th part of her own breadth. And the discovery of Adams is, in plain words, that we know why she has advanced $\frac{1}{360}$ th of her breadth, and do not know why she has advanced the other $\frac{2}{360}$ th.

It is unspeakably wonderful that the genius of man should have discovered such a fact as this, and found out its cause; and scarcely less wonderful, that now the cause having been found to be not quite adequate, the portion unaccounted for should be regarded with such interest, as the possible key to the solution of problems of immense importance. It is due to Adams that the action of this unknown force is known. It will be remembered how some years ago he discovered a new planet, Neptune, through the unexplained perturbations of the already discovered planet Uranus. He has now set the world to seek for the unknown cause of the remainder of this lunar acceleration. It would be easy to illustrate from the history of the sciences how such searches have always led to new and important discoveries in the field of truth.

To what source are we to look for the cause? Three possible lines of research present themselves at once.

First, it may be traced to planetary influence, in spite of Euler's dictum,

and will probably bring into reconsideration the action of gravitation, and whether or not that may be progressive instead of instantaneous.

Secondly. Another possible cause is the existence of a resisting ether through which the earth and moon may have to move.

Thirdly. It is possible that the earth's own period of rotation may be diminishing. Now it is obvious that if the day were becoming longer, other motions referred to it, while they remained actually the same, would seem to be becoming faster; i.e. motions which formerly seemed to occupy a whole day would now seem to be performed in a part of it. Hence the moon may only *seem* to be moving faster, and the acceleration of 6" be an apparent one only. It is remarkable that while on the one hand it has been computed that if our century were longer by 164" we should first discover it by this very amount of apparent acceleration of the moon; on the other hand, it is calculated that the action of the *tides* on the surface of the earth in retarding its rotation, though small, is probably a measurable quantity, and that 164" per century is not a very improbable value.

So this discovery of Adams will lead, we hope, to a renewed investigation of that most difficult of subjects, the tides. Here theory lags far behind observation. And if the fact of the retardation of the earth's rotation should be established, it is curious to speculate on some of the inferences that must follow. The year ought to seem to shorten proportionally, as well as the day to lengthen. And if the earth is being retarded in her rotation, the last stronghold of the doctrine of the unalterability of our solar system will be taken. It taxed the imagination to conceive, amid a system of perpetual orderly change ruling over all other motions, that the earth should go on from age to age rotating in one ever invariable period. It is a sameness that seems to conflict with the variety around it. A very slow retardation *is* going on, how slow we do not yet know; and the same causes that are now in operation will tend constantly in the same direction, till our day becomes as long as our month! It is impossible not to see in this a probable explanation of the strange coincidence in the periods of rotation and revolution of the moon. *Had she once tides?* either when fluid, or in her now invisible oceans? If she had, their retarding influence (mighty as they would have been, from the size and proximity of the earth, and her own small mass,) would have gradually reduced or increased her period of rotation till it coincided with her period of revolution round the earth, as is the case at the present time. And if the movement of the moon's rotation is not accelerated proportionally with that of her revolution round the earth, will not the moon perhaps in some far distant age present to the earth another face from that with which we are so familiar! Perhaps it will be impossible to predict this with certainty; and we are running on too far into speculations. But in truth, this discovery of Adams is pregnant with materials for speculation, study, and discovery. Laplace regretted that there was but one universe, and

Newton had discovered its laws. Some of our mathematicians have doubtless regretted that there could be but one '*Mécanique céleste*,' and Laplace had written it. But now Adams has shown that there is something yet unknown where all was supposed to be known, and has opened the way to fresh discoveries in the laws of the universe.

W.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER III.

MR. THRUPP'S idea was the offspring of his intimate acquaintance with the private affairs of many of the chief houses in his county. Among these was the Maynards of Priors Torwood, who had lately suffered the inconvenience of a severance between the family honours and estate. The latter had descended to Eleanor, the daughter of Sir Walter, the fifth baronet; the former to his brother, the Reverend Sir William, who, after holding them for about five or six years, had lately left his inconvenient and empty title to his little son, Sir Walter, the second of a family of four slenderly provided children.

The boy had just passed his examination for a naval cadetship, and was going on board the *Britannia*. His only sister, Jane, had suffered, at the time of her father's death, one of those shocks that leave such permanent and serious effects on young and sensitive frames. She had been half broken-hearted at the loss of her happy parsonage home, and had fallen into a state of depressed health and spirits, that had caused her physician to pronounce that a foreign tour was the best hope of saving her from decline. Mr. Thrupp well knew that the widowed Lady Maynard would do her utmost to avoid dependence upon her heiress niece, above all as regarded Walter, since Miss Maynard was still so young, that he could by no means be viewed as her probable heir. And therefore the wise old solicitor hoped to be conferring a general favour, by his proposal that Miss Brockensha should obtain the polish her attainments needed, by means of a foreign tour, under the motherly care of Lady Maynard, for such a handsome consideration as would enable that lady to take her daughter abroad, without sacrificing the education of the two younger children, or being obliged to let any part of Walter's expenses be defrayed by his cousin.

He durst not, however, mention his scheme, even to Mr. Beatson, until he had first sounded Lady Maynard herself, who was fortunately staying at the house of one of her own relations, at about an hour's railway distance from Allingthorpe. The result of the conference was that, however desirable, the project must depend upon what Lady Maynard might think of Miss Brockensha herself, and whether she would be a suitable and pleasant companion to Jane, whose health made her

nervously sensitive and capricious. And thus it became decided, that an invitation should be sent to both mother and daughter to spend a couple of nights at Allingthorpe Vicarage, under pretext of being present at the choral concert, when the two young girls might meet in all unconsciousness; and Lady Maynard might form her opinion at her leisure.

There was a moment's check and surprise in Mrs. Foley's manner, when first she heard the name of Maynard, and Priors Torwood; and she made such special inquiries as to the individuals of the family, that her husband afterwards asked her what she meant.

'Nothing—nothing,' she answered quickly; 'it is the other branch that I thought of.'

'Why did you think of any branch?'

'I never mentioned it; and pray do not you—but my poor brother Cecil—before you knew us—had an unlucky attachment to a Miss Maynard. He was obliged to break it off, finding her altogether flighty—ill-tempered—undesirable; but he never got over it, poor fellow.'

'It is impossible that it should have been this girl. She is said to be younger than Damaris.'

'No. I believe it was the heiress cousin, though in Cecil's time there were some little brothers. But of course this is not the least objection; and if all we hear of Lady Maynard be true, there could hardly be a happier home for the poor child. How very nice she is, dear girl!'

That vague word, nice, did indeed just express the tenour of Miss Brockensha's behaviour, which certainly did credit to her training. Without any superhuman unworldliness, the education of the girl had shielded her from many of the enticements of the lower fashionable life, and the Catechism was a genuine reality and rule of life to her; so that she did not feel any wild desire to make use of her wealth in display, but rather clung to the old safe ways in which her life had hitherto flowed.

She was the first to remember that the school would be a heavy burthen on Mrs. Brown's hands; and she begged to do her work there, as usual, till her successor could be found. To this Mrs. Foley made no objection; and Damaris taught and fixed work much as usual, planning all the time to make grand presents to the Church and the children; but, to her great mortification, Mr. Foley forbade her doing any such thing while under his roof; and would not hear of the organ that she so much desired to present.

'In two years time, when you are of age,' he said, 'and have seen something of other places and people, if you still wish to make such an offering, we will see about it, but I will not accept any promise; and gifts, here, in your ignorance, must not be made.'

Her eyes filled with tears as she said, 'Then it is little pleasure all this is to me, Sir.'

'Well,' said Mr. Foley, smiling, 'I will relent so far as to let you leave

a little gift with each of your old scholars, provided it does not cost much. And you may give them a parting feast on tea and cake, if you like.'

'Oh, thank you, Sir!' cried Damaris, delighted with the concession; 'and may I have coffee for them? There's nothing they think so much of as coffee and fresh butter.'

Mr. Foley laughed and consented. 'And there is one person, to whom no one would wish to prevent your making a handsome present. Mr. Thrupp was talking to me about it. Mrs. Brown—'

Damaris did not look as pleased as he expected; though deference made her say, 'Thank you, Sir.'

'Well, what is it? Don't be afraid to say.'

'Why, Sir, I hoped Mrs. Brown would always be with me. I would not trouble her, I have been used to wait on myself; but if she was only called my maid—if there's no other way. I could take such care of her, better than anyone else; and I should never be at a loss if I only had her.'

'Has Mrs. Brown consented to this?' asked Mr. Foley.

'Yes, Sir; at least, she said that, if you and the gentlemen wished it, and thought it right, she would try it. And I would make her so comfortable, Sir.'

'I doubt whether you could do that. With every wish, you would find that living in other people's houses, as you must do for some time to come, she would be chiefly dependent on their servants—whom you could not control. That may comfort you, Damaris; for I know your guardians will not consent to your bringing with you anyone who knew you in your former life. They wish you to make an entirely fresh start.'

Poor Damaris! Though young enough to see this fresh start as likely to lead the way to a sunny paradise, yet the loneliness, in which she was to go forth into it, might well bear an appalling aspect. At present, by way of being gradually accustomed to her new sphere, she was sleeping in the best spare room at the Parsonage, and was treated in every respect as an equal guest. Mrs. Foley called her by her Christian name, and tried to think of her as a young lady staying in the house; but with great regard, and much esteem and affection on either side, the change of relations did produce a little constraint, and Damaris could not easily feel in her right place, when sitting down to embroidery in the Vicarage bay-window. She was more at her ease when Mrs. Foley was teaching her French, though sorely tried by the difficulties of pronunciation. As to her wardrobe—that Mrs. Foley caused to be reinforced from London, by way of avoiding the gossip of country dress-makers. On the whole, therefore, Miss Brockensha's accession of wealth made so little noise in Allingthorpe, that, in spite of the asseverations of the Parsonage servants, and of Mrs. Brown's intimates, it was absolutely discredited. She looked as usual at the singing practice, and as she came and went with Mrs. Foley, there was no speaking to her there; and on Sunday, she certainly

had on a new gauzy-looking black bonnet and floating soft mantle, but both were of a fashion too new, and too refined, for Allingthorpe eyes to appreciate them; and the young ladies at the farms absolutely flouted their papas, who set before them, in the country paper, the 'Good Fortune of a Deserving young Person;' which related how Mr. Hiram Brockensha had bequeathed a fortune of £100,000 to his niece—'who has been, we understand, educated in the S—— Diocesan Training School, and has been hitherto acting as assistant mistress at the village of Allingthorpe.'

More than one young lady regretted that she had been too anxious to repress the soaring flights of school-mistresses to have cultivated an intimacy that might have opened the way to 'the first circles.' Some considered whether it were too late to begin, and called at the Parsonage in consequence; but Miss Brockensha was at the school, and Mrs. Foley did not offer to send for her. Damaris had older intimates, her fellow-scholars at the training school; and she had written to three of these, who answered her—one in a strain of grave warning—another with timid awe and wonder—a third with an unpleasant tone of adulation, ending with a request that Miss Brockensha would remember her brother if she wanted a footman. In each case a bar seemed to have cut off the old friendship, and the poor girl began to feel like a sort of new Midas, as if all her past elements of happiness were chilled by cold useless gold.

Another effect of the gold startled her a good deal. The practice for the choral concert was just over, and she was on her way back to the Vicarage, when she was accosted by Albert Stebbing, who entreated for a word with her; and before she could elude him, or know what he was about, was making love to her with all his might, pleading his admiration of long standing, and insisting on a hearing. In utter confusion, Damaris had attempted no answer, and he was still urging her, in low but vehement tones, when, in the twilight, Mr. Foley's voice was heard—'This will not do, Mr. Stebbing. Whatever you have to say to Miss Brockensha must be said in my house, and by daylight.'

Some apology—begging pardon, and the like—was muttered, then Albert fled; and Damaris, without a word, reached the house door, and flew up to her room; while Mr. Foley, overtaking his wife, informed her that the thing they had apprehended had taken place, and that that conceited ass, Albert Stebbing, had been caught in the fact. They agreed that, after giving Damaris time to recover herself, Mrs. Foley should go up and see in what sort of frame she was.

It would be hard to say what was the mood of the young girl. She was greatly confused at the appearance of the Vicar, and afraid he would think she had brought it on herself; but though she had quite sense enough to hold her suitor very cheap, still she was, to a certain degree, gratified and flattered at having become the object of his suit, and quite inclined to believe that his admiration was of older date than her fortune. She had not the slightest wish to accept him, but she *was*, certainly,

more pleased than annoyed or resentful at the courtship; and Mrs. Foley was forced to confess to herself, that she was not nearly as much disturbed or fluttered as most young *ladies* of her age would have been. When once she found that her friends acquitted her of blame, and thought her past conduct had been prudent, she looked happy again, took up her work, and came down as if nothing had happened.

The next day, however, arrived a most elaborate letter from young Mr. Stebbing, couched in the most high-flying and romantic terms of newspaper English, laying himself and his affections at Miss Brockensha's feet, and describing the long conflict that duty and passion had waged, until the sudden turn of Fortune's wheel had, indeed, smoothed the way to the consent of his parents, but, alas! exposed him to the suspicion of mercenary motives, which he proceeded to disclaim with the greater force, that he was able to make—with the willing consent of his father—a representation of his own means. And as Mr. Stebbing was a prosperous farmer and grazier, these, though not equal to those of Miss Brockensha, were not at all despicable.

Damaris, blushing vehemently, carried the letter at once to Mrs. Foley, and was presently after called into the study.

'Well, Damaris,' said Mr. Foley, half seriously, half smiling, 'this is one of the things that comes of being an heiress.'

Damaris looked a little hurt, and said, 'I think he means it well, Sir.'

'What, you don't wish to encourage him?'

'Oh no, Sir, certainly not. Only—'

'Only what?'

'Only I thought it was a feeling letter, Sir, and beautifully expressed; and I would not like him to be harshly answered, as if he had never said a kind word to me before.'

'We won't quarrel now about the letter. Some day you will think it might have been simpler. I agree with you that there was some liking to begin with, and that he does not deserve an angry dismissal. I believe the wisest way would be for you to write a short decisive note, which I will give to him myself, and tell him and his father how matters stand with you; and that will shew him that it is all in vain.'

'If you please, Sir—thank you.'

The decisive note was the difficulty. Damaris could not divest herself of a sense of what was due to the beautiful expressions of the letter, and longed for some model. At last—in the need for immediate action forced on her by the fear of keeping Mr. Foley waiting—she decided that the third person was the most refined and dignified form, and wrote accordingly—

Miss Brockensha is greatly obliged to Mr. Albert Stebbing for the flattering estimation in which she knows he has always held her, and she regrets any pain that she may occasion to him, by the necessity in which she finds herself, of professing an indifference which prevents her from entertaining his proposals, though she will always remember him with true gratitude and friendship.

She was quite surprised by Mrs. Foley saying, 'A very good little note—only as you wished not to speak coldly, I wonder you put it in the third person.'

'Oh, do you think so, Ma'am? Then I'll write it again.'

'Oh no—no—it will do excellently. Mr. Foley can't wait.'

And she ran away with it, rather rejoicing in that same coldness—while Damaris longed for Mrs. Brown's sympathy. And she obtained it, when, school being over, she slipped into the little room, insisted on herself taking out the tea-things, setting the kettle, and being snug. Then she told the whole story, and albeit Mrs. Brown was harder upon Mr. Albert than Mr. Foley himself, and told Damaris she was a silly child, and it was well there was somebody to look after her: yet, somehow, there was more comfort in going to her than to the lady, partly because Mrs. Foley was evidently expecting a tone of feeling in the girl, that she could not understand.'

'And I suppose,' said Damaris demurely, when the subject had been worn threadbare, 'that Mr. Newton will be coming with this same nonsense.'

'Mr. Newton! No, indeed. He's not the man to say *that* to you rich, that he didn't say to you poor.'

'But, Mother, he was almost as civil as Mr. Albert. Yes, I almost think more so. Don't you remember that great storm, when one could not hold an umbrella—how he wrapped me up in his plaid, and helped me over the street.'

'Well, and so he'd have done for any woman in the place. He's as real a gentleman as ever lived, is Harry Newton.'

'A gentleman,' said Damaris; 'but he isn't one, is he? I mean not like Mr. Beatson, though he might be for his looks.'

'I didn't know his father,' said Mrs. Brown, 'if that's what you mean. I believe he was some sort of a clerk in an office; but his mother, that died a few years after I came here, was a lady, if anyone was, and gave him a thorough good education; and a good son he was to her, keeping her in all comfort, so soon as he could earn a penny for himself under Mr. Stokes—that there engineer. He's one to act as a gentleman, be he what he will.'

'Well, I think it would have been but neighbourly to congratulate me,' said Damaris, in a little tone of pique; then blushing, as though she knew she had said a foolish thing.

No difference was to be made as to the concert; Damaris was to sing her part as before arranged. There could be no impropriety in her singing where Mrs. Foley and her sisters often sang; and the awkwardness of meeting with young Stebbing must be got over, as being better than causing a sensation by a change of programme. Lady Maynard and her daughter were to come early in the day, so that the delicate girl might have a long rest. Mrs. Foley was more than usually careful about Damaris' dress for the occasion—a plain but good black silk—directed

her choice of jet ornaments, and felt more than ever anxious as to the impression she might produce. It was clearly undesirable that she should remain in the Stebbing neighbourhood; and yet, what would not depend on the persons who would have the charge of her? 'If Albert Stebbing had been anything, ever so little, superior in goodness or sense,' said she, 'I should almost have been glad if the attachment had come to something. I think this making a lady of her is a terrible risk in every way. She would be much better and happier with a good man, not too much above her in birth and breeding. But it cannot be helped; and we must do our best, and hope our best!'

(To be continued.)

GONE UP FOR A SCHOLARSHIP.

A FAMILY SKETCH.

Mrs. GREY and two of her sons were at the railway station—one of them was going away. He was going to Oxford to try for a mathematical scholarship at St. Cuthbert's College. This was his second trial; the first had been at Christchurch a few months before, and he had failed when there had been great hopes of success. But these hopes had been unreasonable, for he was young, and had to stand against many who were not only older, but more advanced in many ways. The result, however, had been to send him home, determined, if possible, to succeed the next time, and also to open the eyes of all the family to the possibility of a second disappointment. This feeling mixed itself up in Mrs. Grey's mind with the most intense love for her son, and the sort of compassion mothers must feel, who have no competitive examinations to go through, for the children, now no longer children, about to go forth, each separate and alone, to fight their own battles in the world.

Some such feeling helped to fill her eyes with the tears which she knew her son could not bear to see, and which were got rid of with a mother's skill, and covered with many a smile and gay word. Meanwhile, the other boy, ten years of age, hung on her arm, watching the engine and the engine-driver, the porters and the workmen, with a keenness of interest, which only abated when the final start was at hand; but as the whistle was heard he waved his hand to the brother, who looked out and nodded at him—and in a moment they were gone.

Then Mrs. Grey and her little boy set off to return home. It was a long way to their house, partly through the town; and as they walked along there was time for a great deal of talk. After many an affectionate word about Edward, (the one who was gone,) Johnny began to cast his eyes about to see what he might like to have among the various shops they were passing.

Johnny was a little boy who never lost anything by not asking for it, and he had not yet learnt that his mother was, in consequence, more apt to refuse than when Henry or Emily asked for things; but he was such an extremely amiable and bright-tempered child, that refusals had no effect at all upon his good-humour. On this occasion, he no sooner came in sight of an ironmonger's than he exclaimed,

'Oh, Mamma! how I should like a little copper wire! Do, *do* get me a bit.'

'No, no, my darling, I cannot now.'

'Cruel!' said Johnny, and walked on just as gaily as before.

Now they were near a fruiterer's.

'Oh, Mamma, what oranges! and if you knew how my mouth waters for them—oh, do get me one!'

'They are sour, dear; and besides, it is too early in the day to eat fruit.'

They went on in silence for a few steps, when Johnny exclaimed,

'The thing I most want in all the world is a bit of sheet-brass—oh, if I had a bit! and besides, Mamma, you promised me some.'

Mrs. Grey. Oh! what are you dreaming of, Johnny?

Johnny. I mean, you said something about it once.

Mrs. G. Yes; I said if you wanted any you must buy it when you had money of your own. You must be more particular to repeat accurately what others have said.

Johnny took this very well, and curled his hand still more closely into his mother's arm. And here they came in sight of a carpenter's work-yard.

'Oh, Mamma! there is Harris's work-yard. And he is very kind. I do so want a piece of wood to cut into wheels.'

Mrs. G. My dear Johnny, you could not possibly cut wood into wheels without a lathe; and besides, where are all the lovely little wheels I bought for you at the turner's—real little wheels?

Johnny had no answer to give. They walked on in silence for a few steps. He probably pondering on what he could get out of his mother, and she with her thoughts gone back to the beloved son in the train—when suddenly Johnny cried out,

'Oh, Mamma, what luscious cakes in that pastry-cook's!—and I had so very little breakfast! Oh, for one of those tarts! Oh, that I had not lost my penny yesterday!'

Mrs. G. Ah, Johnny, and if I had not lost my purse at Commemoration last year at Oxford!

Johnny. But that was nothing to the time at Lowestoft, Mamma, when your purse was taken out of your pocket.

Mrs. G. Very true; nothing is so provoking as to have one's pocket picked. And I was going (you know, Johnny) with Papa to the festival at Norwich, and I had enough money to buy two beautiful shawls for Aunt Grace and Aunt Ethel, when the wicked man robbed me.

Then Mamma and her son talked over that well-remembered loss for some time—going over all the particulars with a melancholy and excruciating delight. At last Johnny said,

‘Mamma, of all the things you ever lost, what do you think you were sorriest for?’

It was a question so wide and so full, and awoke so many thoughts, that Mrs. Grey walked on silent for a few minutes. And now they were beyond the streets and suburbs, and had come upon the open downs, which they had still to cross before reaching home. Johnny, without waiting for an answer, asked if he might have a good run, and then come back.

‘Do, my darling,’ said Mamma, ‘and I will presently answer your question.’

Then she thought over all the losses of her life. Before her memory arose her father, then her mother; and long ago, when she was a girl, the brother, so beautiful, clever, and loving; and last, the little beloved one, who was taken from her ten years before. ‘But I will not speak of them,’ she said to herself. ‘He was not thinking of any such losses.’

So when Johnny came back, his cheeks all glowing, and quite out of breath, Mrs. Grey said, ‘Sit down by me on this bench, Johnny, and I will tell you what I was once very sorry indeed to lose—and that was an invitation.’

Johnny. Make it like a story, Mamma, and it will amuse and cheer me, for I want a great deal of cheering since Edward is gone, and I do feel *so* desolate.

There was such a contrast between Johnny’s words and the happy radiance about his whole look, that Mamma burst out laughing; and Johnny, who fully appreciated the incongruity, laughed too, so that the people passing by looked round, and saw—why do we not see it oftener?—a mother and a child in perfect understanding and perfect harmony.

‘Hush, hush, child! the people are looking at us. Sit closer, and listen quietly, and I will make it a story if I can.’

Then Johnny got very near, and put his hand in his mother’s, and she began the following story:—

‘Once upon a time, when I was about fifteen or sixteen—indeed, just as old as Emily—my father and mother were staying at Leipzig. That is a town in Germany, where there are libraries containing a great quantity of scientific books. Some of these my father was studying for purposes of his own. We were to return to England in about three months, and my mother made use of the opportunity to have us taught German and Music. Now, you must know, I had a habit at that time of lying in bed in the morning, which all the efforts of my sisters could not get me out of.’

Johnny. Who were the sisters, Mamma? Were they Aunt Lucy and Aunt Flora?

Mrs. G. Yes, dear, the very same. They used to try every means. They used to hold a wet sponge over me; but as I always hid under the bed-clothes, I seldom got more than a few drops.

Johnny. Oh, that is nothing! often Edward throws a wet sponge at me so suddenly that I am wet through.

Mrs. G. But apparently Edward has not been more successful with you than my sisters were with me. Do you remember how late you were this morning?

Johnny. You see, Mamma, Edward was busy this morning; and besides, his sponge was already packed up.

Mrs. G. Don't be so fond of speaking, and listen quietly, for now the interesting part is coming.

'One morning, my mother and my two sisters were up as usual, and were just sitting down to their morning reading at an open window, looking out on the square where we lived. Mamma had just looked round to say, 'Where is Mary? late as usual!' when she observed an elderly gentleman approaching, who took off his hat when near enough to the window, and made a low bow. This was a very celebrated and learned person, whom my father knew very well, but my sisters had not seen him before. He stood and talked some time to my mother; and the girls could just make out that it was about a party and music; and presently he turned towards the girls with a very gracious manner, and said in English, "These two fair young ladies I beg you, Madam, to my house bring. So early and diligent at their books, I shall be fond of seeing them at my house." Then he made a grand bow and wished them good-morning, walking off with a stately manner; at the turning of the square he looked back, and took off his hat before going out of sight. Then Mamma said to my sisters, "What an honour that is for you! He is a great musician; and besides seeing the beautiful things with which the house is full, you will hear some delightful music." They were all talking about it when I opened the door and came in, feeling a little ashamed and guilty, as I generally did, but having no idea what had happened. When my mother saw me she seemed suddenly to remember, and both she and my sisters exclaimed, "Oh! why were you so late?" Then they told me all about it. "Oh, Mamma!" I cried, "don't you think I might go too?" "I wish you had not been out of the way," she said; "I am afraid I could not take more than the other two; poor Mary! Oh, I am very sorry!" All day it was under discussion more or less; Flora and Lucy begging Mamma to take me; but somehow, the more it was talked of, the more I felt ashamed and vexed with myself, and the less as if I deserved this great treat; and I decided that I would not go. I think my mother guessed—at least, I judged so by the way she kissed me when the time came for them to set off.

'It was a most beautiful evening. I watched them sorrowfully from the window until they were out of sight, and then I cried a little. In

the middle of the square there was a garden, and many orange and lemon trees—you remember, Johnny, how delightfully the scent of the orange-blossoms used to come into the house when we were at Madeira. It was so then from that garden; and I never see an orange-blossom without a sort of whiff of memory recalling the exquisite calm of that evening, and the tender little breezes laden with these scents; there was a thrush singing a little way off, and one or two large butterflies, just the colour of primroses, were still fluttering about. As I stood there, I resolved from that day forward to get up early. Then I went to the piano and played scraps of tunes, wondering what music they would hear. And so the time passed till bed-time; and I was just dropping to sleep when my sisters burst in. "Oh, such an evening!" they cried. "And who do you think was there? Mendelssohn himself! He came from Berlin on purpose to play in his own great trio—the one in C Minor."

'So there, Johnny, was the consummation of my punishment and disappointment. I laid my head on the pillow after hearing that, and not wishing to hear any more; but I cried for nearly half an hour.'

Johnny. Why, Mamma?

Mrs. G. I had heard of Mendelssohn all my life. I had heard my father and some friends of his play his music, until I knew a great many of his greatest compositions in my heart, although I could not play much; and I knew that he was also a great player. Besides this, I was vexed myself, and I kept thinking of Mamma's tender sorrowful face, and I a little pitied myself for having resolved not to go to the party, even if I had leave. I think all these reasons were what made me cry.

They then rose to go on their way, and Johnny thanked his mamma for the story, which he said had cheered him very much for the present; and he asked his mother if she had been really cured of her habit of lying in bed.

'Yes, indeed I was,' she replied. 'I began the next day; but no kind old gentleman came then, or ever again while we were there. I had lost an opportunity; but also I had learnt a lesson, for which I have been the better ever since.'

'Do you think, Mamma,' said Johnny, 'it would be a good plan if I got up earlier? But, you see, there is no great composer living now that I should miss seeing, so I don't think I shall change—yes, though, I will, because perhaps some other nice thing may happen; and I can fancy how vexed I should be if Edward and Harry were to have it and me to be left at home.'

In this way he chattered on for some time, until Mrs. Grey said,

'I have another story in my mind, if you like to hear it, also connected with my mother. I don't know what put it into my head just now. Shall I tell it to you?'

For all answer, Johnny threw his arm round his mother's waist, and then took her hand. 'Now, Mamma,' he said, 'I am ready.'

'It was a few years after we came back from Leipzig. We were living in London. My mother was spending an evening one winter at the house of a good old clergyman. Among the company was a young lady, who looked about eighteen, or perhaps less. She was sitting not far from my mother, who, being very fond of young people, began talking to her, and little by little drew out from her that her home had been till lately in Suffolk, in a little village on the coast, called Culver. My mother led her on to describe the people who lived there—hardy fishermen, who often risked their lives for vessels in distress. Elizabeth (that was her name) described them with a sort of enthusiasm; and my mother began to wonder who she was, because she was so very unlike the young ladies whom she often met in society. So at last, in order to find out, she said in a voice of inquiry, "And your father was the Rector?" "Yes," Elizabeth answered. "And did you visit much among the people?" Then Elizabeth said, "Oh yes!" and told a good deal about the wives and children, and the schools, the crowded church, and the way the fishermen hung on her father's words. She was describing how, in stormy weather, the church would in a moment be deserted at the sound of a gun, when suddenly all her animation ceased, as if some thought had come into her mind, and she was silent. After that my mother could draw nothing from her; Elizabeth was like another person—silent, pale, and constrained. It was just then that the clergyman, at whose house they were, proposed that they should have prayers before separating, as was the habit always in his house; accordingly, the servants came in, prayers were read, and then the guests separated. My mother had forgotten the change in Elizabeth, when, having said good-night to her host and hostess, she noticed that Elizabeth was standing near her with a peculiar look on her face—pale and determined. She came up to my mother and said, "You asked me just now if my father was the Rector of Culver. He was only the curate." "And you were happy there, dear child?" said my mother quickly, and taking her hand between hers. "I should like to see and hear a good deal more of you. I should like my daughters to know you. I should like to know your father. May I call and see you all?"

'That was how my mother recognized and appreciated honesty and courage. It was but a little while after that, that we all "went into acquaintance," as you and Harry call it; and then I made Elizabeth tell me about that evening. She had been greatly struck by my mother, who was a beautiful woman, and who dressed very well; but it was her kind and sweet manner which attracted her most. She said that it was thoughtlessness which caused her to say her father was the Rector, but having said it, it seemed as if she had not courage to tell that he was only a curate.'

'Why, Mamma?' said Johnny; 'what is the difference?'

Mrs. G. Very little indeed, dear, when both are gentlemen and men of education, as was the case in this instance; but it seemed to Elizabeth

that to be only a curate, and at her father's age, was to hold an inferior place in society—anyhow, as she shrank from telling, it did her credit to conquer herself as she did.

Johnny. Yes, I understand that, Mamma; and if ever I said something which was not quite true, would you like me to tell the very truth afterwards?

Mrs. G. Yes, yes, indeed, Johnny; never shrink, never lose the opportunity; one can hardly say what may be the benefit to the whole character of so doing.

Johnny. Do you think Elizabeth's character was strengthened by what she said to Grandmamma?

Mrs. G. I have no doubt it was; and it did good to others also. Indeed, it is hard to say, Johnny, how wide may be the benefit of one little act of self-denial, when done conscientiously and without regard to consequences.

'I remember another little circumstance, showing another kind of courage; and there is something in the look of the sky, and the whistling wind, which reminds me of it very forcibly; if you like to hear it, my Johnny, I will tell it to you; and it is just long enough to last until we reach home.'

'Oh, Mamma!' said Johnny, 'you are a very very nice person to take a walk with. I should like to hear it very much.'

Mrs. G. Then keep still, and don't frisk about so. Ten years ago, Johnny—in the middle of the Atlantic—nothing around but miles and miles of leaden-coloured sea, crisped over by little lines of foam. It was but four hours since we had left Madeira, but that was enough, with a fair wind, to carry us far; and we had long lost every vestige of land. It was getting dark and cold—a very rough, very sickening, state of things. The decks were deserted, and no one remained there but those on duty, and one or two unhappy ladies, who, too ill to sleep below, had permission to lie on mattresses on deck. One of these was Aunt Lucy, who lay utterly miserable under a pile of cloaks. Now, you must know, I am not such a very bad sailor, unless things are very desperate; and I was rather proud of going down soon after we embarked to see our cabins, and to put Papa and the children into a state of safety and comfort as quickly as I could. But I can tell you, that to go down below in one of those great Brazilian steamers, which have been crowded for weeks past with passengers, is by no means agreeable; and then, Johnny, the dreadful swaying about of everything, besides the terrible smells! However, I persevered till I saw dear Papa safe in his berth, and the children in theirs, and Nurse and little you in another close by, and then I looked forward to getting on deck, and breathing a little fresh air before night. It was a long way—those steamers are so immense—and I had great difficulty in getting on; but catching here a rail and there a table, shutting my eyes and then making a rush forward, and so on, I at last got up-stairs, more dead than alive; and there a sailor, who

was going down, caught me as I was falling, and placed me by my sister Lucy in a long chair, where I lay speechless for some minutes. Then Aunt Lucy and I just looked at one another, and we groaned. Just then I suddenly remembered that Nurse, who was sitting beside the children, had asked me to leave my keys. And had I done so? or were they still in my pocket? I hastily examined, and there they were! 'Oh, Lucy!' I cried; 'what shall I do? Ann asked for the keys, and here they are!' I gave one wild look round, but there was neither steward nor sailor on deck, and I sank back, and closed my eyes, with the feeling that I could die easily, but that to face the journey down to the cabin was quite impossible. There I lay in a sort of calm misery, when all of a sudden I felt the keys taken out of my hand. I had a hope that it was Ann herself who had come for them. No; it was Aunt Lucy. She, the sick one, who was to sleep on deck, had actually gone down to save me the trouble. And though to us, walking along over these breezy downs, it does not seem like much of a sacrifice, I can assure you, Johnny, it was a very heroic act, and showed a great deal of courage and a great deal of love.

'I wonder, Mamma,' said Johnny, 'if I ever shall do anything courageous, like that; I should like to, very much.'

'When the opportunity comes, dearest boy. And if you wish, you can be preparing for it; all day you have the means of denying yourself.'

Johnny. Shall I begin by getting up early to-morrow? and then, shall I learn my lessons steadily? (You often say I don't, Mamma.) And when I walk out, shall I leave off asking you for all sorts of things? and shall I be content to go to bed at half-past eight? How uninteresting it all sounds, compared to being in a splendid steamer, rolling and tossing about! still, Mamma, if you wish me to, very much, I will begin to-morrow, and try to do everything as well as I can.

Mrs. G. And then, Johnny, when the time of greater trial comes, you will find that you have gained in your every-day life the necessary strength and courage to help you through perplexities and difficulties, which might otherwise overwhelm you.

'Mamma,' said Johnny, with a sweet grave manner, very lovely in such a light-hearted child, 'that is like the man who built his house on the rock, and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.'

Two or three days after the walk and conversation which have been recorded in the preceding pages, we find Johnny in a room with his sister Emily. He is standing near the window, and Emily is studying his attitude.

'There, now,' said she at last, 'stand just so, and it will do.'

'But I shall grow tired,' said Johnny.

'Never mind, dear; stay still, and it will soon be done.' Saying this, she quickly arranged a drawing-block on a light easel, which stood at hand, and began to draw. For two minutes there was silence, broken only by a sigh from Johnny. At last he exclaimed,

'Is it done? Is it finished? Is it the very image of me?'

'It will be if you will stay quiet; but I can't draw if you fidget.'

'That shows,' said Johnny, 'that you are a very poor artist; great artists could draw me even if I was jumping out of my skin.'

'There you are thoroughly mistaken,' said Emily. When Mr. Richmond drew Papa he mightn't stir the least inch.'

'What do you mean by the least inch?' said Johnny; 'are there long and short inches?'

Here (Emily not vouchsafing a reply) there occurred a short pause.

At last Johnny, contemplating Emily fixedly, said, 'I wonder if you are like Elizabeth!'

Emily. Who is Elizabeth?

Johnny. A girl Mamma told me about in a story, who told a lie.

Emily. Dear me! do you think I tell lies?

Johnny. Oh no; I mean if your face is like hers. She was a very nice and good girl, and honourable.

Emily. Tell me about her. (This was to keep Johnny quiet.)

Johnny. Well, she was at a grand party, with crowds of fine people, and she told them her papa was a bishop, or something like it; then she changed, and said he was a curate; but after all, she said a bishop and a curate were just the same.

Emily was now at a difficult part, so she said, without much attending, 'Go on.'

Johnny. Well, then there was another story about Aunt Lucy taking the keys down to Ann when we were coming home in the Tamar.

Johnny proceeded with this story better than the last, and described the scene on deck pretty correctly. Presently he exclaimed, 'What are you about, Emily?'

Emily. I am drawing them in the corner. There now, that's Aunt Lucy, and that is Mamma. See how nearly dead Mamma looks, and Aunt Lucy staggering to reach the keys.

Johnny ran round and saw the clever little sketch. He also saw the beginning of his own portrait in the middle.

Johnny. Do you mean to say that is like me! why, it is all shadow and darkness.

Emily. Let it alone, it will be the image of you presently. Go back where you were before, like a good little boy.

Johnny. I can't, I am so dreadfully tired. If you would tell me a story, I would manage to stay a little longer.

Emily. That is impossible; as sure as I speak I do something wrong. But, Johnny, I will tell you what would be nice; run and ask Mamma

if she would come and sit with us and tell us a story; then we should both be amused.

Johnny ran off, and met his mamma on the stairs. He told her what was going on, and asked if she would come and amuse them while the picture was being drawn. Johnny speedily returned with the news that Mamma would come in a few moments: and true to her word, Mrs. Grey soon came in. In her hand she carried a small red book with a lock to it. She first went and stood by Emily to criticise the drawing. Whatever she thought, her words were few but serious, and the effect on both children was marked; Emily stood back to look at Johnny and take in his whole figure; and Johnny, casting off his listless manner, stood as Emily had first placed him, and gave her a better chance of making her picture like.

'Now then, dearest children, I will reward you for all the trouble you are taking to please Papa and Mamma, by reading you a little story which I translated years ago from a book of German parables. It is very short, but I think you will like it:—

'A little girl named Caroline had a darling little canary; the little creature sang from early morning till evening. It was beautiful, golden yellow with a little black hood. Caroline gave him seeds and fresh weeds to eat, also sometimes a little bit of sugar, and every day fresh clear water. But suddenly the little bird began to pine; and one morning, when Caroline brought him his water, he lay dead in his cage. Then the little one raised a loud lament over the beloved bird, and cried very much. But the mother went out and bought another, which was more beautiful in colour, and sang quite as sweetly as the dead one. But the little girl cried still louder when she saw the new bird. Then the mother, wondering much, said, "My dear child, why do you still cry? and why are you so distressed? your tears will not call the dead bird to life. And see here, you have another, which is not worse than that one was." Then said the child, "Ah, dear Mother! I behaved unjustly to the little creature, and I did not do all for him that I might or could."—"Dear Lina," said the mother, "what do you mean? you tended him so carefully." "Ah, no!" returned the child; "only a little time before his death I did not give him a little bit of sugar which you gave me for him, but I ate it myself." So said the little one, with troubled heart. But the mother did not smile; for in the lament of the little girl she recognized and revered the holy voice of truth in the heart of her little one. "Ah!" said she; "how will the ungrateful child feel at the grave of his parents."

Mrs. Grey closed her book, and sat thinking. Emily had stopped drawing, and was looking at her mother with a pensive smile; whilst Johnny, who was a child of very sensitive feelings, tried to conceal that he was crying.

'Come, dear Johnny,' said his mother cheerfully, 'you need not cry about it.'

Johnny, for answer, rushed to his mother, and fell into her arms.

'What a dreadfully sensitive little thing you are!' said Emily, who could not help laughing a little at him, though she was very fond of her little brother.

'It isn't the canary,' said Johnny, raising his head, and darting an angry glance at Emily. And then dropping his head again, he burst into a lamentable cry.

'Darling boy,' said Mrs. Grey, 'what is the matter? and what can you ever have done to make you cry so?'

'Send Emily away, and I will tell you—send her away, do, Mamma!'

'I'll go, Mamma,' said Emily, who saw that Johnny was very miserable. So she ran out of the room.

'Oh, Mamma!' said Johnny, 'it is about Edward. If he loses the scholarship it will be all my fault.'

'What can you mean?' said Mrs. Grey, much puzzled.

'Don't you remember, Mamma, how Papa and you were looking everywhere for the book of conic sections, and Papa said it would be a serious loss, and might make all the difference if he did not know that book?'

'I remember.'

'Well, Mamma, I had that book. I took it to make a tunnel for my little train, and there it is now! When I was playing in my room after lessons to-day, I noticed the name on the back; and when you read the story I pitied Edward.'

The tender little face was crumpled up ready for another cry, when Mrs. Grey, wiping his eyes and kissing him, said, 'Well, never mind, it does not really signify. Papa wrote out a quantity of problems, which Edward did instead; and I don't think *that* will make the difference.'

'Then you think it did no harm?' said Johnny, looking eagerly at his mother; 'and you think he *will* get it?'

'Ah, that is quite another question, and I feel very doubtful indeed; you know, Edward said in his letter this morning that there were twenty-seven candidates, and among them eight were standing for the mathematical scholarship.'

Here a little knock at the door reminded them that Emily was waiting outside, and Mrs. Grey called her in. She did not amuse herself, as some girls might have done, by noticing Johnny's red eyes and dejected manner, but gave him a little time to recover himself, while she rubbed her colours, and twisted about her easel.

'Now for it, Johnny; stand as you were before, and perhaps Mamma will read another story.—Will you, Mamma?'

'Not now, my darlings; the fact is, I can think only of Edward and his examination.'

Emily. He will get it! now see if he does not.

Mrs. Grey smiled and shook her head. 'Did you see his letter

to Papa this morning? Did you observe that the examiners were expecting both history and classics from the mathematical candidates?'*

Emily. Yes, it is a horrid shame; nevertheless—

'Don't, dear, use such strong expressions,' said Mrs. Grey. Then she locked her red book, and fell into a train of thought; while Emily and Johnny carried on a discussion about the probabilities of the case, such as showed what an interest it was to the younger as well as the elder members of the family. Meanwhile, the drawing advanced favourably until the evening shadows warned Emily to put her work aside.

The next day's post was looked for with unusual eagerness; and Edward's letter only confirmed Mr. and Mrs. Grey in the fears they entertained that he would not succeed. His papers, which he enclosed daily, were not bad; but he said he was quite the youngest of the candidates, and that he had already in his own mind fixed on the successful one—a man with spectacles, who hummed an air out of *Der Freyschütz*. But it was Frederick's letters which alarmed Mr. Grey still more. Frederick was the eldest brother. He was at Christchurch, where he had succeeded the year before in getting a studentship. His impression was that there were two or three men with a better chance than his brother. So, although there was not much to form an opinion upon, the letters caused a general depression, under which lay that blessed current of hope, which never leaves one to the last. *The last* would not be far distant; for that evening the examination would end, and the result would be given out the next morning. If favourable, Frederick was to telegraph. But the next day's post would almost tell. Johnny stood at the door watching for the postman, long before he could possibly appear. He had his Latin grammar in his hand, and occasionally bestowed a glance upon it in the intervals of gazing across the downs, and balancing himself on the gate. The letters, when they came at last, (and were brought in in breathless haste by the dear little messenger,) were not very comforting. Mrs. Grey could not help the growing fears induced by the way her boys wrote. Although her husband repeated his own experience of many years—that it was only the examiners who really could tell, and what the boys said or heard amongst themselves went for very little with him—'I think much more of that bit of Latin he was expected to do, than of what Edward or Frederick say themselves.' This was Mr. Grey's dictum, knowing that a stiff bit of Latin composition was precisely that in which Edward was not likely to shine.

So now a few hours would decide, and Mrs. Grey walked about the house nearly frozen with anxiety. Emily met her as she came out of her room, and observed her pale face, and set herself to think how she could help her mother through the next hours of suspense. She took her hand and said, 'Mamma, I have got on a great way with Johnny's picture since lessons, and I think you will like it. Could you come and sit with us? and I will do a little more.'

Mrs. Grey walked down with her daughter. She felt comforted by her sympathy, knowing that Edward's success would be almost as delightful to Emily as to herself; but there was this difference, that the mother feared and the daughter hoped, and this put Emily on a level to which the mother would gladly have attained if she could, but her experience of life, her many more trials and disappointments, kept her down.

'Now then, Mamma,' said Emily, raising the sheet of paper which hung over the drawing, 'tell me if you like it.'

It was certainly very pretty. Johnny in the middle, with his dear little rather saucy face, leaning against the window, all light on one side, and all 'shadow and darkness,' as Johnny had said, on the other. At the top left corner was the little vignette commemorating the adventure of the keys; on that opposite, was poor little Caroline weeping over her dead canary; and below this was a picture of Elizabeth, surrounded by grand ladies and gentlemen. The fourth corner was still blank. After admiring Johnny, and criticizing a little as well, Mrs. Grey examined the three little bits in the corners, in which Emily's rare talent shone still more conspicuously.

'I don't know what these grand people mean,' said she, examining closely the lower corner.

'That girl in the middle is "Elizabeth." Johnny describes her as a girl who told lies, but who at the same time was a very nice and good girl, and honourable.'

Mrs. Grey laughed, and told Emily about her.

Emily was a good deal interested, and asked many questions. Then she said, 'And now, Mamma, you see the vacant corner.'

'Yes; and what is to be commemorated there?'

Emily's eyes shone. 'I hope to show you to-night.'

'Come in the garden, my darling,' said her mother. 'I think I know what you mean, and it has taken my breath away; fetch me a shawl and my bonnet, I am so cold.'

And when Emily had brought them, they paced round and round the garden. Each time as they passed the house Mamma looked in, and often to nod cheerfully to her husband, who was sitting reading in the study.

'Oh, Emily! (as they took another turn,) for Papa's sake, how I trust it may be!'

Emily. Papa seems very contented and calm about it.

Mrs. G. But so he always is. He does not care any the less. And when I think of that dreadful day when Edward tried for the scholarship at Christchurch!

Emily. He will not miss this time, you will see, Mamma.'

Mrs. G. Never shall I forget that day, nor his attitude at tea that evening—sunk down in his chair; the first excitement in which he pretended not to care was over, and he thought I did not notice—oh! I noticed!

Emily. Mamma, why will you talk of such miserable things? why not remember the day when Frederick got his studentship!

Mrs. G. Ah, that was bright! Do you know, Emily, I always look back on that day as one of the most intensely happy of my life—not *the* happiest, but oh, so happy!

Emily. I shall never forget it. We were at lessons, and you went on doing sums with Johnny in the most determined and rigid way.

Mrs. G. Yes, I was nearly as cold as I am now, and as nervous.

Emily. And all of a sudden there was a shadow across the window, then the hall door burst open, and such a shuffling of feet, and such shouts from the boys, 'He's got it! he's got it!'

Mrs. G. Darling boys! what a noise they made—Edward and George and the other cousins!

Emily. And while you were hanging on their necks and kissing them, Frederick himself came in.

Mrs. G. And he said, (when he saw I was crying,) 'Mamma! I did not think you would care so much!' I not care!!

Emily. How beautiful and precious such moments are, Mamma! it is as well, perhaps, not to have too many of them.

Mrs. G. No doubt it is better. They hang between the simple little pleasures of life like the large jewels in a necklace, or like rare scenes of beauty along the path of life.

Emily noticed with much satisfaction that her mother looked more calm and restful. 'Do, Mamma,' said she, 'tell me if you can about some such beautiful things.'

Mrs. G. I think the first sight of the snow-peaks in the Alps was about as striking as anything I ever saw. The sky was pale blue—no drawing that you can imagine would give the clearness of outline on so faint a background—and the beauty was enhanced by the thought of the distance. It looked almost in heaven, it was so pure, so solemn, so silent.

Emily. Do you remember telling us of the echoes from the great horn on the way to the Wengern Alp?

Mrs. G. Yes; and at the Staubbach still more. To think, Emily, of what those echoes were! They gave me the feeling that I was listening to great organ pipes made by God Himself.

Emily. I dare say you have not forgotten, Mamma, that night on the Lake of Keswick. The boatman made a shrill cry between his hands, but oh, what that turned into! Thirteen times it was repeated, oh, so differently, and each farther off and softer! Then we sat in such intense silence, and we thought it was over, when far away—oh, so far!—there were three more distinct repetitions, such little rare sorrowful sounds.

'Thank you, my darling, for reminding me; oh, it was beautiful! Another sort of beauty that I remember was the colour of the sea in the Bay of Biscay, and the sweep of the waves.'

'Was it like the blue of the Mediterranean?'

Mrs. G. Not so purple, nor so intense. It was like miles and miles of turquoise, broken by a net-work of light; but I can't describe it.'

While Mrs. Grey was talking and answering Emily's questions, she, as intensely anxious and strung up as her mother was, contrived to glance at her watch. It was nearly three o'clock, and the telegram (if there was one) might come at any moment. Emily was leaning on her mother. She would not for the world have betrayed that she was getting very nervous, and all her desire was to fill up the time, and to occupy her mother's thoughts. Johnny, she knew, was on the look-out. He was to watch at the gate; and in another half-hour all chance would be over—but till then she would hope.

'It must have been very pretty, Mamma,' she said after a pause, 'when you saw those harebells on the mossy stone. Will you tell me all about it?'

Mrs. G. Ah! do you remember that, my darling? Yes; it seemed very curious to be in the midst of such scenery, and only to care to find a harebell stem with five blossoms. They were to represent the five children. I should not have cared about it, but that darling little Alfred was no longer amongst you; and I rejected the quantities with four blossoms because there was not one to represent him. It was not at all a happy time; indeed, I think it rarely answers to seek for happiness in a change of scene—at least, I found it so. I should have been happier with you little ones, in the nursery where he lived, and the room where he died. But Grandpapa advised it, so we went. That view of the snow-peaks met us in the Münsterthal precisely at the hour that he died, only one month after. I thought to myself, He sees the land which is very far off! And I am sure it was this coincidence which has invested snow-peaks with such a tender, mournful, and solemn interest. Well, then we walked a good deal, and we got into such lovely, lovely places; and along the paths there were myriads of these harebells, but never more than three or four on one stem. But one day, we were in the Valley of Kandersteg; I was walking along very mournfully, looking along the road-sides—I think now, Emily, that it would have been better if I had looked up a good deal more; still, I had (independently of my little darling's loss) a great many troubles just then, which I need not tell you about—anyhow, there I was, all alone as it happened, in that magnificent valley, with only one idea—to find my five bells; when what should I see before me but a mass of rock, which must have fallen some thousand years before, and which was now covered with moss and lichen, and little tendrils of ivy, and in a chink of this rock was growing out of a bed of moss one single white harebell—oh, so pretty!—and a little way off, by the side of the path, was a stem with four blue-bells.

Emily. And that satisfied you, Mamma?

Mrs. G. Yes. There was my little darling planted on the Rock, while you four were still in the path below—the path of life.

'But, Emily darling,' added her mother suddenly, 'the time is passing, and there is no message—my heart is failing me.'

'So is mine, Mamma,' said Emily, looking very blankly at her mother. I set Johnny to watch; and it is nearly half-past three.'

Just then, they met, in a turn of the path, one of the maids with a silver tray, on which lay visiting cards.

'Oh me! oh me!' said Mrs. Grey. 'Visitors! I could have done without to-day. Come, Emily; come and help me.'

And thus it is, that even in those moments of life which are fraught with the deepest interest, one has to discharge the merest ordinary duties. Mrs. Grey, her heart palpitating with anxiety, sat down to receive her guests. And it was in the middle of a sentence about the weather, which one of the party pronounced very fine, or very dull, (Emily never knew which,) that the door burst open, and Johnny rushed in, holding a telegram in his hand, and fell with a shriek of joy into his mother's arms.

'Oh, you precious precious boy!' cried Emily, regardless of appearances, and rushing over to kiss her brother.

'Papa was at the door,' cried Johnny, when he could get his breath; 'he opened it—he read it—he gave it to me—read, read, Mamma.'

'I have, I have, my darling!' said Mamma in a quivering voice. 'It does not take so long—only five words; but, oh, what delightful ones!'

Then she turned, and apologized to the visitors. She was half bewildered with joy; and she knew that they could not care very much about it.

The visitors, however, were not destitute of feeling; and they showed it in the best way. They rose immediately, and congratulating Mrs. Grey very sincerely, they took their departure. Johnny ran out with them to open the gate, making up by his sweet and polite manners for any apparent rudeness. And when he came back, there were Papa and Mamma and Emily reading over and over, between crying and laughing, those five precious words, 'Edward has got the scholarship.'

The next day was celebrated as a holiday. It was magnificent weather; and from first to last there was nothing but brightness. The first pleasure was reading the letters from Frederick and Edward; and there was another also from the master of St. Cuthbert's, full of congratulation.

As Mrs. Grey laid down this last, she said, with a sigh of joy, 'Now I am satisfied. I have had a lurking fear that the boys might have made a mistake.'

Mr. Grey was reading the Times; but he looked up to laugh at his wife; and then he said, 'I should like to do something to gratify Edward; and if you approve, Mary, he shall go up next Monday for the Popular Concert at St. James's. I see there is a splendid programme; and I suppose there is nothing he would like better.'

'Oh,' said Mrs. Grey, 'that will be delightful! It will exactly coincide with my journey to fetch Ethel; and I can go with him.'

'And, Emily,' said Mr. Grey, looking across the table at his daughter, (who, on hearing this conversation, had snapped up the advertisement sheet, and was greedily reading the programme,) would you care to hear it?

'O Papa!' said Emily, blushing with delight, 'do you think I may?'

'Yes, if Mamma approves.—And, Mamma, there is one more you must take, if you can manage it. I should like Frederick to go with you.'

So in a few minutes this delightful plan was arranged; and the news reached Frederick and Edward in a sort of four-fold way, as they sat over their breakfast in Frederick's rooms, at Christchurch, the next morning.

First form, from Mr. Grey.

My dear Edward,

I heartily wish you joy, &c. I suppose you (and Frederick) will not object to hear Joachim in the Kreutzer next Monday. If you do not, you have my leave to go, &c.

Second form, from Mrs. Grey.

My darling Edward,

How can I say the joy and thankfulness which fill our hearts at your success! We do thank God for it, my darling boy, &c. Papa says you may go to the Monday Popular. I am going to meet Ethel, and shall join you at Didcot, &c.

Third, from Emily.

My dear Edward,

So you have been and gone and got it. And what is become of the poor musical man with the spectacles? I have drawn you in your scholar's gown, receiving the congratulations of the master and fellows; but I think I have made the gown wrong, &c. Has Mamma told you that I am going up with her to the Pop.? And, oh, they are going to play the trio in C minor! &c.

Fourth form, from Johnny, written under difficulties, on the edge of Mrs. Grey's table, and to which her attention was repeatedly called by Johnny's ardent entreaties that she would not look.

Private.

My dear Quimbo,

I am very glad making a tunnel of conic sections did no harm; but now it is in the shelf all right. So I hope you are not angry with me. Mamma says you are going to London, so will you pleas buy me a ld. of coper wire for my train. I send a stamp.

Your affect.

DEESEQUAQUA.

'What in the world does the little idiot mean?' cried Edward, as he read this last. 'Poor little fellow! why, here is a dirty little stamp! I'll go out before I forget, and buy him a whole lot of wire.'

'Poor little beggar!' said Frederick. 'Here's what Emily says in her letter to me. She says Johnny ran in when those terrible Miss Cradocks were sitting in solemn state in the drawing-room, and nearly tumbled over them with the telegram in his hand. But, I say, this isn't such bad news about the concert. I must go and get leave.'

Before doing so, they examined the programme, which Emily had copied, and found that they knew everything which would be performed. Each of the pieces was approved; and the satisfaction they felt even vented itself in an occasional shout of laughter. Then Edward started up, and giving his nearly six feet of height a good shake, he went off to get the wire at the nearest ironmonger's; and Frederick to a lecture; after which he obtained permission from the censor to go up to the Concert on Monday.

Two days after, Mrs. Grey, Emily, and Johnny were at the station; but with what different feelings to those of only a week since! Mr. Grey was there also. Johnny had been a very good boy since the first day here recorded; and he was now extremely delighted by the promise that Mamma would bring him *something*; and as this left a broad margin to Johnny's fertile imagination, he could almost fancy he was going to receive anything, from a lovely little locomotive worked by steam, to a ball of string. All the way home he pondered on this delightful subject, as he walked quietly by his father's side; only now and then asking a question about the various parts of a steam-engine, which showed him to be a child of singular observation and intelligence.

But now we must follow Mrs. Grey and Emily on their journey.

Few people have leaned back in those well-known blue-padded corners of a first-class carriage with happier hearts. Mrs. Grey was inexpressibly thankful for the success achieved by her two sons; especially on her husband's account, who had worked unremittingly with first one and then the other, with the object in view, which had in each case been so successfully gained. Now there would be a rest for him for the present. Then she thought of her Harry at Eton; then of her darling little Johnny, whom she fancied trudging along on the way home by his Papa, never dreaming of asking for anything in the shops, nor even for stories. And lastly, her eyes rested on the face of her daughter, who sat opposite, gazing out of the window, with so much of thought in her countenance. 'Was there ever,' thought she, 'a happier mother! And that is not all,' she added, as her eyes followed Emily's out upon the beautiful world in its early spring attire: 'What a source of joy and thankfulness one has in the works of creation! How beautiful everything is!' Then she remembered that at breakfast her husband had mentioned a particular effect of the sunset the evening before—a sort of peculiar green grey in the clouds—and that Emily

and Johnny, who had been leaving the room, had returned, lingering and listening; and Emily said she too had noticed it: and she was glad to think they cared for and saw and noticed what is a dead letter to so many. This led her thoughts on to the advantages of education which they had been able to give their children, and the cultivation of any gifts they might possess. And many a prayer ascended from her happy and grateful heart, that the talents which had been entrusted to their care, might be improved to the glory of God, and the good, however small, of their fellow-creatures.

Thoughts such as these occupied her mind most of the way to Didcot, for neither she nor Emily talked much; and there they were speedily joined by Frederick and Edward. Then they made up (the compartment being unoccupied but by themselves) for the silence which had reigned till then, by a perfect flood of talk, questions and answers flying about, and a wonderful amount of nonsense and fun and silliness from the two young men and the little maiden. But when at Reading some strangers came in, Frederick drew out a little foreign-looking book in a green cover, and studied it in silence, only occasionally pointing out something to Edward, who sat near him, or making notes and pencil marks. And anyone looking over, might see that the book he was studying was the *Score of Beethoven's Quartets*. That was how they were preparing to enjoy the music in the evening.

At Slough, where they waited only three minutes, a couple of Eton boys were seen, one of whom was looking wistfully from carriage to carriage.

'Harry, I do declare!' exclaimed Frederick, dashing open the door, and springing out.

In jumped Harry.

'Mamma! Oh, why didn't you get me leave? Lots of fellows go up to the Pops. But I suppose you couldn't.—O Edward, I wish you joy! My tutor is so proud of you: he brought the paper, and showed me your name; and he takes all the credit to himself.'

Here, that immense and respectable superintendent, known to every human being from the Queen down, came and informed Harry that 'time was up:' and Harry, looking at his watch, said, 'Thirty and a half minutes to absence. Good-bye, Mamma:' and nodding to the rest, and to the superintendent, he jumped down to the platform, and taking to his heels, set off running, as only Eton boys can run, so as to be in time for six o'clock absence.

That was a rather affecting little episode to Mrs. Grey, on account of Harry's regret not to be going too. However, he had all his life before him, and he would have many opportunities for hearing the music he already knew so well. Then she reflected on his bright, healthy, happy look, and was comforted.

It was past six when they reached Paddington; and there was no time to lose. Frederick picked out a cab with a strong horse, and

exhorted the driver to make haste. So now they are hurrying along through the crowded care-worn streets; and it is a long way, and seems a long time.

But at last they are at St. James's Hall. 'Time for a cup of tea, Mamma, which you must take, or you will have a head-ache,' said Frederick, looking at his watch. So while he made his way to the ticket-office, Edward took Mrs. Grey and Emily to the refreshment-room below, and they had some food. After which, they lost no time in getting places in the side gallery of the splendid room.

Delightful is the sensation to lovers of music, of taking their seats in a concert-room, and making themselves comfortable; then looking round at the gradually filling seats, or conning over the books of words or of music. Still more delightful, when the servants come in who are to arrange the orchestra for the great artists who are to follow. But neither can I enlarge on this preparatory part, nor indeed on the concert itself. Anyone who has been to what are called the Monday Popular Concerts, can tell all about it; and descriptions will say but little to those who have not. One may fancy a noble and beautiful room filled quite full of people, some splendidly dressed, others in undress; and on the orchestra, behind the performers, a crowd of artisans, or shopkeepers—all drawn there by the same motive, namely, a taste for the best music. All this one may easily describe, and as easily fancy; but how is one to give any just notion of the music itself? What words is one to use when describing the way Joachim played the Kreutzer Sonata? or how Arabella Goddard played a certain sonata of Beethoven, drawing all hearts up from the little to the great, from the light and trifling to all that is pathetic and noble? or how Patti, on his violoncello, produced tones full of pathos and tenderness?

The boys lost not a note: they said very little, neither did Emily; and the more familiar all the music to them, the more absorbed they were in observing the perfection of the performance. The trio in C Minor was played at the end of the second part. It was what they all knew best, and therefore was listened to with the greatest attention and interest. And as it ended, they all exchanged glances, as if words were no use. They watched the great players with a sort of reverence, as they vanished down those little steps, and were lost to view; and then the great throng, ceasing their vociferous applause, made their way out of the Hall.

So did Mrs. Grey and her children, and down the great broad stairs, up which came the cool night air from the open doors below, and then into the streets, under a brilliant starry sky. Upward to those stars Emily turned her eyes. 'When the morning stars,' thought she, 'sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.'

It was very refreshing to be in the air again; and rejecting the idea of a cab, they walked along through the streets, all silent and absorbed, towards the Paddington Station.

'Mamma,' said Frederick at last, 'do you think Mendelssohn was a great composer?'

Mrs. G. Yes—and no. Yes; because he had such a reverence for truth, that he never wrote anything without doing the very best he could, not minding who might like it, or who dislike it. No; because he had not an *endless* power of invention, like artists of first-rate genius; besides, he became all at once, when only a boy, very nearly as great as he ever was, instead of growing greater and greater all his life, as Beethoven did, who grew to be a mighty giant before he died. Still Mendelssohn had inspirations now and then, which raised him for the time almost into the ranks of the giants. I think he had one of these inspirations when he wrote the last part of that trio which we have just heard.

Emily. Was not that the one which you missed hearing at Leipzig? What a loss!

Edward. But I think a greater loss than not hearing it, was the loss of the opportunity of asking him questions about it. I would have asked him, if I had dared, what that last part meant, and why he introduced that solemn Chorale in the middle of such quick fantastic music.

Mrs. G. I doubt whether he would have given you any definite answer about the meaning of it all. As to the Chorale, perhaps he would only have said, 'Is any merry, let him sing psalms.'

Emily. O Mamma, I hope he would have said more than that. Shall I tell you what comes into my head when I hear it?

Mrs. G. Yes; I should like to know very much.

Emily. Well, then, I go into a sort of dream to begin with: because in a dream one may think any mixture of sense and nonsense that one likes. I say nonsense for want of a better word; but I don't mean stupid foolish nonsense, you know, such as one thinks in real dreams. Then, directly I am in a great forest; not a thick wood, crowded with trees, but a beautiful open forest, where grass and flowers can grow, and there can be streame and little water-falls; and it is a beautiful day in June, with blue sky and a few flying white clouds, and a gentle warm wind. It is miles and miles away from any human being; but the forest is full of life of all sorts; and all the creatures are rejoicing in their own way, at least some of them are; and upon the whole, everything is bright and merry and glad: I see the squirrels jumping about the trees, and I hear the birds singing, (especially one particular thrush,) and the wind in the trees, and the water in the brooks. Still I am not quite happy, for I know that worms are being eaten by birds, and flies killed by spiders, and rabbits by weasels; and besides, they all have no souls, and know nothing better than a summer's day. So that, upon the whole, it is quite right that so much of the music should be minor and half melancholy. But now comes a new dream fancy. These creatures without souls are not wicked, and that is why they can hear what we

cannot hear; at least what only very good people can hear sometimes just when they are dying. They can hear the angels sing, and they *do* hear them sing; and as soon as that Angels' Hymn begins, they all stop to listen, except one impertinent little young squirrel, which will *not* quite leave off hopping about. I don't think they know what the hymn means, but they feel it somehow in their own way; and as soon as the angels have sung it once, a little bird with a very good ear, perhaps a mocking-bird, sings it over again quite high up; and then they all forget all about it, and go on making merry as they did before, till there seems gradually to rise up a great gust of wind, which brings back the hymn with a mighty crash. This time it is sung by all the angels in Heaven; the first time it was a choir of archangels in some far-off inconceivable height. Still the hymn says nothing to the forest creatures; the moment it is over, the thrush begins his favourite tune again; and they are all louder and merrier than ever, till the music ends, and I wake, and almost cry because it is over. There, Mamma; that is my dream.

For a minute or two they walked on in silence; then Mrs. Grey said, 'Thank you, my darling, I liked it very much; and so I have no doubt would Mendelssohn, though he would perhaps have been very much surprised to find that his music meant all that. But,' said she, after another pause, 'I think you might add yet a little to it. You might imagine that the hymn has something to say to *you*, if not to the forest creatures. Perhaps the archangels were singing, "Praise Him in the height;" and the angels, "Praise Him in His glorious works! His works are glorious. You cannot understand it now; that mixture of pain and happiness is too hard for you *now*, but you shall understand it hereafter. Till then, you must be content to see in a glass darkly. What you see is enough to guide you, if you will, till you join us, and sing with us, and see face to face, even as we see."'

Emily. Yes, Mamma, if I was good enough, like the saints who have heard the song of the angels. But even as it is, I like very much this ending to my dream. And don't you like, Mamma, to walk along under the stars, talking of these things? I don't think I could if it was daylight, or if the boys were listening.

For before Emily began to describe her dream, her brothers had gone a little ahead, and were talking together, or silent at intervals, now alluding to the great players, or to the tone, character, or supposed value or antiquity of their instruments; or whistling an air when no one was near enough to hear.

Thus at last, through the quiet streets, they reached their destination, just as I have about reached the limit of my tether; for I have now but little to add, except that the next day Mrs. Grey met her niece Ethel at the Great Northern Terminus; and then, directing the driver to a particular street in the City, she made a purchase of the *something* which Johnny was dreaming of day and night.

The same day they returned to their home.

It was too late to be met at the station; but at their own door stood Mr. Grey and Johnny. And what a return that was! and what a beautiful tea was prepared for them! The Miss Cradocks, who had a splendid conservatory, had sent a large basket of the most exquisite flowers; and the cook had made a cake on a recipe from Yorkshire, for a real Yule-cake; besides all kinds of other good things. It was a little cold, so a fire was burning on the hearth; and all the letters received since Mrs. Grey's absence were piled up on her plate. There was nothing wanting to her happiness.

Meanwhile, the luggage was brought in; and amongst other packages was a small wooden box about a foot square, wrapped in brown paper, and professionally corded.

'There, Johnny darling, there's a present for you; take it, and open it yourself, and enjoy it.'

And out came, in a little while, after much destruction of good twine and paper, the most intense little beauty of a locomotive engine, with the dearest little tender and two passenger carriages and a truck, that anybody ever saw in this world. But here I must suddenly and rudely disappoint all the dear Johnnys who read this story, as well as the Johnny who held the engine in his hand, and curiously examined it right and left.

'No, Johnny dear,' said Mamma, 'it does *not* go by steam; it would have been too dangerous a toy, and very expensive. But if you notice the wheels, they all have flanges, and are intended to run on lines. So this is not all my present. To-morrow, you and I will go to Harris, and we will get a number of lines and sleepers; then Papa and I are going to give you the nettle-bank in the shrubbery, and Thomas shall help you to weed and beat it flat; and you can lay the lines, and run your train upon it: so that, on the whole, it will afford you, I expect, as much amusement as if it were to blow itself and you up by steam.'

I will not be so rash as to say that Johnny believed this; but still he was very much delighted, and thanked his mamma over and over again.

The curtain is falling over this peaceful happy scene.

There is but one more incident.

After tea, Edward—who had been very eagerly describing the concert to his father, and especially the way Piatti played, and the peculiar tone of his instrument—said, as he got up from the table, 'I don't think his fourth string at all unlike your Guarnerius, if you would let me just try it.'

'Certainly,' said Mr. Grey, giving him the key of his violoncello case; 'go and try it.'

So Edward took a candle, and left the room. The case stood in a corner of the study. As he put down the candle on the table, something bright glittered for a moment on the front of the case. He held the light close, and saw that a small plate of shining metal had been let into it, on which was engraved, 'Edward Howard Grey. May, 186-.'

Flying back, he stood in the door-way of the dining-room, a flush of joy on his face, and his hair ruffled, and catching the light from the candle.

‘Papa!’

‘Yes,’ said his father, ‘it is yours, Edward.’

A flood of thanks, more in looks than in words, and he is gone; but not before Emily, who had been watching the scene, had made a mental resolve—I shall draw that!

WARFARE AND REST.

THE DIARY OF GERTRUDE SCHAFFER.

August 7th.—Peter died this morning; he had been sinking for some days past. I trust he has passed into everlasting rest. My store in Paradise grows large, and may soon be larger for what we can tell. Baby must find us all to her now; and while I live she shall never feel that she has no mother. If I am given the precious gift of children, I shall always look upon her as my eldest daughter, and teach them to call her sister. Jenny is as strong as a horse, I think; she gets next to nothing to eat, and yet she and the little one flourish.

12th.—Good news to-day! I cannot go to bed without writing it down. We had a letter from Prince William—the birds we all love to see, came flying in with it; and surely Noah’s heart, when the dove came back, was not more thankful than all ours were to see that messenger. He tells us relief is at hand, and bids us hold on a little longer—and we *will*. His words are few, but they cheer us; he never says much, but he *does* much. He is ‘William the Silent,’ but his actions speak more loudly than other men’s words. Help is expected from the sea; how it is to come we do not quite know, but we believe it is coming.

14th.—John frightened me yesterday by not coming in all night; however, he appeared in the morning. It seems he had been on the walls, watching; he says he shall often do it, as he is always hoping there will be some movement among the Spaniards, and that he shall be the first to see it, and then run and report it to our Commandant. I tell him he is a conceited boy; as if the soldiers were not watching as anxiously as he is!

22nd.—I have been ill, too ill to write, and hardly able to think; however, I am thankful to say I am much better again. Yesterday the citizens sent a despatch to the Prince, telling him human strength could hold out no longer; that they had fulfilled their promise, and held out two months with food, and another without; and if assistance did not come quickly, every one of us must die from starvation. We have but sufficient malt-cake to last us four days; when that is gone, what will become of

us! Just after our faithful birds had flown off with this despatch to the Prince, another bird flew in, bringing in the news that all the dykes have been pierced, and that the waters are rising upon the Land-scheiding! This letter was read aloud in the market-place, and Burgomaster Van der Werf ordered bands of music to play about the streets, salvos of cannon to be fired, and the whole city tried to appear as if it were keeping a holiday. I trust I may not see many such holidays in my life. How the Spaniards must wonder what is going on, as of course they are quite in the dark as to the Prince's movements; perhaps when the waves of the sea come rolling in, they will then understand why sounds of rejoicing are heard in our streets.

24th.—The waters are slowly, but very slowly, rising; but our hearts find it hard to rise with them; the sights we see in the streets, and the numbers of our friends we are daily having taken from us by death, make our hearts most sad. Rose came in to-day with a most shocking history. She had called on an old woman we have known for years, and found her lying dead. Well, she was very old, and one is glad to think she is at rest; but Rose called up-stairs to her daughter-in-law, who lived with her, and getting no answer, went up to her room. A dreadful sight met her eye; the young mother was lying dead on the bed, a little baby on the breast dead too, and a child of about four dying, as Rose thought. She took the little one in her arms, he put his arms round her neck, and asked for bread; but while she was trying to comfort him, he smiled in her face, and sank back dead. All Rose could do was to go and give information to the authorities of these deaths; but it has upset her sadly. She told me her first thought was an envious one—that she would fain have been at rest with them; but resignation to bear and to suffer all that may be sent, was the only thing she felt she ought to pray for.

25th.—Karl says a dull kind of distrust is creeping over the city, and the few royalists (who are called Glippers) are beginning to taunt us, and laugh at our vain hopes (as they call them) of relief coming. They were crying to-day, 'Go up to the tower, ye beggars, go up to the tower, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to aid you.' That is what, day by day, hour by hour, we do; with aching hearts and weary eyes, vainly do we seek relief.

27th.—This morning a letter has been despatched to the Estates, saying we are deserted in our utmost need, and that no words could tell of our fearful distress. In the evening Burgomaster Van der Werf, one of my father's oldest friends, came to see us, and told us that they had had an answer to assure them that every effort was being made for us. 'Rather,' say they, 'will we see our whole land and all our possessions perish in the waves, than forsake thee, Leyden; we know full well, moreover, that with Leyden all Holland must perish also.' The good Burgomaster thought we should sleep better for this news. From mere force of habit, as he was leaving the house, I said, 'Do stop and sup with us;' but then

came rushing into my mind the mockery of my request, and I burst into tears. He tried to comfort me, and said I must keep my invitation just a few days longer, and then we would all sup together. Will his words come true? We must wait patiently on yet a little longer; but we are indeed brought very low.

28th.—Sunday has come round once more. Karl, John, Rosa, and Jenny, have all gone to Church. I am writing by the side of Johanna's cradle; how the little one lives is a marvel, her foster-mother is all but starved. I should miss the sweet child dreadfully; in the midst of all our sad faces, it is like a bit of sunshine to see her bright smiling one. I have been pondering over Karl's notion of going to England; it would be hard to leave my beautiful Leyden, but still all has so changed, and it can never be the same to us again. Sad memories will always be rising up, we shall miss so many dear faces and kind voices we have known from childhood. Sometimes, as I gaze up into the blue sky, I could find it in my heart to wish we were all there, where no woe or sorrow comes; but this is a wrong thought, we ought not to long after Heaven for the sake of getting rid of troubles here. Rose would say it was a very low motive, and so it is. An old monkish verse has been running in my mind all day—

‘Be the day never so long,
At length cometh even-song.’

Our ‘Even-song’ *will* come, if not here, we trust hereafter; the old words comfort me strongly, though.

September 3rd.—I have not had the heart to write for some days, and there has been no fresh news to write about. All sorts of rumours reach us; one is that the Prince is dangerously ill; another, that he has been ill, but is now much better; but his illness has made the Estates so tardy in sending us letters, as really they have not known what to say. He ordered them, we hear, not to tell us of his illness, in case it disheartened and made our sorrow greater and our hearts heavier than they are already. It seems now certain, though, that a fleet, under the command of Admiral Boisot, is on its way to us; it consists of two hundred vessels; it has a fearfully perilous way to journey before it can get to us. From here to the outer dyke the distance is about fifteen miles; from this dyke to the Land-scheiding, which is about five miles from here, the fleet could easily make its way; but beyond the Land-scheiding, there are many strong ramparts, one within the other, and numberless dykes, which were made to keep out the sea—that sea which we are now longing to see rolling in. All round our city are forts, sixty-two in number; all of which, sad to say, are in the possession of our enemies.

Karl says our greatest hopes of safety lie in the Spaniards not being accustomed to our country, with its wonderful construction of dykes; and should the waters go on rising as fast as they are doing now, we think it must drive them away in terror. It is a wonderful sight to

see it come slowly on and on, it makes one think of the Flood; may we in Leyden be preserved, even as Noah was in his Ark!

6th.—Things creep on just the same; no definite information comes to us; our state of utter woe and misery cannot be described. I fear my hand will never finish this mournful history of the Siege of Leyden. We cannot say we have food now; everything that is alive is caught up and killed and eaten—cats, dogs, rats, in fact anything and everything. When Karl or John bring in a piece of flesh, we roast and eat it, asking no questions as to what it is; but it is sickening work, and who can wonder at the deaths, which now are becoming more and more frequent.

8th.—My sweet Rose is very ill indeed, I greatly fear we shall not have her with us long; we shall miss her most dreadfully; she is always bright and cheerful, never thinking of her own troubles or cares; yet it almost seems wrong and selfish of us to wish to keep her in this place of misery. It is a hard trial, though, to see her fading before our eyes, and to know if we had but a little food she would soon be well again. A few cows are still kept in the city; they kill one each day, but still we might get a little drop of milk for Rose; John has gone with a piece of gold, to see if any can be had. Just as I was writing this, I heard a faint tap at the door, and one of our servants brought me in word that an old man wished to see me on particular business. I went out and found old Martin Kauffman, who with tears in his eyes told me he had come to know how dear Rose was. My answer could only be a mournful one. He looked round cautiously to see no one was in sight, and then from under his cloak drew forth an old black loaf, and entreated me to take it for her. He said he had saved it for a long time in the hopes some of us would have it. Many and many a meal has Rose carried him, and he seemed to be so happy to think he could be of any use to her. I took his gift—oh, so thankfully!—and carried it off to soak it in water; and if some milk *should* come, it will serve her for food for many days.

12th.—Good news at last! The Prince's fleet has taken the Landscheiding—we know this, but this is all at present. But, sad to say, the wind has changed—it has gone to the east; with it blowing from that quarter we are told the fleet can never reach us. Every eye is fixed on the vanes of the steeples, hoping from hour to hour the wind may change. I have looked till I can look no longer; the anxiety is too great almost to bear. Karl says he never before so entirely realized how helpless we human beings are, and how our only help comes from Him Who rules the winds and sea.

13th.—Another long weary day has gone by; no change in the wind, no tidings of any kind whatever. We have been up to the tower, and could see the dull waters spreading over our once fertile country, and the large ships on our green fields, but cannot see any movement going on; the east wind is blowing steadily on, and our hopes seem flying with it.

I wake in the night in agonies of fear, almost believing I hear our enemies rushing into the house ; and then the pains of hunger come on, and I can sleep no more.

14th.—Karl is more disheartened to-day than I have seen him yet. The pestilence has broken out worse than ever ; hundreds are dying on every side. When the city is either taken or delivered, it will be all but a city of the dead. Our family is still mercifully spared. Rose is much better—old Martin's bread quite revived her—but she is sadly out of spirits now. I think she was thankful to think that her warfare was over, and that the gates of Paradise were drawing near, and that it has been a trial to come back to this fearful time of trouble ; but she is too good to murmur. The little one too is growing, and keeps well ; it is quite a marvel. I feel very ill, but so weak that I have no heart to trouble or care for anything. I wish I could shake off this indifferent feeling.

18th.—There has been no news, either good or bad, since I last wrote. The wind has not changed ; all is as dark and dreary as it well can be. Sunday has come round once more. How different are our Sundays now to those happy ones we spent as children. We used to walk in a sort of procession—father, mother, and we children, and the servants behind. And then, when Service was over, we had such pleasant walks and talks under the linden trees which grow (grew I must say now) on each side of our streets. As I grew older, I found my walks more and more delightful, for Karl was my companion. From childhood we have been friends, and I have always looked up to him, and known how good and wise he is ; each day now seems to make me feel his goodness more and more ; he is so hopeful, so trustful, and so tender in his love. If I am taken from him, I should like to think his eyes will see these words which are flowing out from my inmost soul. He is at church now ; I was too ill to walk as far.

Evening.—Karl tells me they had a striking sermon to-day, on the words, 'He that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved.' And that when it was ended, they were all asked to stay a quarter of an hour in Church to pray for deliverance ; that deliverance which may yet come, for—oh, joyful news!—the wind has changed to the north-west.

19th.—The wind is still in the same quarter, and the water is rising higher and higher, even as our hopes do.

20th.—Valdez is continually sending in offers of pardon if we will but surrender ; but none heed his offer. The general opinion is the Spaniards are getting afraid of the waves, which slowly but surely are creeping in nearer and nearer. After all, we are believing that we shall be saved. Our Prince has a wise head, and a loving heart.

21st.—This morning there has been a stir in the city ; some of the people are giving up all hope, and think we must surrender. A horrible thing was done ; a dead body was placed against Burgomaster Van der Werf's door, to show him if he still held out, what we should all shortly

be; and as he walked through the city they reproached him, and said shameful and cruel things. Karl was near him, and he says it was a grand sight to see him as he went up the steps of St. Pancras Church, and stood there calm and tranquil; until at last when there was silence among the crowd he spoke (as nearly as Karl can remember) thus—‘What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows, and surrender our city to the Spaniards—a fate more horrible than ye can possibly endure now. I tell you, I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can but die once, whether by your hands, the enemy’s, or by the hand of God. My own fate I am indifferent to, but not to the fate of the city entrusted to me. I know that we must starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you; but expect no surrender from me as long as I remain alive!’ Cheers ending in sobs greeted this speech, and once more courage came back to our poor countrymen’s hearts.

22nd.—To-day the walls are covered with people, all looking longingly for the fleet. They give vent to their impatience by hurling down words of defiance at their foes, telling them that sooner than surrender to such wretches as they are, they will when quite starved out, set fire to the city and perish in the flames! I think it is the thought of every man and woman in Leyden that they would far rather do so than trust to the mercies of the Spaniards, should they gain an entrance. They seem to forget they are human beings, and yet many of them have wives and children in their own land. Oh, what a fearful curse war is to a country!

24th.—We are in great perplexity as to where the fleet is; but we can dimly trace its course by the illuminations that we can see of the different villages of an evening; and we hear the salvos of cannon telling us that slowly but surely it is getting nearer and nearer. We went up to the tower last evening, the sea air seems to do one good; it was a wondrous sight we saw from it! There was a sheet of water all round; where the corn was waving so short a time ago, and where the orchards were full of trees laden with fruit, nothing can be seen but wave after wave rolling in, and breaking with a dull cheerless sound; and yet we know that it is these waves which are bringing to us help and deliverance in our trouble. We are safer than our enemies, even now; the deep waters will come and overwhelm them, while in our Ark we may, if it be His Will, yet be saved. ‘The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly; but the Lord, Who dwelleth on high, is mightier.’ These were my husband’s words to me as we came down from the tower. John left us in the street, going back to the walls, where he is watching through the night. Rose is very ill again, and the plague is worse than ever.

28th.—I have been feeling so weak, and such a languor has been creeping over me again, that I have had no inclination to write; and if I had written, it could only have been the same old story. We see the sick and dying all round us, and those that are still alive seem half envious of those whose race is run. But I have brighter news to write to-night, so I ought not to have begun so sorrowfully. A dove flew in to-day, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot, telling us that the fleet had progressed as far as the village of North Aa, the Spaniards have fled before them to Zoeterwoude, which is but a mile and three quarters from our walls. In a few days the Admiral assures us we shall be relieved; his letter was read in the market-place, and now the bells are ringing a peal of joy. I cannot shake off this dull heavy weight of care, and the sound of the bells only makes me more miserable. Rose is lying with a calm happy face, and says she likes to hear them; she thinks they are ringing her a welcome home. Each morning that I go into her room, I expect to find my darling no longer there.

29th.—Sad news indeed have my weary fingers to write. The wind has changed, the waters are sinking, and it is impossible the fleet can reach us! Death now stares us in the face. My only prayer is that Karl and I may die together—no, not my only one—my first prayer is that I may from my heart say, ‘Thy Will be done!’

October 1st.—A gleam of hope has sprung up again—the wind has set in from the north-east, a violent equinoctial gale has been blowing all day, it is now changed to the south-west, and the waves of the North Sea are being driven over our south coast; we can see them dashing so gloriously over our land, sweeping all before them. I could stand and watch them all day. The fleet will now, we trust, be afloat, and the Spaniards must either retreat or be swallowed up in the waves. If only we can get food, our lives may yet be spared. Who could have thought how fearful a time we should have to pass through when the siege began?

2nd. The city is wild with expectation this morning; we all seem in a kind of mist, as if every instant something would happen; and yet we know the fleet cannot reach the walls yet. Last night, just as we were thinking of going to bed, we heard a tremendous volley of cannon: the firing continued hour after hour. Everyone in the city was awake; and the walls and ramparts were covered with men: John, as usual, was watching there. Nothing was known of the cause of all this noise, until to-day, when a dove flew in with such wonderfully good news from the Admiral. He tells us that at North Aa, last night, the waters had risen so rapidly, that the fleet had two feet of water; so on they all sailed, heeding not wind or storm, till they reached Zoeterwoude; and there began that midnight battle that awoke us all. The enemy's vessels were sunk in the waves, and nearly all their crew perished with them. The fleet came grandly on over the waters, until it came between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten; but then they found two obstacles in their way, the strong fortress of Zoeterwoude, and also that of Lammen. In

the former fort, however, a panic had taken hold on the Spaniards, and directly the fleet came in sight, they rushed out, and ran along a path by the side of the fortress, which leads to the Hague; the waves came rolling in, making their path each instant more narrow, and hundreds slipped off, and sank below the waters for ever. The Admiral took Zoeterwoude, and fired it at once; and then went on to Lammen, where he now is. It is only two hundred and fifty yards from our walls; it is a fearfully strong fort; but now so much has been done, it gives us fresh courage; and we believe that we shall not be deserted. We may trust that our night is departing, and our day is at hand.

October 3rd. Our woes are ended. Leyden is delivered! Our hearts are overflowing with thankfulness. I can write no more this morning; it seems to me it must all be a dream. But here comes Karl in at the door, with meat and bread in his hands: that is no dream!

3rd. Midnight. I am far too happy to sleep. And while the remembrance of this blessed day is fresh in my mind, I should like to write the history of how Leyden was at last delivered from the hands of her enemies. John has become quite a hero, as I shall show. He is by me now, and will help me with the account of to-day's events.

Last night, the Burgomaster, and a number of citizens, went up to the old tower, and stretching out his hand towards Lammen, said, 'Yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?' 'We will tear the fortress in pieces with our teeth and nails,' was the reply, 'before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us!' So it was determined that a sortie should be made against Lammen at early dawn. Then a long strange night of watching came on, full of doubt and wonderment to all—to us in the city—to our brave countrymen, who were in their ships, and, like St. Paul and his companions, were longing for the day—and to our cruel foes, who knew not how soon the waters would rush in and swallow them, even as it did Pharaoh and his host. John watched on the walls the whole night; and to his surprise, in the darkest hour of all, which always is just before the morn comes, he saw a long procession of lights glimmer along the deep black of the waters. While he was wondering at the sight, and what it could all mean, a tremendous crash came. Everyone in the city was roused; some gave up all hope, and thought the city was taken, and expected to see the enemy rushing into the streets. Suddenly, John says it flashed into his mind that the lights he had seen slowly moving about, must have been the lanterns of the Spaniards, and that they had retreated in the night. He ran off to the magistrate, to tell him what he had seen, and begging to be allowed to sally out to the camp, so sure did he feel the Spaniards had gone. While he was speaking, in rushed a man, with the information that the crash which had so alarmed us all, was caused by the whole of the wall, from the cow-gate to the Tower of Burgundy, falling. This fearful sound had frightened our enemies, and

in their terror they fled. If they had stayed till daybreak, we *must* all have perished, as the city is now lying with one side open, and the Spaniards would have poured in. When the sun rose, lighting up all the eastern sky, the suspense and vague mystery felt by all in the fleet was awful: a soldier told John they could not tell what had happened, or was now going to happen. However, they prepared to assault the fort: a dead silence reigned within it; what was the cause? had the city been taken in the night? had the brave citizens been murdered, and all efforts to save them failed? Doubt and uneasiness filled the Admiral's heart: when suddenly a man was seen wading across the water from Lammén; and a boy, none other than our John, was seen waving his cap from the battlements. Then the glorious truth burst upon them: the Spaniards had fled panic-struck. This is the LORD's doing, and is marvellous in our eyes! Onward came our grand Armada, sweeping into the city, bringing life and joy with it; but too late, alas! to save thousands. I must finish my history of our warfare to-morrow. No one can tell the sweet feeling of lying down in peace once more.

(To be continued.)

NOVEL READING.

How far may novel reading be encouraged? or must it be utterly and entirely condemned? These are at times very serious questions, and therefore it may not be without use to suggest a few considerations which may help towards a solution of them.

Perhaps we may as well indicate at once what answer we propose to give, which is this—that novel reading may be encouraged subject to two conditions: first, that the novels be good; secondly, that they be taken up, not as the business of life, but as a relaxation.

None will be more ready to admit our first proposition, than those who believe that such a thing as a *good* novel is a veritable Phoenix, appearing only at the Greek Calends. We must explain then, what we mean by a good novel.

We all know the old saying, 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' This is eminently true of a good novel. Facts may be, and often are, solitary and unique; but novels should always be free from such singularities. A good novel must above all things be natural. It may indeed introduce us to characters and phases of life with which we have had no opportunity of becoming acquainted; but it should never be built upon anything which our reason or our experience reject at once as altogether improbable. Even 'Jack and the Bean-stalk,' and 'Puss in Boots,' lose the charm they had for us as children; and the amusement, which when come to years of discretion, we propose to extract from

Gulliver's Travels, lies only in the cleverness of its caricature and the grotesqueness of its satire. Whilst the characters of good novels must not be so far generalized as to make them tame and uninteresting, they must not be *men* merely, but *individuals*; on the other hand, they must not be so isolated and singular as to make us feel that we never should, and never could, meet with them in real life. Their very interest depends upon their being human, and belonging to the world in which we live. The two extremes find an exact parallel in two very opposite schools of painting. In one, the artist, eliminating all the specialities of landscape, generalizes mountains till they resemble nothing so much as the ash-heaps between Oxford and Ilfley; and birches and oaks—oh, that they had a more sensible acquaintance with the first of these!—till they suggest as their originals not green leaves and the 'tresses of the groves,' but feather-beds and Dutch-brooms. The old Greek painters only advanced a step beyond this when they had to label their productions, 'This is a house,' 'This is a tree.' The other extreme is sometimes exhibited by the new school of Pre-Raphaelites, whose very conscientiousness, and clinging to what is real, not seldom lead them astray. It is quite possible to put on canvas a sunset which was a real sunset, and yet would be not only uninteresting but valueless. For painting should aim at being something higher than a dry chronicle of particular events; and to represent some unique effect which has nothing but its uniqueness to recommend it, or to insert into an otherwise beautiful landscape some ugly unsightly object, merely because it was there, is quite as much a sin against the truth of art and nature, as the Dutchman's spittoons are against what is noble and admirable.

Again, the novel must have a good purpose. And this purpose must neither be so concealed by exciting scenes and incidents, as to be in danger of being altogether lost and overlooked; nor so clumsily set forth in the characters and events, as to require to be constantly obtruded on our notice. It reminds us then of those obnoxious 'morals' at the end of Æsop's fables—the grievance of our younger days—which made the process of reading such a book much like taking jam first and the powder afterwards; whereas it is so much more pleasant and quite as salutary, to swallow the dose without being conscious of the physic.

As fiction is one form under which truth is presented to us in an agreeable dress, so poetry is another. This proposes to effect by rhythm and elegance, a sublimity of expression that fiction aims to produce by interest of incident and the characters represented. The plays of Sophocles, Terence, Shakespeare, &c., are but novels in another dress, and they owe their best and truest interest to their being so thoroughly human. 'Homo sum,' says Terence, 'humani nihil a me alienum puto.' The Bishop of St. David's has some excellent remarks on this point, in a very interesting essay 'On the Irony of Sophocles.' (Philol. Mus. ii. p. 490-1.) 'The dramatic poet is the centre of a

little world, in which he rules with an absolute sway, and may shape the destinies of the imaginary beings to whom he gives life and breath, according to any plan that he may choose. Since, however, they are men whose actions he represents, and since it is human sympathy that he claims, he will, if he understands his art, make his administration conform to the laws by which he conceives the course of mortal life to be really governed. Nothing that rouses the feelings in the history of mankind is foreign to his scene; but he is confined by artificial limits, and he must hasten the march of events, and compress within a narrow compass what is commonly diffused over a larger space, so that a faithful image of human existence may be concentrated in his mimic sphere.

In fiction, therefore, as in poetry, we recognize a very powerful engine, by which those who have a lesson worth telling can set it forth in most attractive colours. Tennyson tells us this beautifully—what indeed does he not tell us beautifully?—in ‘In Memoriam :’

‘For wisdom dealt with mortal powers;
Where Truth in closest words shall fail,
When Truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.’

‘Embellished truths,’ says Wilmott in his *Pleasures of Literature*, ‘are the painted alphabet of larger children.’ We could easily instance works of fiction which, like the songs of Tyrtæus, have done more to rouse mankind to high and noble actions, than the most clever and intellectual essays have ever done. A simple story like ‘Charlie Burton’ will find hundreds of admirers, and be listened and attended to; whilst the ablest essay remains uncut and unread.

Some subjects of study have so deep an interest of their own, that they require no traps to catch our attention; but with the subject of moral philosophy it is altogether different. Men naturally put such subjects away from them—they are distasteful and unwelcome—they remind us too uncomfortably of failure and imperfection, to be taken up otherwise than as a duty which must be done, is slurred over in doing, and then perhaps forgotten, as the school-boy hastens to forget his tasks when school-hours are over. But if the same truth is concealed in a tale, its living truth, its reality, its personal interest, may very likely be brought home in a form so very striking and impressive, that the moral, though perhaps not consciously remembered, may never be forgotten.

The highest form of the art we are considering, and to which the term fiction is of course totally inapplicable, is The Parable. Here we have nothing but the deepest and most important spiritual truths set out for our instruction. What a study of character there is in that most exquisite of all Parables—that of the Prodigal Son. The incidents too are of the most interesting description—impatience of home restraint,

because not understood—self-invented plans of happiness, and their consequences—joy after sorrow—what could be imagined as likely to come more home, and rouse an interest in every heart?

To resume. We hope we have made it plain what we mean by a good novel—one that, whilst it is natural, individual, and with a good purpose in view, yet is not always thrusting its lesson before us when we least expect it; and which, on the other hand, does not allow such excitement of incident as to cause the lesson to be in danger of being forgotten.

Applying this test, then, to the literature of the present day, we are compelled to conclude, that very few novels indeed are deserving the title of good ones. First of all there is a class which aims at nothing higher than amusement. '*Dulce est desipere in loco*,' says the poet; and his remark applies admirably to reading the novels in question. It is a pleasure to read now and then a good-natured, amusing, laughter-provoking novel, which puts us in excellent humour with ourselves and all the world. But it is not a thing which can or ought to go on for ever. The confectioner's shop would soon be deserted if the school-boy were required to live on nothing but 'suck.' A mind that can be contented with reading simply for amusement cannot be in a healthy condition: and those authors who produce works of this description must make up their minds to a very short-lived reputation; for though a Homer may write a *Batrachomyomachia*, still, but for his *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, his very name would long since have been forgotten.

Another class, to which we must make exception, is that which aims principally at excitement, by means of startling coincidences and unexpected reverses, their very essence being what is strange and uncommon. '*Hard Cash*' and '*No Name*' are instances in point; in which, though there may possibly be some lesson to tell, it is so overlaid by appeals to lower feelings, as to be in danger at least of being forgotten.

If, however, these classes of novels fall short of perfection, because their aim is neither noble or praiseworthy—for it is but a momentary interest they care to excite—there is another class still more reprehensible. We mean that in which there is a studied ignoring of all higher principles than natural passion or expediency. They have been happily described as exponents of muscular un-Christianity. '*Sensuous, not sensual; pleasure-loving, passionate, and changeable; not intentionally vicious, but revelling in a sort of glorious enjoyment, intellectual and corporeal, to which everything else is sacrificed. In short, the Heathen as opposed to the Christian type of manhood.*'

There is still a class to be mentioned, of which all we can say is that it is simply wicked. To dress up, not perhaps crime itself, but people guilty of the very worst crimes, in such fashion as to create so deep an interest in the individuals that their crimes are overlooked and forgotten, is a most culpable and degrading use to make of talents and opportunities.

We know of no language strong enough to express our utter abhorrence of such literature as this. It is true indeed that such novels have only the most temporary success: we wonder if anybody ever read one of this class of novels twice over—and their guinea and a half, as they issue from the press in all their scarlet and gilt-y effrontery, contrasts ludicrously with the three shillings—and dear at the money—of Mudie's Surplus List.

'Sons of a day, just buoyant on the flood,
Then numbered with the puppies in the mud.'

Still, unfortunately, fresh supplies are always ready, because, unfortunately, there is a demand for them; and book-stalls groan beneath the weight of works which are even more reprehensible than the open immorality that was in fashion long ago; for that was open, and therefore gave plain warning to those who were anxious or willing to be warned, whilst the other veneers with an attractive outside the hideous foulness within.

'Vice should always disgust,' says Dr. Johnson; 'nor should the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be so united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind. Whenever it appears, it should raise hatred by the malignity of its practices and the meanness of its stratagems: for while it is supported by parts and spirit, it will be seldom heartily abhorred.' How thoroughly he would have approved of the principal character in that very charming story, 'Christian's Mistake.' 'Christian was a very simple woman. She knew nothing at all of that fashionable world, which, in its blasé craving for excitement, delights, both in life and in books, to tread daintily on the very confines of guilt. She was not ignorant. She knew what sin was as set forth in the Ten Commandments, but she understood nothing of that strange leniency or laxity, which now-a-days makes vice so interesting as to look like virtue, or mixes vice and virtue together in a knot of circumstances until it is difficult to distinguish right from wrong.'

Good novels, like good poetry, improve on acquaintance; and we are sure that such works as 'Janet's Home' will find an honoured place in the little book-case of favourite authors, long after the 'Sensation' stories have been reduced to their original pulp.

Our remarks have extended far beyond our original intention, but we must still beg permission to say a few words on our second proposition, that novels must not be taken up as the study of life, but as a relaxation. We all remember those Sermons in Pictures, which John Leech used to preach to us so gracefully and so impressively. Who but himself has drawn with such truth and satire the elegant-ladyism, which finds no pleasure but in the new number of 'La Follet,' or the last sensation novel? What heart can there be for anything good and noble, where the life is such as this? What can it end in but intense and offensive selfishness? What wonder if children—no doubt such fine ladies often wish themselves without 'encumbrances'—what wonder, we ask, if

children are left to 'grow' like Topsy, in the hatching ovens of nurse-maids who have cousins in the guards, and give suppers on the sly at their mistresses' expense to friendly policemen?

Novels must never become our staple food. Rather, they are like garden-fruit, very proper and wholesome when rightly used, but not stuff to give stamina and muscle for the real work of life. Gooseberry-fool is very pleasant, but it is not upon that that men train who want to win at Putney. And so, too, most surely, if similar diet be deliberately chosen by those who are running a far more important race, there can be but one termination—utter and hopeless defeat.

W.

FERNDOM.

(BY FILIX-FEMINA.)

CHAPTER III.

THE INTRACTABLES.

It has, for many years, been a favourite plan of mine, when I have caught myself speaking on any subject as if I knew all about it, just to sit down and try and write an intelligible account of it. Ah! I know of no better school in which to learn humility. I take up my pen so glibly; and set the fair sheet of paper before me, with a knowing look, as much as to say, 'I'm all right;' but a blank look soon succeeds the knowing one—thoughts do not flow as freely as I imagined they would: sometimes my spelling seems at fault, scientific words are hard—sometimes I blame my memory—but by-and-by, one word alone glares at me from the paper, namely—ignorance!

How to gain knowledge quickly, and how to remember what I have gained, has been the puzzle of my life.

The case in point is this:—

Genus number two of British Ferns—according to Mr. Moore's arrangement—is the *Allosorus*; and with regard to this Fern these questions arise in my mind. Why has the genus *Allosorus* but one British species? (*crispus*, sometimes called Rock Brakes or Mountain Parsley Fern;) and why has that species no variety?

Alas, I cannot answer either question in scientific fashion. In no other instance, that I am aware of, amongst English Ferns, will these two questions arise simultaneously, although they do occur in the so-called British genus *Gymnogramma*, whose one species (*leptophylla*) has as yet no discovered variety.

As we proceed, we shall find that there are several which have genera where a genus has but one species, but, with the above

exceptions, all these single species have varieties; while on the other hand, many of the species belonging to larger genera, have no varieties at all.

I know that scientific solutions to these and to other kindred problems have been brought forward; but as they point to the 'submergence of continents,'—by which kindred species may have been severed, or their dissemination retarded, while the typical form of others may have been annihilated, leaving only its varied form or variety—and to other deeper speculations, they pass far beyond the modest limits I proposed to myself for these Fern chapters; and indeed, I might add with greater humility, beyond the scope of my own intellect, and that of my old friend, the Encyclopædia; so that I can only say, *Why* all this is so, I cannot tell, any better than I can *explain* why all man's life from the cradle to the grave should be one vast note of interrogation. It comes to me, as the broad-arrow mark of the King of Kings—the boundary line, beyond which the ceaseless tide of man's enquiry may not encroach upon the shores of the illimitable and unknown.

As I sat, pencil in hand, trying to reduce my thoughts on these points into form, I found on the paper the word 'intractable' written; and the name seems applicable to the Ferns of which I have now to speak, in more ways than one.

First amongst the group of intractables, stands the *Allosorus crispus*, with its compact tufts of crisp parsley-looking fronds. It is a small species in cultivation, not exceeding from six to eight inches in height, and it possesses two distinct sets of fronds, the one fertile, the other sterile. The sterile frond is so like parsley, that I think it might garnish a dish without detection: the fertile fronds have an altogether different appearance; they are stiffer in growth, and each separate little pinnule has its marginal fructification, (or rather, fructification which from becoming confluent *appears* marginal,) over which the margin of the pinnule curves, till the separate parts of the entire frond have a contracted bladder-like look, which would at all times prevent one set of fronds being mistaken for the other.

This arrangement of marginal sori, is, in a partial degree, to be observed in the genus *Cheilanthes*, of which no representative has at present been found in Great Britain, and only one (*C. tenuifolia*,) as I believe, in New Zealand.

In the *Cheilanthes odora* or *fragrans*—which is to be found on the mountains above the Cornice, and in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem—this involucrate arrangement gives the idea of a claw bent over the sori to protect it, the revolute margin of the pinnule being notched.

As the science of pteridology progresses, I hope to see all the Ferns of at least the British possessions, brought under one general classification; so that the emigrant to Australia or New Zealand, as well as the soldier in India, may find kindred associations wherever his Guiding Star may lead him.

But to return home : and yet hardly to home, for *Allosorus crispus* is not a Fern of the homestead ; it has nothing genial about it ; it grows on the rocky mountain pass, where it can find peat for its bed and heather for its companion ; beneath the rough stone walls of the Westmoreland hill country, it grows in such profusion that the poor people cut it down in quantities and heat their ovens with it.

Till I saw it thus growing, about five years ago, I had always thought the Parsley Fern a rarity : I had had a small bit brought to me from Cader Idris : I knew of it in other parts of North Wales, where here and there it grew in tolerable luxuriance, but nothing like the prodigality with which every rock, raised out of the peat bog, in the beautiful lake country was adorned ; round some it crept in a fringe of verdure, mounting up layer after layer of rock as it found earth-filled crevices, while the smaller stones were hidden beneath its velvet-like covering.

How the drivers grinned, as time after time I made a dash out of the carriage, returning with huge masses of peat and fern, till baskets and bags were literally crammed ! And how the Boots at the inn grinned, when I made special friends with him to procure me two large hampers, which, after filling with what 'Boots' called 'yon rubbish,' I sent home by rail !

"'This is a rare fern,'" said I ; 'what can Mr. Moore mean ? why, it's a very weed !' Five years have passed away since that pleasant day, when both earth and sky seemed to conspire together to show me what they could do to make this world a world of enchanting beauty ; but I have never since seen *Allosorus crispus* growing wild ; my journeys have been for the most part to southern climates, and I have failed to find the little Fern in France, in Italy, or in the south of England. I consider it not only locally rare, but extremely fastidious as to its choice of dwelling and accessories ; but I will tell my own experience of the Parsley Fern.

As far as I can remember, I have never seen a happy-looking clump of *Allosorus* in any fernery but my own ; and the consequence is, that I have constant applications for a portion of the slowly diminishing contents of my hampers.

'Ah, I never can succeed with the Parsley Fern,' says one ; 'it always dies in the winter !' (This in Devonshire.)

'How happy your *Allosorus* looks !' says another ; 'please give me a bit more, what you gave me last dwindled away, till it died last summer.' A third will say, 'Mine is just alive, and that is all.'

I generally ask where it was planted. The answer is sometimes, 'In a very shady place under some trees ;' sometimes, 'On the stump of an old tree ;' sometimes, 'On the rockery with the other Ferns ; and I'm sure it has had plenty of water.'

To the first two I should think it prudent to refuse a fresh supply, for there is no sight much sadder than to see any speechless thing, whether a little baby, an animal, or a plant, pining away in uncomplaining suffering for want of proper nourishment and care. To the third

applicant I would give a very little bit, saying, 'Plant this on the very highest part of your rockery, in the full blaze of the sun, having previously prepared for its reception a bed of black peat, with a deep drain of small stones beneath. After planting it, place large portions of rock close to it, and then in dry weather water it daily as much as you will.'

I have for many years followed out this plan with my *Allosorus*; but I cannot say that it always answers; if it did, I should not include this Fern amongst the Intractables.

Sometimes, with all my care, a large clump becomes gradually smaller, weeds peep up where fresh fronds once appeared—and what then?

Something is wrong. I take my spade and dig up the clump—I pick out the weeds—look for worms—re-make the drain—renew the peat, and put the Fern back. In most cases this will be sufficient—intractable creatures are not wholly without gratitude—and early spring will bring forth a thick tuft of bright sterile fronds, to be succeeded by-and-by with a mass of taller, fertile fronds, which by their more robust growth and stiffer stipes push their more delicate neighbours to the outer edge, and cause admiring friends to say, 'I never saw finer *Allosorus*; do give me a bit;' so closely do joy and sorrow tread on each other's heels, for who could paint the agony of mind I suffer as the words fall on my ear. I cannot tell why. Can mothers explain why they love their 'ne'er do weel' bairns the best?

And now I arrive at a Fern, the name and history of which I would fain put in a parenthesis, as having no right to appear under the head of 'British Ferns' until the happy time, to which I look forward, arrive, when the noble *Cyatheas* of New Zealand, the more delicate *Alsophilas* of Australia, the *Lomarias* of Tasmania, the graceful *Adiantums* of India, with a thousand others of our Colonial Ferns, shall all be gathered together to form one grand 'History of British Ferns.'

Surely English enterprise—that is well-nigh all-accomplishing—could achieve this! Dr. Hooker has done much, and is doing more; but each emigrant possessed of the smallest amount of botanical knowledge could help in the pleasant work, by sending 'home' every specimen of Fern he meets with.

But I must return to the little *Gymnogramma leptophylla*, whose presence amongst 'British' Ferns has caused this inhospitable digression.

Of the genus *Gymnogramma* the British Isles can boast but of one species, and that has no discovered variety. The Jersey *G. leptophylla* is a tiny plant, of about four or five inches in height, and of very peculiar aspect; at first sight it appears as if a small *Cystopteris fragilis* were growing out of a nest of the fronds of *Adiantum capillus veneris*. This arises from the early first-formed fronds having the peculiar fan-like shape and lax growth of the maiden-hair, while the succeeding fronds are stiff and erect, with smaller pinnules.

In some specimens I have seen, which had been brought from the

Andes, the whole plant was so reduced in size as to have the appearance of *A. ruta-muraria*.

I have never, myself, cultivated *G. leptophylla*, but a scientific friend writes to me about it thus:—‘The species is annual, and there is no difficulty in growing it. A damp warm situation is all it requires, and when this requisite is supplied there is little danger of losing it, for the spores scatter themselves and germinate freely.’

But although this little Fern may not be difficult to cultivate, it is not very easy to procure, owing to its transient nature. Plants should be obtained about March or April; their full beauty will appear by the end of May or June, and in August they will be gone.

Amidst my group of Intractables, I have a favourite. Between two stubborn donkeys one may have a choice: both may refuse to carry you; yet one may be pretty and the other ugly—one may eat out of your hand and rub his nose against it caressingly, while the other may kick up his heels a little too near the bunch of thistles to be pleasant.

The genus *Polystichum* embraces the three species of *lonchitis*, *aculeatum*, and *angulare*; each having their clusters of sori gathered beneath a prellate, orbicular covering; but it is of the first of these species (*lonchitis*) that I am about to write as my favourite Intractable. *Polystichum lonchitis* has no variety: it dwells alone on the most inaccessible mountains—mountains, whose rugged tops are cloud-covered, and beneath whose feet fair waters lie imprisoned, while graceful white-stemmed birches droop their branches to the water’s edge.

But my memory does not linger by the borders of the lake; it carries me up the mountain side—now sinking in quags—now peering under rock or stone—now ascending in fear and trembling—now darting bravely forward as a tuft of Ferns, that *may* be what they *are not*, greets my longing eyes. Alas! I have never found *Lonchitis*—I may as well confess this, the saddest experience of my Fern life; hunt as I may, I have never discovered the habitat of this Fern.

How untiringly I have hunted none may tell; and after a toiling day, my reward has been to hear at the dinner-table, ‘What, not find *P. lonchitis*? why, I saw quantities on Ben Nevis; you did not go high enough.’ Not high enough!

‘If you please,’ said I, in bitter irony, ‘I went up to the clouds; and that, as it seems to me, is the only true habitat of the Holly Fern.’ I was not conquered by one mountain; I have searched on many, sent hither and thither by more successful hunters. Now a gardener would show me a plant from a Scotch Ben, and I would trudge off after that; or a guide would offer me specimens from Snowdon, and I would hunt there in vain: all places have been alike to me, my little Intractable would not be found.

But for all this, I have many healthy plants. What I cannot find I buy; and the very first *Lonchitis* that I bought, turned out to be prolific—year after year it throws out little plants clustering

around the root; these I pull away and plant in pots, and so increase my store.

Polystichum lonchitis is very difficult to please: stagnant moisture kills it; drought kills it; too much water, or hard water, turns the fronds black; with too little, they dwindle away; if placed under the drip of trees, or even if large Ferns overshadow it, it soon shows evidences of ill health. It is a Fern that must not be neglected or forgotten; if it be, its cup-like shape will vanish, and there will but be a few ill-formed fronds to look at you reproachfully till they too die.

I give my favourite a deeply drained home amongst sunny rocks, water it freely in dry weather, protect it from severe frost; and year by year the sturdy fronds spring up, true to their characteristic form, the robust imbricated pinnæ being armed with sharp thorns and auricled.

All the specimens of *P. lonchitis* that I have seen in cultivation, have imbricate fronds; but this is not a necessary feature of the plant in its wild state; I have some dried fronds sent to me from Scotland, measuring, with the entire length of stipes and caudex, half a yard. In these specimens the pinnæ are distinctly separate and apart, and the frond does not appear to be of the stiff erect growth which is so conspicuous in cultivated plants.

Next in order after *P. lonchitis* we arrive at *Polystichum aculeatum* (so called from *aculeus*, a prickle;) and it will be well to bear constantly in mind the aculeate nature of all the forms of this Fern, as it is the chief note by which a novice in Fern hunting will distinguish between the species *aculeatum* and *angulare*.

Although *P. aculeatum* is local in its distribution, where it does occur, it is generally very plentiful; it is a Fern of the lane and the hedge-row; it raises its mass of dark green fronds by many a cottage home, and peeping through the garden-hedge at the plat of cabbages, with its border of pinks and thrift, it seems to have a ready smile for grubby-faced children making dirt pies by the cottage door. When it has free space in which to expand, it has the vase-like growth of *P. lonchitis*; but besides this it has no particular beauty to recommend it.

When I first began the study of Ferns, one of the so-called varieties of *P. aculeatum* had the very unspellable, unpronounceable name of *lonchitidoides*. This supposed variety had much the appearance of *Lonchitis*; the frond simply pinnate, the pinnæ armed with sharp teeth; the only difference seemed to be that it was less stiff and rigid, paler in colouring, never imbricate, and never with fructification.

How often in Scotland has my heart beaten when I have come across this Fern, fancying that at last I had the veritable *Lonchitis* before me; how often have I brought it home in triumph, and tended and watched over it, only to see it year by year expand, first into the so-called variety *lobatum*, and then into *aculeatum*, which although not strictly normal, or not becoming normal till some considerable time has elapsed, has but little resemblance to typical so-called *lobatum*; my experience, therefore,

leads me to believe that both *lonchitoides* and *lobatum* are only immature forms of normal *aculeatum*.

Mr. Fraser gives twenty-six as the number of the varieties belonging to the Prickly Shield Fern; but of these, I have tried to dispose of two! and it is probable that some of the others he mentions will share the same fate. My own personal experience of these varieties is small. I possess *acrocladon*, which promises to be a beautiful addition to the fernery. Its vase-like form, the heavily crested frond and pinnæ—which I hope will eventually give a drooping character to the otherwise stiff fronds—seem to point to *acrocladon* as worthy of being taken for the model of some sculptured capital; it is also an evergreen Fern, which is a great point in its favour.

P. aculeatum var. *dubium* is a more delicate form; the frond, pinnæ, and pinnules, have a contracted look; I found it—ah! if I could only transport the reader to the spot, and let him see for himself.

By the way-side of a lane, where the ruby-coloured mud contrasted with the fresh green of the hedge and the glorious blue of the summer sky, and where ever now and then as I came upon a stile or gate I rested by its side, and leaning my head upon my hand gazed upon the scene, and thought.

Stretching far away before me lay boundless sea, deeper in its clear blueness than even the vault of heaven. Here and there a snowy-white sailed vessel beneath, with snowy-white winged birds above, each bent on errands of life far out of my knowledge—each guided and protected by the same Unseen Hand.

On either side, standing out into the blue waves, were ruddy cliffs, some bare, some whose tops were clothed with brilliant verdure. On the left was a quiet valley, with white-washed cottages nestling amidst orchards; cottages full of life, for the happy voices of little children were borne to me by the breeze, each voice speaking of a home where life's purpose was being well or ill performed, and life's battle was being fought. To the right there was the distant roll of a carriage, and the trot of a well-bred horse. There, too, were the soldiers of life's battle; but there seemed smaller space for the weapons and the armour, than in the simple homes of England's poor.

AUNT CECILY'S MUSIC LESSONS.

PART I.—MABEL'S MUSIC-BOOK.

LESSON VII.

WHEN Mabel joined her aunt in the drawing-room, she found her writing something, which she soon finished, and placed on the music-desk of the pianoforte. It was this exercise, and Mabel was told to read it aloud.



She read the first without difficulty, and answered the queries as to semibreve, minim, and crotchet, without hesitation. Then she was told to play what she had read, first with the right hand, and then with the left. Miss Wells had to help her a little with the time, counting for her, and pointing to the notes, and making her keep her finger down the precise space of time necessary at the minims and the semibreve. The exercise was played very slowly. When it went well with the left hand, the child was told to try the next. Of course she asked what the \flat meant, and was told it was called a flat, and that it caused the note that followed it to be played or sung half a tone lower than it was naturally. Then Miss Wells sung, and made Mabel sing, the semitone below E. She struck E on the pianoforte, and E \flat . She made Mabel name the keys E E \flat , and strike them. Then she made her sing the same sounds, as *Mi Mi \flat* , adding that a flat was called a *bémol* in singing. Then she

made her find all the E flats on the key-board, and finally played the exercise, thoroughly understanding the sign *l*. She was made to remark the minim rest, and to lift her hand off for two beats.

Then she went on to the third exercise, and lastly to the fourth, which she did not fail to observe was the same thing again, only beginning on G instead of on C.

Miss Wells said, 'Yes, it was the very same thing *transposed*, or placed five notes higher. When you change the place of a melody, pitch it or set it higher or lower, we call it *transposing* it from one KEY to another.'

'Key? One of these?' said Mabel, touching one of the keys of the pianoforte.

Miss Wells. No; for though changing the place we start from on these keys *would* be changing the key, yet we should call it 'changing the key' if we did the same with our voices, or an instrument that has no keys.

Mabel. O Aunt Cecilia, how could you play an instrument without keys?

Miss W. Have you never seen a harp?

Mabel. No, never! Yes, I have. There's one at Oldbury; but it's always covered over with some ugly dirty green stuff, like the door outside the housekeeper's room. I used to long so to see what was underneath, and once I asked Aunt Wells to show it to me, and she said, 'There's nothing to see, child; you wouldn't care to see it, and it's troublesome taking off and putting on the cover.' And I was so ashamed, for Mamma always tells me when I go to Oldbury to be sure never to be troublesome or inquisitive.

Miss W. They don't play on that harp, then, now?

Mabel. No; I heard Uncle Frederick say one day it had better be put into the lumber-room, as it was 'neither useful nor ornamental.'

'Those were his *very* words,' Mabel added, nodding her head, and using the precise emphasis and action which old Dame Martha was wont to use whenever she spoke of Sir Frederick Wells!

Miss Wells gave a little sigh, and then a faint smile, and was silent. Then she seemed to rouse herself out of an absent fit, and speaking in a lively tone, she said, 'Perhaps you have seen a guitar. There used to be two at Oldbury.'

Mabel. I've never seen them.

Miss W. Well, Mabel, you have heard people playing in the streets on various instruments?

Mabel. Organs that they grind?

Miss W. No; wind instruments, or fiddles. You must have seen and heard a violin.

Mabel. Oh yes, often. Mr. Finer plays it at the academy.

Miss W. Then you have begun to learn dancing, Mabel?

Mabel. Yes; I began a year ago. We go to Slowington once a week. I like it so much.

Miss W. Then you must have noticed that there are no *keys* on the violin—that the sound is brought out from strings.

Mabel. I never paid any attention to that; I've work enough to understand what Mr. Finer says I am to do.

Miss W. Quite right, Mabel—one thing at a time. You should fix your eyes on your teacher, and listen to all he says; but you must listen to the music too, for he plays to guide you.

Mabel. Yes, it's a great help. Some of the pupils have no 'ear,' Mr. Finer says. They seem just as if they couldn't hear the tune. But, Auntie, they get better. I suppose they get an ear. Louisa Marny says she has no ear, but she can play, oh! quantities of pieces; and she can dance in time now.

Miss W. Dancing lessons are a great help in learning what *time* in music is, especially for children who have not a good ear naturally. It obliges them to count time. Well, we are forgetting all about our 'keys.' These are keys; you can see them and touch them. But there is something else we call a 'key,' too—something you cannot touch or see, but that you can hear and understand. I will play in different keys to you, and then you will hear that they are not all alike.

Mabel jumps up to make room for her aunt; and Miss Wells says, 'Now I am going to play in the key of C. First, I will play the scale. Look, I start on C, and play only the white keys.' After she has gone up and down several times very slowly, and then rapidly, she stops, and says, 'The first note of the scale is called the key-note, or the Tonic. The key is named after the key-note. This is the key of C. Some people call them Tones, and that is why they call the first note the Tonic. But keys, and key-note, will be easiest for you to remember. Now I will play you a chant in the key of C.'

Mabel. Oh, I like that. I've heard it at church.

Miss W. Now an air, or melody. Do you see I keep on the white notes? Now look away from the key-board, and listen. I will play another air in C. Now I will play the same air in a different key. Don't look at the piano, but listen.—(She plays the air in E major.)

Mabel. O Auntie, it's quite different, and yet the same air!

Miss W. Now I will change again.—(Plays the same in A \flat .)

Mabel. Oh, how pretty! and how funny it seems to hear the change, and yet the very same tune.

Miss Wells goes back to C.

Mabel. Auntie, that's the old one—the first one again.

Miss W. Yes, it is. You quite feel what a key is now. I can't explain it to you. Indeed, I believe it is a mystery to everyone. But it is certain that every key has its own qualities, just as other things have. You know sugar and honey and some fruits are sweet; some things are sour, or bitter, or hot, to the taste. Tell me, is there not a great difference in the taste of oranges? Some are sweet, others sour; and Seville oranges are bitter. Then, pepper and ginger and cloves are all

hot, but pepper has more of a salt taste—cloves, a rather sweet—ginger, different to both. In meats and vegetables, you know, all have their own peculiar flavours. And so it is with keys in music. Some sound sweet and cheerful, others sweet and melancholy; some rich and mellow, some bright and sparkling, some plain and simple; others grave and sad. Now I will play in the key of G, with one sharp; and afterwards in B, with five sharps.—(Plays.)—Can you hear any difference?

Mabel. Yes, I can. I like the last best, it sounded so clear.

Miss W. Yes; we call that sharp sound, brilliant. It seems to sparkle like diamonds, or dew-drops. Well, that's enough to make you feel what different keys are. Now I will write our old exercise in four keys, and we will play it.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A REFUGEE IN GEORGIA DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

September 26th. I enclose you another letter from the hospital. I must explain that *mush* is a kind of gruel made of corn-meal; *hominy* is boiled corn-meal. Marshall and William are negro servants. Mr. M. grows fruit and vegetables, which he sends to Forsyth by William, whose whole time is taken up going backwards and forwards. Miss M. took two women-servants also: they are as much interested as the rest of the family, and talk of 'our soldiers' and 'our hospital.' The nurses are disabled soldiers; there are very few chaplains.

The intense heat makes any exertion unpleasant, and increases the terrible stench from the gangrene wounds; it was very bad only passing the yards where the hospital tents are, in a carriage. There are fifty men in the ward.

Gilmer Hospital, Forsyth, Sept. 6th, 1864.

My dear Sister,

None but those who have tried it, can have any idea of the personal inconveniences and hardships of hospital life;* but we matrons turn from that, with no effort, because we are so entirely absorbed in the one object of our lives here. No one ought to come who is not ready to sacrifice everything to it. We none of us think of giving up while health and strength remain. If you were here, you would agree with me, that long ago, from the beginning, *this* ought to have been every Southern woman's place. The men are in one's mind from morning till night. I am thankful that I do not, luckily for me, dream about them. 'This day's proceedings have been a mixture of pain and pleasure; but I will describe it minutely, as in many respects it is an exact counterpart of

* The hospital was all in tents. Those who have lived under canvas, with the thermometer standing at 90°, will be able to feel for the ladies whose office it was to superintend the kitchens.

all the other days. We had an awful night between the mosquitos and my other invariable foes: we had a small net just over our heads, a pis-aller, until we have time to make a large one to cover the bed; but somehow the former cunning little creatures managed to creep through, and kept us awake till daylight. I longed to stay in bed when the roll-call sounded; but we jumped up, and reached our respective kitchens in time to see to the breakfasts—unsatisfactory both to me and my men: there were eggs for only a favoured few; the steak was but a mouthful all round; the batter-cakes and sour bread and butter which made up the deficiency, most of the men cannot touch. We all kept up our spirits, and I tried to make up by ordering the best dinner that can be had. The kitchens often fall short, and there is not enough of anything but mush for anyone, men, servants, or ladies. After making some fly-brushes for my men, I visited each patient in the ward; they all seemed rather better, excepting one, who has been dying for the last two days, only kept alive by stimulant, night and day. At one time he was so nearly well, that the doctor thought of sending him home. He will be the fourth I have lost; it is so sad to see them die, far far away from home and all they love. My first deceased patient was one who had interested me very much indeed, partly because he was exactly Arthur's* age, and very much like him, quite as tall, broad, and beardless. His case was exactly like the one's now dying—wearily waiting in the hospital for months, hoping against hope—and a sudden relapse at the last! He suffered terribly, yet was so good and patient, and would take anything I brought him, however much he disliked it. It was when I first came, and I had been here too short a time for him to overcome the shyness natural to most young men in speaking of their religious feelings. You do not know how I have grieved over this since, and what a shock it gave me the morning after his death to receive the account of the nurse, and to think how much more I might have done for him. The poor boy, about eight hours before his death, in the night, asked the nurse whether he were a member of a Christian Church. On a negative reply, the despairing remark came, 'It is of no use to ask you to pray for me.' He then spent the whole time in praying himself, sometimes talking of his mother, his sisters, and his home. The whole time he was in hospital nothing had been heard of them: perhaps they were ruined refugees, whom letters could not reach, no one knowing their address. They, too, were unconscious of his whereabouts. It would have comforted me, and him too, I trust, had I been with him; and I have told the nurses, that in such cases they must fetch me, let it be midnight, or what time it may. These scenes are heart-rending; they are making a sad sober woman of me already, but I do not for one moment think of giving up.

I am sending Marshall home this week, instead of William, that he may see his wife. William's last journey was very unlucky; he lost all his clothes, and worse still, all the water-melons: do pray send some more by Marshall, if you possibly can, for the men were very disappointed at the loss. William looked so wild and miserable yesterday, that I had not the heart to say a word to him.

Send some sweet potatoes, the men are crazy for them. You at home, having a house full and all your own people to provide for, will think me selfish and greedy; but I only want *all* you can spare, and will be quite satisfied. I am ready to beg, to borrow—to do anything for my men, but steal.

* The writer's brother.

MISSION WORK AT HOME.

No. VII.

ST. LUKE'S, BURDETT ROAD, STEPNEY.

THERE are few things that we watch with a more lively interest, than the great results which spring from small beginnings.

We see in some distant land the flourishing Mission Station, with its noble churches, and every requisite for Christian worship; and we look back to its early history, and remember the time when the first sod was turned, and the first congregation gathered together.

We see our own beloved Church carrying on her work in every corner of the earth; and we love to trace her descent from the little company once gathered together in an upper chamber in Jerusalem.

So it is with the great Mission Work now being carried on in London. In thought, perhaps, we see the completed church, and the well-filled school; in imagination, we hear the sacred chants and hymns of praise rising from the voices of a whole congregation; but trace the work back to its commencement, and we see the first congregation assembling in some small temporary building or school-room; we hear the responses and hymns from but a few worshippers; we see the Missionary clergyman standing perhaps alone at his post, amidst the thousands who have been placed under his care.

Surely, if there is much of anxiety in such a work, there is also much room for hope; if its trials are great, there is also much exercise for faith.

Could we but visit each one of the eighty New Mission Districts which have been established through the agency of the Bishop of London's Fund since the year 1863, what an aggregate of work would they present to our view!

How many who have hitherto neglected the assembling of themselves together, by this means led to worship in the House of Prayer, because the House of Prayer is now, as it were, brought to their own doors, we can never know. How many little ones who might have been idlers in the London streets, brought under the gentle influence of Christian training, we cannot estimate. Only we know that wherever the work has been commenced it has never been commenced in vain, and that He whose work it is, has poured His blessing upon it abundantly.

We have in a previous number spoken of the general work of the Bishop's Fund. We propose now to take our readers into one of these Mission Districts, and let them study for themselves the work there being carried on.

During the year 1866, ten Mission Districts were especially brought forward by the Bishop of London's Fund, and donations earnestly

solicited for the completion of the permanent churches in them; sites having been procured, and nothing but the requisite funds for the erection of the churches being required, to render them complete parishes, each with their own endowment from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Out of these ten Missions, four may be considered as provided for, the greater part of the required sum having been either given or promised. The remaining six are now advertised as cases of special need; and it is to one of these that we now propose to direct the attention of our readers.

Reading through the names of these six parishes, we find amongst them this entry, 'Holy Trinity, Stepney—£8,800 required.'

This brief record, which may have been seen and read in the advertisements of the Fund by hundreds of readers, conveys to us the fact, that a new district has been formed in the large parish of Holy Trinity, Stepney. That a site for a permanent church has been procured, and a grant of £1,200 made by the Bishop's Fund towards its cost. The remaining sum being required immediately for the erection of the church to accommodate nine hundred persons.

And what is the Mission District like, for which this aid is solicited?

To answer this question, we must refer to particulars which have been sent to us by the Missionary clergyman, the Rev. William Wallace, who, labouring amongst a population of six thousand, most willing to help themselves, though able to do comparatively little towards raising so large an amount, earnestly appeals to the sympathy of the public to enable him to carry on his work.

The New Mission District of St. Luke, Burdett Road, is, as we learn from the plan, a division somewhat triangular in form, taken from the southern portion of the parish of Holy Trinity, Stepney. It is bounded by the canal on one side, the Bow Branch of the Blackwall Railway on another, and the Tower Hamlets Cemetery and Bow Common Lane on the third.

Through the centre of this division runs Burdett Road, and on this road is the site for the new church of St. Luke. For a description of this district we turn to an Occasional Paper of the Additional Curates Society, written by the Incumbent of the New Mission District.

In the autumn of 1865, the Rev. F. S. Lea, Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Stepney, offered me the Missionary Curacy of the new district of St. Luke, to be formed of the southern portion of his parish. We walked together through its streets, and the impression I at once formed was, that St. Luke's was a very fair parish, and an important place for the Church's labour. . . . The streets are all new, and laid out in regulation width; the one-storied houses, ground and upper floor, seem suited for the class of people: gas men from the adjoining works; dock labourers, whose wives and children live here; and some small shop-keepers, to supply the needs of the place. But most of the houses

contain two or more families, and in this alone lies any objection to the dwellings of the people. The Lancashire workmen, whom I had known in Blackburn, did not pay more for a whole house than the labourers do here for half.

In October, 1865, after a month's visiting in the new division, public services were commenced.

The clergyman who had held the curacy for a short time when the idea of forming the New Mission District had been first planned, had, on quitting the neighbourhood, left £21 of his stipend as a gift towards the Parsonage of the district.

On October 15th, 1865, (writes Mr. Wallace,) services began. At first only in the evening—with anxiety and prayer, but, thank God, soon with considerable success and hope. The Rev. A. B. Cotton, Incumbent of St. Paul's, Bow Common, kindly lent his Infant School-room for our Sunday worship; and as occasional seasons, Lent, Day of Humiliation, Holy Week, Confirmation, arose, gave us an opportunity of keeping count of the Christian year, and meeting for supplication and doctrine. Without this aid we could not have made any progress.

I recall with vividness the first day. We went down, the Incumbent of Holy Trinity and myself, the one to read the Lessons and preach at the cheap lectern we had bought, and the other to offer the first prayers in the new parish of St. Luke's, at a simple prayer-desk placed on the Infants' Gallery, at the end of the room. Yet it was, I confess it, the ideal I had formed of such a service, and the germ of what I believe English services should present. As we had resolved that no Sacraments should be administered till we had a special place for their observance, the Table prayers are properly not used, and no other furniture is provided than the prayer-desk and lectern, with chairs for the congregation. But we had only forty-nine to join in our first prayers, and it was plainly right not to mention the Offertory then. I tried to think of Apostolic efforts, and to comfort my heart with the assurance of faith, which the sermon had enforced. 'I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, before the throne.' But on the next evening, with fifty-one attending, I made the announcement that the offerings of the people would form part of the regular acts of devotion in the meetings of St. Luke's; and we have no reason since to regret the adoption of this principle. Our evening services rose to 146, and then, on the day before Christmas, we began our morning service, Prayers and Litany also. On Christmas morning 58 attended, and our school was adorned for the day. We had no sermon, but left early to attend Communion in the churches around. From the first I told everything in my sermons, and frequenting the Sacraments elsewhere was understood and adopted.

. Our subsequent services have been very steady: the morning rising to 103 at Easter, and averaging 100; the evening rising to 175, averaging 130. Our Offertory pays all expenses, the modest furniture and chairs, the hymn-books for all, and the Prayer-books required, and the gas, and servants' wages.

The sum of £125, being half of a collection made after a sermon by the Bishop of London at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, was appropriated to the Mission; and a Christmas tree, provided by the ladies of that neighbourhood, added to the good feeling and interest beginning to be shown in the new district.

During the outbreak of Cholera last summer, about twenty children and as many adults were carried off in one month in this comparatively

small district. The Bishop's Cholera Fund, and the Mansion House Fund, supplied every need: and at the end of this time, the Offertory gifts increased in thankfulness to God for the great decrease in the severity of the Cholera.

Thus far hath God helped us!

I have dwelt on the Mission as it is in effect. In prospect we look to the Bishop's Fund chiefly. The plans for a church for 900 have been prepared, and the site having been purchased by the Fund for £830, a conditional grant of £1,200 has been given for building. If God would put it into the heart of some wealthy person to establish His House of Prayer here, what thanksgivings would redound to Him from the prayers of many anxiously desiring to see this day. A site for schools will shortly be purchased, a grant of £1000 having been made for this. But were it not for the constant encouragements which arise, the prospect of collecting the remainder of the £5,500, (the estimated cost of the church,) and the one, two, or three thousand pounds which the school will require, would be most embarrassing. There are no landholders to look to, and the gas companies cannot be expected to do much towards these large sums. Our district is advertised by the Bishop's Fund as one of those to which the liberality of benefactors is invited, that a parish may be formed at once, and the endowment of £200 from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners obtained. In God's good time may it be done.

The withdrawal of the City Missionary led to the offer of a student of King's College to give his services in St. Luke's as 'reader' and visitor, till his ordination at Christmas. It is intended he should then assist us to win and draw the people to our services, which we hope to multiply. Everyone in the district has been visited, but a constant repetition of this is desired, and must be maintained. It is likely that a Parochial Mission Woman will be established in the winter, and other means, such as Penny Banks, Libraries, Clothing Clubs, adopted, to add to the consolidation of this new parish.

At the Confirmation in April, 35 candidates were presented, and at that time there was not an adult in the congregation, who had not been or was not about to be confirmed. I was able to send one nurse to the London Hospital; and I think not only her wage, but her desire to do good, led her there. I have remarked what has been noticed in the Registrar's Report of Health, that there has been no shrinking from giving aid to one another in this Cholera crisis, the women foremost. And I trust that better sanitary arrangements will be in force, and be accepted after this severe lesson. The gas men were the first to be fatally affected. How often have I promised to myself that I would not cease till I had broken down the cord of habit which kept them away from the utterance of 'Our Father,' and exposed them to the temptations of intemperance! For their sakes, I have laboured to induce the Peabody Trustees to build in St. Luke's; with what success as yet I know not.

At our Cottagers' Flower Show on August 24th, 400 plants were exhibited, and more than 700 persons visited us. It gave me an opportunity of visiting all St. Luke's again, and cheering the people in the return of health. The Offertory in September has been £7 2s. 11½d., the congregations also being increased, and the first Quarterly return of collecting-books made on the 29th at a special service, amounted to £20 10s. 6½d. in twenty-two books. On October 18th, St. Luke's Day, the Rev. F. S. Lea, Incumbent of Holy Trinity, preached once more, finding, through God's grace, a stable, interested, devout, and liberal congregation joining their prayers with his and mine. Assistance towards building a chancel or large choir vestry, to celebrate Communion, is now our chief desire.

So I close this account. It is the record of more satisfaction than I have ever known, and the result of as much care and thought as I have been permitted to compress into twelve months of my life. Yet how little of all I wish to see is done!

¶ We have quoted this paper in full, because we feel that no words of ours can increase the interest with which these particulars will be read, or add any force to this simple record of one year's Church work. Over its concluding words—'How little of all I wish to see is done!'—we pause. They are words which will be echoed by all, whatever be the work they may have undertaken, however successfully it may have been carried on. Yet we would have our readers remember that after all this is the record of but one year. It is not an easy thing for any clergyman to say at the end of his first year amongst 6000 people, that 'everyone in the district has been visited.' If the dwellings are small and the space limited, at least they are all accessible to the Missionary clergyman; while the school-room (kindly lent by a neighbouring clergyman) with its frequent services, and its youthful choir of boys and girls, has been the means of drawing together a congregation heartily uniting in the Church service.

Then there is a small band of warm-hearted earnest collectors, bringing in their quarterly offerings for the great work of the Mission. Truly it will need their heartiest efforts for many a long day to come, before all is accomplished which a new parish requires. There is the church, with its requisite fittings, to be erected: there are the schools, with their necessary furniture, to be provided: then there is the constant parish work; the relief of the sick and poor, where apparently there is little or no wealth to fall back upon.

We know something of the 'hope deferred' which necessarily attends living in a new parish. We can remember what it is to stand at the commencement of a great undertaking, as well as to rejoice in its successful completion. And yet surely every step of the work is full of encouragement; especially as regards the attendance at the services. The plan of holding frequent Evening Services has evidently been adopted in St. Luke's with something more than ordinary success; and the returns made of the numbers who attend these services prove that they are most acceptable to the working people in the neighbourhood.

Thus far we had written, and were only waiting before closing our little sketch of St. Luke's Mission, to receive the account of the closing services of the year, when the following graphic description from the pen of the Missionary clergyman reached us.

We insert it exactly as it stands, for we feel that any break might tend to mar its deep interest.

ST. LUKE'S MISSION, BURDETT ROAD, STEPNEY.

January 4th, 1867.

'Is it far beyond St. Paul's?' 'Yes,' I said, 'as far as Hyde Park is from the Cathedral. When I come to you, it is in a Bow and Stratford omnibus, which charges the same fare from my door, 441 Mile End Road, to the Bank, as it

does from the Bank to Piccadilly.' 'What a very long street you live in!' 'Yes, a very grand road runs through the whole length of the Hamlet of Mile End Old Town from Whitechapel to Bow, and I live at the Bow end of it.' 'I know,' said the Prelate, for it was to one of our Bishops I was describing St. Luke's; 'the Regent's Canal—are you east or west of that?' 'Immediately to the east, and just south of Mile End Road; a triangle, in fact, between the Bow branch of the Blackwall Railway, the Regent's Canal, and an old lane a little back from Mile End Road, called Bow Common Lane.'

'And now, do you like the work?' I was obliged to answer, 'Very much; there is so much interest, so much clergyman's work in it.' 'Is the Church holding her own, or advancing, in the East?' 'Yes, if the design of the Bishop's Fund gets thoroughly carried out, great arrears will be overtaken, and for my part, I trust nothing will prevent its complete execution.'

This conversation was before a sermon preached in behalf of this Mission, in St. Michael's, one of the Pimlico churches, the congregation of which have assisted materially the work of St. Luke's.

To call attention to the work of the Bishop of London's Fund, and invite assistance for a permanent church for this new district, now ready to be separated from the parish of Holy Trinity, Stepney, I have put together a few facts, and further information can be had from myself, or from the office of the Fund, Pall Mall. We have reached a point now in which any foreign aid will be of the utmost service to encourage and sustain the efficiency of the Mission.

On October 15th, 1865, we began in a school, lent to us by the Rev. A. B. Cotton, son of the late venerated William Cotton; and to this moment we have never spent any funds provided from any source in aid, except upon the site for the church and my salary. Our own Offertory has paid all expenses, and now that the cost of supplying the room with chairs and necessary church furniture has been repaid, it is a great satisfaction that the money of St. Michael's Fund is untouched for the work we have at heart, the erection of our church.

This economy is all we can reach to among ourselves. Dock-labourers, bricklayers, gas-men—these are 5000 out of the 6000 inhabitants: and almost every house has two or more families residing in it. We have no landholders; and I admit candidly that the Bishop's Fund has given every wealthy person near us some work more directly appealing to their aid.

† 'Our district is one of those six 'Pressing Wants,' which appear advertised in the Times, and to which grants of £1200 towards a church have been made; and I can hardly think that any case is more truly designated as *pressing* for aid. In giving charity, what a gratification to help the decent and diligent, to keep them up, and advance them to another opportunity! So with St. Luke's, to give us a First-stone—a Chancel—a complete Church: these steps will each and all be valued and welcomed, if past experience proves anything. For look at this past month of December: twenty-two services attended by 1987 persons, with fifteen Offertories, amounting to £9 2s. 10d. in 907 coins. And besides, twenty-one collecting-books, brought in on December 31st, with gatherings, for one quarter, of £19 9s. 2½d. Again, we promised the 'Reader' £30 for the six months before Christmas, and since that engagement led to his ordination for St. Luke's, on December 23rd, he gave back on Christmas Day the whole sum to the church. And this has gone on all through. For instance, in September, the Offertory was £7 2s. 11½d., and twenty-two collecting-books brought in for the quarter £20 10s. 6½d. This earnest zeal could not always continue. Will no reader of this become a partaker, and sustain by show of sympathy and encouragement the willing hearts of my flock?

Let me take another aspect of the Mission. The room holds conveniently

170. On the Third Sunday in Advent, our congregation was 190. We have our own interest to consult; yet on December 20th, we met 192 in number, to assist with £2 4s. 4½d. the work of the Bishop of Nelson, who expressed his pleasure at the order and attention of the people, young and old. We had a Confirmation in April, and 35 candidates were presented. In the whole of Trinity parish 316 children were baptized in 1865, and 338 in 1866, both years being a great increase on former registers.

A week-day service, with special reference to Christmas Communion, was held on the Fridays in December; and 71, 61, 41, 85 were the congregations. Could we obtain funds to build even the chancel of our church, we would hope to have devout and frequent Communion.

Let me describe the service of Monday evening, December 31st. The room, 60 feet by 23, used as an Infant School, has a gallery at one end. On this two prayer-deaks stand, and on the floor a lectern. At the south side on three tiers are a few boys to sing; below them, a harmonium played by a clerk in a railway-office, who voluntarily conducts the choir; then begin two sets of benches on either side of the room, girls to sing in the front of one, grown boys to sing in the front of the other. Any little children are brought up to the front of these, and put on low forms, being taught to kneel and respond loudly. Then, still on either side, as many chairs as we can get in. Hymn-books on every seat. Prayer-books for all who need. For this night, anthems for our willing, but not very educated, singers, (Monk's 'Hallelujah, For unto us a Child is born;') and myself to read the prayers; the Incumbent of Trinity, Rev. F. Simeon Lea, to preach; and the Deacon and one of the men to collect the Offertory in bags.

An unusual number of better-dressed people are mixed with the attendants from the district, for it is Quarterly Collection night, and each person having a book is invited to come, and present the book and money collected openly as an 'offering to the Lord.'

The room is decorated solely by the persons present; and everything, books, gas, warming, servants' work, ornaments of the place and of the ministers, has been paid for by themselves. 'O come, all ye faithful,' is sung heartily by all, and nobody thinks of not responding with loud and long Amens. The Psalms for the 30th evening are sung, full of praise: and the prayers are reverently followed. A few words respecting the past and the prospects of the future, from myself, precede the hymn before sermon. And then Mr. Lea preaches a homiletic extempore discourse from the ninetyeth Psalm, which realizes all a Mission service requires, and bringing us all—this closing night of the year—before Him who is our Refuge from one generation to another, wins us to the prayer that we may 'so number our days as to apply our hearts to wisdom,' and to the adoring desire—'The Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us. Prosper Thou our handy-work.'

There is no end to the verses of the Rhythm of St. Bernard, 'Brief life is here our portion,' sung, while the Offertory of £2 4s. 0½d. is being collected; and when at last the Benediction is taken up by the kneeling congregation with their song of 'Part in Peace,' St. Luke's final service of 1866 is religiously closed.

I have not spoken of the temporal need of St. Luke's. We had the Cholera among us, with its warnings and its results of Christian benevolence. We have the want of work trying us now; but to build the church is a sure way of aiding both now and always.

If this account of our work will persuade any to whom God has given the power and will, to aid His Church's Mission, our prayers will not fail to remember them, as benefactors, before the throne of grace.

W. WALLACE, M.A.

ST. LUKE'S MISSION, BURDETT ROAD, STEPNEY.

SERVICES IN DECEMBER, 1866.

	Services.	Congrega- tion.	Offertory.	
			Coins.	Amount.
Dec. 1...		...E. 46...
" 2...	...First Sunday in Advent.....	...M. 80...
.....E. 120...	... 97...	...0 14 3½
" 7E. 71...
" 8...E. 38...	... 32...	...0 9 3½
" 9...	...Second Sunday in Advent....	...M. 87...
.....E. 117...	...109...	...0 13 10½
" 14...E. 61...
" 15...E. 32...
" 16...	...Third Sunday in Advent.....	...M. 91...
.....E. 190...	...135...	...0 16 0½
" 20...	...Bishop of Nelson.....	...E. 192...	...155...	...2 4 4½
" 21...E. 41...
" 22...	...Very Wet.....	...E. 17...
" 23...	...Fourth Sunday in Advent....	...M. 92...
.....E. 120...	...109...	...0 12 2½
" 25...	...ChristmasM. 86...	... 48...	...0 7 8½
" 28...E. 85...	... 30...	...0 7 5
" 29...E. 32...
" 30...	...Sunday after ChristmasM. 107...
.....E. 157...	...118...	...0 13 7
" 31...	...Quarterly CollectionE. 125...	... 74...	...2 4 0½
Twenty-two Services		1987	907	£9 2 10

On 31st, Return of Collecting-books for Quarter.

In Twenty-one Books £19 9 2½

OFFERTORY.

October	5 7 10½
November	3 3 11½
December	9 2 10
							£17 14 8½

What more can we add to such an appeal as this? Written as it is when the arduous Christmas work of a large district is scarcely yet finished, and with all the preparation required for the Bishop's Confirmation in March still before him, the clergyman adds:—

'In the name of Christ, and to the glory of God, these are the only sustaining things.'

A few more words to our readers ere we close. It may be that the Incumbent will long in vain for the rich gift of wealth to be bestowed, which would at once build the church, and render this a complete parish. It may be that its great work will have to be done by small and frequently repeated gifts, by persevering and long continued efforts. Yet where few can give the great gifts, may not all have it in their power to do a little? The £1000, which would be so great an addition to the resources of the parish, may seem a formidable sum to raise. Yet it is made up of hundreds, and it needs but twenty £5 notes to make one of these hundreds, and do we not know well how important a step towards a £5 note is the first sovereign given or collected? Each month as it advances renders delay more serious, and the prospect of building the church in the present year less hopeful.

Are there not many amongst the readers of *The Monthly Packet*, who, when the next quarter day arrives, will cheer the heart of the Missionary clergyman, by showing him that henceforth it is not only the gifts of his own flock which he will have to count with anxiety, and to record with gratitude?

Are there not many who will gladly testify by their gifts, be they great or small, their heartfelt sympathy in his work? And even if those gifts can only be bestowed through self-denial, who would not willingly exercise some self-denial to help forward such a work! The Church's Seasons are before us. The solemn weeks of Lent, and the joyful festival of Easter; and as we enjoy the services of our own completed churches, shall we, can we, forget the little congregation in the East of London, joining at their school-room service in those Psalms of Praise, which they must long, oh how earnestly, to chant within the consecrated walls of their own Parish Church!

IVANOVNA.

THE FATHER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF BJORNSTJERNA BJORNSEN.

THE greatest man in the parish in which the following story is laid, was called Thord Overaas. One day he stood in the Clergyman's study, tall and serious.

'I have got a son,' said he; 'and wish him to be christened.'

'What is to be his name?'

'Finn, after my father.'

'And the godfathers and godmothers?'

The best men of the country-side, and women of the man's family, were named.

'Is there anything else?' asked the Clergyman, and looked up.

The Bonde* stood a little: 'I should like to have him baptized by himself,' said he.

'That means on a week-day.'

'Saturday next, at twelve at noon.'

'Is there anything more?' asked the Clergyman.

'Nothing at all.' The Bonde turned his cap round, as if he meant to go.

Then the Clergyman rose. 'There is yet one thing,' said he, and went straight up to Thord, took his hand, and looked him in the face: 'God grant that the child may be a blessing to you.'

That day sixteen years stood Thord in the Clergyman's room. 'You look hearty, Thord,' said the Clergyman: he saw no change in him.

'I have no troubles at all,' answered Thord.

On this the Clergyman was silent; but after a little he asked, 'What's your errand this evening?'

'This evening I come about my son, who is to be confirmed to-morrow. He's a sharp lad. I won't pay the Parson before I hear what number he got on the church-floor.'

'He shall have number one.'†

'I hear; and here are ten dollars for the parson.'

'Anything else?' asked the Clergyman, looking at Thord.

'Nothing more.'

Thord went away.

Again eight years passed away; and one day a noise was heard at the Clergyman's door, for many persons came, and Thord first.

The Clergyman looked up and knew him; 'You come with a large company this evening.'

'I wish the banns to be published for my son. He is to be married to Karen Storliden, Gudmund's daughter, who stands here.'

'Why, she is the richest lass in the country-side.'

'So they say,' answered the Bonde, and stroked his hair up with his hand.

The Clergyman sat a little time, as if in thought; he said nothing, but wrote the names down in his books, and the men wrote their names under.

Thord laid three dollars on the table.

'I ought only to have one,' said the Clergyman.

'I know that well enough, but he is my only child, I would fain do things handsomely.'

The Clergyman took the money.

'This is the third time you have stood here on your son's behalf, Thord.'

'But now have I done with him,' said Thord—shut up his pocket-book, said 'Farewell,' and went away, the men slowly after him.

* Peasant proprietor.

† I believe that this means that he should have the place of honour among the candidates for Confirmation.

A fortnight after that day the father and son were rowing in calm weather across the water to Storliden, to talk about the wedding. 'The thwart* doesn't lie steady under me,' said the son, and got up to set it to rights. As he did so the bottom-board he stood on shifted, he struck out with his arms, uttered a cry, and fell into the water.

'Catch hold of the oar,' cried the father, rising up and stretching it out. But when the son had made a couple of strokes, he got stiff. 'Wait a bit,' cried the father, and rowed up. Then the son turned over on his back, took a long look at his father—and sank.

Thord would not believe it; he kept the boat still, and stared at the spot where his son had gone down, as if he expected him to come up again. There came up some bubbles, then some more, then one big one; it burst, and the lake again lay calm as a mirror.

For three days and three nights the folks saw the father row round the spot without taking food or sleep; he was searching after his son. And on the third day, in the morning, he found him, and came bearing him up over the hills with him to his house.

It might be about a full year after that day, when, late one autumn evening, the Clergyman heard someone moving at the door out in the ante-room, and cautiously feeling for the latch. The Clergyman opened the door, and in stepped a tall bent man, thin, and with white hair. The Clergyman looked long at him before he knew him; it was Thord.

'You come so late,' said the Clergyman, and stood still in front of him.

'O yes; I come late,' said Thord, and seated himself. The Clergyman seated himself too, as if he was waiting; there was a long silence. Then said Thord, 'I have something with me I would fain give to the poor.' He rose, laid the money on the table, and sat down again.

The Clergyman counted it up. 'It's a great deal of money,' said he.

'It's the half of my estate; I sold it to-day.'

The Clergyman continued sitting in a long silence; at last he asked him, but mildly, 'How shall you now employ yourself?'

'With something better.'

They sat there for a time, Thord with his eyes on the floor, the Clergyman with his eyes on Thord. Then said the Clergyman to him quietly and slowly: 'Now, I think that, at last, your son *has* been a blessing to you.'

'Yes, now I think so also myself,' said Thord. He looked up, and two tears flowed heavily down his face.

* The thwarts in Norwegian boats are often made loose, so as to take out.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLEWER FIELDS.

Sir,

You kindly inserted in your December number an account of a good work now happily going on in a part of my parish, called 'Clewes Fields.' I request you to add some further explanations, without which the exact case can hardly be understood. The reader of the account referred to might otherwise be led to suppose that nothing had been done in that district before the Sisters began their present systematic good work there about two years ago—which would be far from the wish of the writer of that account; and the actual condition of the place, degraded and irreligious as it is, can only be rightly viewed in the light of its past history.

Clewes happens to be the only outlet for the growing population of Windsor, especially the poorer sort. On all other sides Windsor is surrounded, partly by the river Thames, partly by the Royal Parks. Consequently, an offshoot of the town has been thrown out into my parish, and of late years has rapidly grown to the proportion of a small parish. Windsor has always two regiments stationed—a number not abstractedly greater indeed than in some other towns, but larger in proportion to the number of inhabitants than anywhere else in England. Among others who have streamed out from Windsor into the said corner of my parish, have been the miserable followers of these troops, some of the very lowest description. For a long period they have here formed a regular settlement, intermixed with many very poor families depending on casual employment, such as ordinarily hang about the purlieus of a town, living in—houses they cannot be called—huts provided for their need by a wretched proprietor who has driven a dreadful trade. A far better class has now grown up in the immediate proximity of this settlement; but in the depths of it brawls have not been uncommon, such as require a picket of soldiers to put down. Ordinarily, however, the wickedness and misery prevailing have been confined to the interiors of the so-called houses, or the retired courts; only degraded sights at times being visible to passers-by.

These people, both the wretched outcasts and the needy poor, form of course a very fluctuating body; and one of the difficulties of dealing with the evils of the place, or establishing within it any permanent influence for good, arises from this cause. This quarter has indeed proved the chief *crux* of a parish otherwise difficult to manage, because of its peculiarly and widely scattered character—a difficulty greatly enhanced of late through the increase of population, more than doubled since I have had the charge of it. The district to which I have been specially drawing attention, being morally a part of Windsor, though locally in Clewes, is a kind of 'no man's land;' the upper classes of neither place considering themselves parochially responsible for its condition.

But to return to the work attempted to be done in this quarter. Here more than twenty years ago, on my first coming, my dear friend, Jacob Mountain, afterwards more widely known for his work in Newfoundland, and now gone to his rest, began, as a volunteer, his earnest ministry, the effects of which live to the present day. He was succeeded by another dear friend, who also here first set to work in the same spirit, still living, and in charge of a parish not far from hence, who was God's instrument in drawing out of the depths of this haunt of vice, those who formed the first inmates of the House of Mercy. Various means also have been set in operation from time to time. A small ragged school in the home of a good cottage dame, a mission room with occasional services, some few earnest visitors caring for special cases, &c., have served to keep up a little struggling life. It is fair to add that Dissenters from Windsor have also had at work on certain days a ragged school, and occasional classes for parents as well as children.

But a far more hopeful prospect, I rejoice to say, is at length opened. As the Sisters, settled in this parish, have increased in number, they have been able more and more to enter into the work; and having for a long time been engaged in partial visiting throughout the district, they have of late systematized their work more thoroughly, and themselves have undertaken a daily ragged school, and a mother's meeting, which even in the short interval since their commencement, have already produced a wide and sensible impression. Their Mission is being carried out, as none but Sisters can work, by a sustained, continuous, organized, religious system; and it is welcomed by all within their reach more and more thankfully. To those who have generously

responded to their appeal through your kind intercession, I am glad to have the opportunity of returning my sincere thanks. I would also take advantage of this occasion for stating that I have now the prospect of providing for this district in a way long desired, but till of late scarcely hoped for. The only effectual plan of permanently reclaiming this district, is by forming it into a distinct parish, with its own complete organisation. And I have now in my hands a sum sufficient at least to begin with. I have already purchased a site on which I trust to see before long arise a Church, Schools, and a Sisters' House, with class-rooms, soup-kitchens, &c. For the Schools and Sisters' House, I have about two-thirds of what will be required, and the buildings will in a few weeks be commenced. For the remainder of this first portion of the building, as well as the Church and rooms attached for the Priest, which I hope soon will follow, I trust to future aid, which may it please God to provide in due time. I have obtained the consent both of the Bishop and Patrons, to form this district, and to place it in immediate connection with the House of Mercy, so that the Sisters' work may become permanent, and the Priest in charge be always one who will sympathize with them. I have also secured a portion of the sum required for the endowment.

If any of your readers, therefore, who have been interested in the report of the Sisters' Mission work, desire to aid in its permanent establishment in a sphere most grievously in want of a full Church system, to give any hope of winning it, and keeping it, for Christ, and would further what we are now attempting beyond the immediate pressure of the day's need, I should gratefully value the charitable boon; and may God reward it to them for His dear Son's sake.

I remain your faithful servant,

T. T. CARTER.

Clewer Rectory, Windsor,
Jan. 14, 1867.

THE DIVINING ROD.

Mr. Editor,

The Monthly Packet for last November, in a very interesting paper on Geology, contains a passage in which the writer seems to give the impression, that the curious powers of the *Virgula Divinatoria* were merely the result of a cunning trick.

I have not succeeded (to borrow the writer's clever illustration) in building a hut for my theories to live in out of the little that I know on the subject; but the following facts may amuse your readers, and will, at all events, help to show that there are more things in heaven and earth than are as yet clear to our philosophy, and that marvels yet unexplored may lie within the reach of the humblest enquirer.

When 'The Antiquary' was first published, curiosity was roused, and the *Virgula Divinatoria* was much discussed.

One summer's evening, among the guests at an old country house in Kent, was a gentleman said to possess the power. Someone, as the party were sitting at dessert, asked him how the two forks of the hazel wand should be held.

He took from the plate before him the double stalk of a couple of twin cherries, and to his own amazement, as well as that of everyone present, the united portion curled quite over in his hands. No one at table but the master of the house, who told me the story, knew—what was the case—that under the floor of the dining-room was a strong spring of water;—was, alas! for the old house has been pulled down, and all its associations are now but a memory.

The late Mr. Fairholme (a strong pillar of the older castle, in which the geological theories then dwelt) was so much interested by this and other jests connected with the subject, that he took pains to obtain an introduction to a lady then living, in whom the power was very strong. She kindly allowed him to make repeated experiments, of which I believe an account was printed in some of the scientific magazines of that day.

He thought the power depended on the electricity latent in all living beings, and certainly quite satisfied himself that it was a natural, though a very mysterious one.

Yours very sincerely,

R. L. C.

HINTS ON READING.

An Author's Children, by Florence Wilford, (Masters,) is a bright little graceful story—of the mischievous unintellectual son, and the earnest little thoughtful daughter, of a busy author—of the boy's fatal likeness to Sir Isaac Newton's Diamond, and his sister's consequent sufferings—and of the good friend, who helps all parties to a better understanding of one another.

The Maiden of the Iceberg, by Selina Gaye, (Saunders and Otley,) is a dream of the world of water-spirits and of light, in Hiawatha measure; very airy and pleasing.

For the nursery. *Our Children, Sketched from Nature in Pencil and Verse*, (Dean and Son,) is very charming. The verses are gay and airy, and not doggrel; and the drawings are capital, full of life and grace.

Messrs. Seeley and Jackson contrive wonderful cheapness in their *Children's Friend* and *Infant's Magazine*; the illustrations are well drawn and attractive; and much false doctrine can hardly be got into words of one syllable, or at most, words broken into their syllables. But the old irreverent hieroglyphic of passages of the Bible is undesirable.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Anastasia.—Several contributors answer: The lines—

'Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take, I give it willingly:
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.'

are in the sixth chapter of Hyperion, but the context shows them not to be Longfellow's They are the translation of a ballad of Uhland's, called Auf der Ueberfahrt.

Annis.—Thankfully accepted.

Declined with thanks.—Lost and Found; and A School-room Reverie.

Carlotta.—*St. Ethelburga was sister to St. Erconwald, Bishop of London, and Abbess of Barking. She was living in 664. A short account of her may be found in Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints.*

D. M. asks where to find—

'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

E. C. G. asks how to obtain a song, beginning—

'When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not.'

A. O. K. will find an explanation of the Catechism in the two first Volumes of The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching. She asks the origin of Prairie fires. We should say—lightning pipes.

Isabella C. asks where to find the line—

'Hard by the oracles of God.'

Found in the Fag.—We would gladly communicate with the Author; but, though we have her name, she gave no address.

G. F. C. informs Esher that—

'Leave a lofty name,
A light, a landmark, on the cliffs of fame,'

occurs in the Veiled Prophet in Lalla Rookh, by T. Moore.

D. R. begs to be told whether in hymn-singing unison or harmony be considered the most fitting expression of praise. Also, if there be any rule to guide the change from one to the other in verses of the same hymn.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 16.

APRIL, 1867.

PRICE 1s.

SONNETS FROM THE COLLECTS.

GOOD FRIDAY.

A PRAYER TO OBTAIN SACRAMENTAL GRACES.

O LAMB of God! for our transgressions slain!

Prefigured in a thousand types of yore,

Now—by that stream of water and of gore,

Which from Thy side distilled in gentle rain;

On me, O Lord, defiled with many a stain,

And sick at heart, the healing waters pour;

That freely drawing from that fountain's store

The appointed means of grace, I so may obtain

The gifts that from that welling spring o'erflow,

The strength Thy holy Sacraments bestow;—

The power that stills the passions' deadly strife,—

The increase of faith,—the growth in holiness,—

The light of hope,—the peace of lowliness,—

The heart renewed,—the '*supernatural life*!'

EASTER EVEN.—(HOLY SATURDAY.)

COMMEMORATION OF OUR LORD'S SOJOURN IN THE TOMB.

'DE PROFUNDIS.'

'Out of the deep to Thee, O Lord, we cry,'

When the floods roar, and fierce tornados rave,

When o'er us fall the shadows of the grave,

And Death, the king of terrors, draweth nigh.

God, who inhabitest eternity;
 Lord, who art swift to hear, as strong to save;
 Father of life! Whose loving mercy gave
 Thy Son, for us to suffer and to die:
 Deliver, Lord, from death our souls that languish—
 From darkness and from chains of fiery anguish:—
 Through Jesu's blood, which breaks the dragon's spell;
 That we, redeemed by His divine oblation,
 May rest in peace until the consummation,
 Through Him triumphant over death and hell!

ST. MARK—EVANGELIST.

A PRAYER FOR STEADFASTNESS OF FAITH—UNDER THE TYPE OF A SHIP.

O GOD, Who by the blest Apostle Mark,
 A watch-tower, on the living rock made sure,—
 A beacon light to guide the wanderer's bark,
 Hast caused Thy truth to shine with radiance pure;
 Oh give us grace, that trusting in the Ark
 Of our deliverance, we with hearts secure
 May steer our course amidst the waters dark,
 No quicksands fearing, or discomfiture!
 Nor let us, Lord, with weak unstable mind,
 Tost to and fro by every veering wind
 Of doctrine strange, and creed with creed at war,
 Make shipwreck of our faith, dispersed afar;
 But grant us light, mid storm and schism, to find
 The Port of Heaven, by *Bethlehem's guiding star!*

BRETHREN, WHAT SHALL WE DO?

ACTS, II. 37.

What shall we do? What shall we say?
 Hast thou not asked us to walk with thee?
 Dark is the walk, and dreary the way,
 Down to the shores of a dangerous sea.
 Lo! the winds whistle—for is it not night?
 Hear ye the show'rs of the winter begin?
 Burns not the blaze of our hearth-fire bright?
 Sit we not gladly and joyous within?

What shall we do? What shall we say?
 Hast thou not asked us to sail with thee,
 Long e'er the gladsome dawning of day,
 Over the depths of that dangerous sea?

Friends! we are mirthful—and all is peace:
 Hear ye that call thro' the twilight dim,
 That call from without? and it will not cease;
 Why should we roam thro' the night with him?

What shall we do? What shall we say?
 Why should we give up our all for thee?
 Harken—He answers—'From far away
 Came I not—giving up all for ye?'

Harken—He saith, 'On the trembling sand
 Have ye not builded? The storms are come:
 Rise and depart—there's a happier land;
 Follow with Me to a surer home.'

What shall we do? What shall we say?
 Master, we follow Thy call, and Thee;
 Follow Thy light, follow Thy way,
 Follow Thee over that dangerous sea.

Here hath the sunset in storms gone down;
 Over that sea shall the day dawn fair:
 Here, Thou art calling in darkness unknown,—
 Thou art 'the King in His beauty' there.

What shall we do? What shall we say?
 Rise, for 'this is not our rest,' and flee.
 Life may be darkness—Thou art our day:
 Master, for ever we'll walk with Thee.

MARLBOROUGH'S LIFE AND TIMES.

CHAPTER IV.

FAMILIES.

THE great success achieved in the campaign of 1704 by the allied troops, instead of infusing fresh vigour and life into the Confederate Governments, had unfortunately an opposite effect. On the side of Germany the danger had been averted, and Austria and Baden therefore relaxed their united efforts in the common cause.

The Margrave of the latter state, influenced by jealousy at Marlborough's success, delayed the necessary reinforcements; whilst Austria, owing perhaps to Leopold's death, or owing to the probable wish of Prince Eugene, great-grandson of Charles Emmanuel I., Duke of Savoy, to obtain all the forces he could number for the deliverance of Italy, failed in affording the succours requisite for the efficient conduct of the war. And whilst the Dutch were as dilatory as ever in providing the forces agreed upon during the winter, the British Parliament was averse to sanctioning a supply of troops sufficient for so vast an undertaking.

Instead therefore of finding himself at the head of 90,000 troops, which, according to preconcerted arrangements, Marlborough had expected to command, not more than half that number, inclusive of cavalry, were collected in the neighbourhood of Treves on the Moselle.

From the course of this river the Duke now intended to prosecute the war. It had been agreed upon by the allied commanders to relieve Flanders from the presence of the enemy, by carrying the war into the heart of France from an entirely opposite quarter. By capturing Saar Louis and invading Lorraine, (the inhabitants of which province appear to have been ready for revolt,) Marlborough hoped by a vigorous effort not only to relieve Flanders, but to deal a heavy blow at the heart of France.

Whilst Villeroi and the Elector of Bavaria marshalled 75,000 troops on the Meuse, threatening Liege and Huy, Marsin commanded 30,000 on the Upper Rhine; and Villars (the most efficient general of France) had already possessed himself of a strong position near Sirk, a town situated on the right of the Moselle, and not far from Treves, occupied by the Allies. In March, Marlborough had retraced his steps to the Hague, and with as little delay as possible assumed the command of the army on the Moselle. Upon his advance on the 17th of June, Villars retreated from Sirk to a stronger position, having Haut-Sirk on the right and the Nivelles on the left. For nine days Marlborough waited in vain for the necessary reinforcements, so long promised, but so long delayed; at the expiration of which time, after various military evolutions on the part of both Villars and himself, he was most unexpectedly summoned to the Meuse. There Villeroi and the Elector of Bavaria had overmatched General Overkirk, who was barely saved from destruction by the rapid advance of Marlborough with his army. Liege and Huy, which had fallen into the hands of the French during Marlborough's absence on the Moselle, were again re-taken by the Duke, whose very presence seemed to ensure victory, and to deprive Villeroi and the Elector of their short-lived triumph!

The intended campaign on the Moselle had signally failed; and this was owing, on the one hand, to Marlborough's presence being required in Flanders, and on the other hand, to the negligence and misconduct of

General D'Aubach, who had been left with 9,000 troops to defend the arsenal and city of Treves, but who, at the approach of Villars, had immediately destroyed all the ammunition of war, and retreated with his force.

Thus effectually a stop had been put to any renewal of hostilities on the line of the Moselle, and Marlborough consequently turned his attention to another scheme.

Two years previously, he had, owing to the tardiness of the Dutch, and the impediments thrown in his way by their deputies, failed in his design of freeing Flanders and Brabant from the presence of the enemy. It was now therefore that he again turned his attention to this most desirable object. To accomplish this with any chance of permanent success, it was needful to break through the French military lines, constructed at great expense and trouble, from Namur on the Meuse in a north-westerly direction to Antwerp. These lines were considered of the utmost importance, as defending the whole of Brabant and Flanders from the attack of the Allies. They were therefore strongly occupied by 75,000 troops of France and Bavaria, and every means employed to render them impregnable.

Alluring Villeroy into a belief that he intended to attack his weakest position on the right, Marlborough suddenly assaulted his naturally strongest position in the centre, now left almost defenceless as far as troops were concerned.

Success attended the stratagem. Suddenly, with his whole army in two divisions, late at night on the 17th of July, he approached the military lines in the neighbourhood of Castle Wange and the town of Elixheim; and here he intended to carry the position, and to destroy the enemy's defences.

Early the following morning, his troops were thus prepared to cross the Gheet, which flows in a northerly direction into the Demer. Rapidly they accomplished their design, and reaching the opposite bank, they broke through the military lines, and captured the Castle of Wange. Fifteen thousand French under D'Allegre advanced to intercept the progress of Marlborough, and to save their military defences. Placing himself at the head of Lumley's Dragoons, who had already distinguished themselves at Blenheim, the Duke charged in person the advancing enemy, forced them to retreat, and took D'Allegre, their commander, prisoner of war.

It was on this occasion that Marlborough nearly lost his life. Attacked by a Bavarian officer in the heat of the mêlée, two of his attendants rushing to his rescue, barely had time to cut down the Bavarian, and to save the General. Villeroy, astounded at this unlooked-for success on the part of the Allies, hastened to cross the Dyle, and rested with his army upon the city of Louvain.

In vain did Marlborough beseech the Dutch generals to cross that river as well, and to follow up the success of the morning by a general

attack. They resisted all his persuasions, and refused to obey his commands; and thus the attempt was forced to be abandoned.

He was therefore compelled to alter his tactics, and to direct his movements to the south, intending to turn the enemy's right, and to lay siege to Brussels, the capital of Brabant.

Marching to Genappe, near Waterloo, his forces united at that place. But Villeroy hastily broke up his encampment, and suddenly intervened with his army between the Allies and the city of Brussels.

Certain of victory, owing to the favourable position of his army, the Duke used his utmost endeavours to induce the Deputies and Dutch generals to co-operate in an immediate attack. Overkirk alone of their number heartily seconded Marlborough's entreaties, and foresaw with him the certainty of success. But all in vain!

Again, though in the presence of the enemy, he was obliged, with almost a broken heart, to retreat to the line of the Wavre, and to yield up, without striking a blow, the best of opportunities. His words testify to his feelings, 'I am at this moment ten years older than I was four days ago.'

He finally, after more effectually destroying the French lines, retired with his army into winter quarters in the neighbourhood of Bossut and Meldert.

The campaign of this year had been remarkable for the fairest opportunities lost, through the obstinacy and jealousy of those nominally under his command—remarkable for the tact and skill displayed by Marlborough, the effect of which had continually been neutralized by the meddling interference of civilians, who were totally ignorant of all military matters. The cup of victory had twice been raised to his lips, at the Dyle and at Genappe, only to be dashed aside through the obstinacy of those who were influenced by the lowest motives, or who were totally ignorant of the art of war.

Fortunately, public opinion on this occasion ran high in the Duke's favour. Whilst an outburst of indignation overwhelmed the Dutch generals and Deputies even at the Hague, their cowardice, their weakness, and abominable behaviour, drew forth the condemnation of every court in Europe; and Slangenberg, the worst of their number, was removed from his command. Freedom of action was promised the Duke in the ensuing campaign; and thus good came out of evil, as the event presently proves.

It is curious, and a quaint idea, to read of Marlborough drinking the mineral waters at Spa, in the midst of such exciting and anxious scenes; but thither he certainly retired for a few days, to recruit both body and mind with the Poubon water and the fresh lovely scenery. It was absolutely needful to rest; the whole of Europe at this period of his career depended on his genius in war, and his advice in council.

The war in other parts of Europe had met with varied success.

In Spain, the eccentric but chivalrous Lord Peterborough, at the head of 5000 troops, and accompanied by Charles the Third, had effected a landing on the coast of Catalonia, besieged and captured Barcelona in the most spirited style, and proclaimed Charles, King of Spain.

In Italy, Prince Eugene with difficulty had made head against the forces of France, and the campaign had resulted in the fierce battle of Cassano, in the plains of Lombardy. Both sides claimed the victory, though Vendôme was forced to retire from the presence of his enemy.

On the Upper Rhine, Prince Louis of Baden and Marshal Villars had kept up a desultory kind of warfare, the position of each being very much the same at the conclusion as at the commencement of the campaign.

And thus the general results of the war in the year 1705 were far otherwise than striking, and not by any means consistent with the earnest of future victory, which Blenheim had naturally excited in the mind of Marlborough.

Owing to these unsatisfactory results, it required all the diplomatic and persuasive powers, of which Marlborough was possessed, to soothe the conflicting elements which appeared in the political horizon of Austria, Holland, Prussia, and Hanover. Each nation had its particular grievance and especial need to be calmed and remedied.

To keep these discordant elements together in one combination, in order to further the object of the Alliance, was as arduous and superhuman a task as the actual conduct of the war; and yet to this work, not only did Marlborough apply himself with his usual energy, but succeeded in satisfying the jealousies as well as the demands of each of these states.

There can be no manner of doubt that he combined in his character the greatest versatility of genius; so that it is almost impossible to decide whether he were the more excellent general or subtle diplomatist. It was as absolutely needful to use his persuasive powers in stilling the tempest of jealousy, and combining the efforts of all, as it was to conduct a campaign to a successful issue.

Austria complained that Marlborough had quitted the Moselle on the German frontier to carry on an unavailing campaign in Flanders, and desired Italy and Germany to be the centre of operations; Prussia, enraged with Louis of Baden, threatened to withdraw her troops from the Upper Rhine—in fact, they were already ordered to retire; the Electress of Hanover was incensed against the Whigs generally, and Marlborough in particular, in consequence of their refusing her permission to reside in England, yet the Hanoverian contingent was useful for the purposes of war; and as to Holland, that was a pestilential and irritating sore, which no diplomacy seemed likely to cure. Louis the Fourteenth was continually tampering with her inclination to conclude the war by a separate treaty.

To Vienna the Duke hastened early in November, and met with a splendid reception, the former difficulties under his influence disappearing, and arrangements being formed for the ensuing campaign.

At Berlin, though meeting with greater difficulty, he yet persuaded the King to continue his troops in Italy.

At Hanover his ingratiating manners induced the Electress to view him and the Whigs with more favourable eyes. And at the Hague, where he finally arrived previous to his return to England, he met with an enthusiastic reception, the people imputing the failure of the campaign to the captious conduct of their own generals.

Arrived in England, he was welcomed by all moderate parties, as his merits so richly deserved; the extreme Tory party were virulent in their attacks: whilst Godolphin and a Cabinet of a mixed character conducted the affairs of the nation.

It was at this period that the Queen, listening to the entreaties of Marlborough, and annoyed at the conduct of the ultra-Tories, had yielded to the advice of her friends, and sanctioned a Whig combination in the Ministry,—a further coalition of parties, who not only conducted the war with vigour, but secured the Protestant succession by an Act confirming it in the House of Hanover, distantly related to the Queen.

The Duchess of Marlborough's bitter invectives against the Tories had the effect of really undermining her influence with Anne, though apparently at this period her party was in the ascendant.

Such was the attitude of affairs at home and abroad, when the year 1706, ever memorable for the results of the war, commenced.

Well may we say that Marlborough had three campaigns each year during this remarkable epoch. A military campaign during the summer, a diplomatic campaign during the autumn, and a political campaign during the winter. He was the most skilful of generals, the most influential of diplomatists, the most tried of politicians, though in politics he was less conspicuous for his powers than in the former pursuits.

The failures of the last conspired to promote the success of the present campaign of 1706, in which the ever memorable battle of Ramillies shines out in triumphant colours. England applauded Marlborough's efforts, and was favourable to all his designs.

But the Allies were at this moment unfavourably situated. In Spain, Philip the Fifth was pressing hard upon King Charles; Vendôme, the French general, upon Piedmont; and Villars succeeding against the Prince of Baden: but the Dutch were more submissive! Marlborough determined upon joining Eugene in Italy, and thus to open out a new scene of action, in union with the only general with whom he cared to act.

But owing to Villars's superiority on the Rhine, he was forced to yield up his darling project, and to stay nearer home to defend the Dutch Republic.

Upon the river Dyle, Villeroy and the Elector of Bavaria still encamped their legions, amounting to 62,000 troops. Namur was as yet in the hands of the French, and was so highly valued by Louis, as the key of his position, that the former was desired to risk a battle rather than incur its loss. And yet this was the very place the Duke determined to take.

The evident intention of the enemy, and the gathering of the Allies to the conflict, inspired fresh life into the soul of Marlborough. His army, when he assumed the command in May, amounted to 60,000, whilst his opponents were barely superior. The Hague promised him exemption from the Deputies' control; and all things suddenly were as favourable to his designs as before they appeared the reverse. And now, in an incredibly short period, fighting began in earnest.

Breaking up his encampment in the neighbourhood of Tirlmont, the Confederate forces advanced in the direction of Ramilies, a village situated on the Little Gheet. The Danish contingent, under the Duke of Wirtenburg, had, to Marlborough's great satisfaction, joined him on the 22nd of May, and on the 23rd the Battle of Ramilies occurred. His army was composed of Danes, Dutch, English, and a few German regiments, Overkirk co-operating with Marlborough with the greatest energy.

The advance of the Allies brought them unexpectedly into the presence of the enemy, drawn out in battle array on the high ground called St. Andrè, which overlooks the sources and commencement of the Little Gheet.

At one in the morning Cadogan had been despatched with 600 cavalry to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. Having discovered their presence in the neighbourhood of Ramilies, he immediately informed the Duke of the fact. Hastily riding forward, accompanied by a brilliant staff, at eight in the morning, he descried the French and Bavarian army on the opposite bank of the river, but owing to the thickness of the fog, was unable to determine whether they intended to await his attack, or to retire before his approach. Formed in ten columns, the Allies arrived on the high ground overlooking the Gheet. Suddenly the thick fog dispersed, and to Marlborough's unfeigned delight, he beheld the enemy drawn out in order of battle on the opposite side.

It is necessary to point out the more important features of the field on which the Battle of Ramilies occurred.

The highest ground in Flanders overlooks the sources of the Great and Little Gheet and the river Meuse: the two first flow in a northerly direction, separated from each other by a lofty plateau of ground, called St. Andrè, where the French were encamped; the latter flows at a right angle to the former streams, and to the south of their sources.

Whilst the French occupied the plateau of St. Andrè, their left and centre lining the western bank of the Little Gheet, and their right

stretching beyond its sources, and resting on the river Mehaigne at the village of Tavieres, the Allies, advancing from the east, formed in order of battle on the opposite bank of the first-named stream.

The French line formed a semi-circle, having Autreglise on its extreme left, and the river Mehaigne, flowing at a right angle, on its right: the left wing was drawn up between the villages of Autreglise and Offuz, the centre between Offuz and Ramilies, and the right wing between Ramilies and the river Mehaigne. Thus their line of battle passed through several villages.

Behind the right wing rose the mound or hill on which the tomb of Ottomond was placed, which formed the key of the French position; and about a quarter of a mile to their extreme right lay the village and bridge of Tavieres on the Mehaigne.

The French were drawn up in two lines of infantry, a brigade being stationed in Tavieres, and twenty battalions in Ramilies. All the cavalry were stationed around Ottomond's tomb on the right.

The Allies had their ranks extended in a straight line opposite the French semi-circle. Thus, whilst the Allies formed the string, the French were the bow itself, their centre at a greater distance from the enemy than their approaching wings.

The Little Gheet formed by its course a slight valley; but along and in the midst of this valley there stretched from the right wing of the Allies towards their left an undulating piece of ground parallel to the stream itself.

The very moment Marlborough cast his eye on the future field of battle, he instinctively perceived how to take advantage of its peculiarities. He determined to make a flank movement from the right to the left of his position, which would be sheltered from observation by this undulating ground, and by which he could, unperceived by the French, suddenly throw a large body of extra troops against their right wing, which was drawn up in front of Ottomond's tomb. This he had already noticed was the very key of the French position, and consequently had been guarded by a hundred squadrons of their cavalry.

Drawing up his whole army in two lines, with the Danish cavalry under the Duke of Wirtenburg in the rear, the Duke advanced the first line on his right against the French left, and induced Villeroy to believe that the threatened attack would take place in that quarter.

Quickly the French general, thus deceived, drew his troops from his own right to his left, to strengthen the spot upon which his enemy was advancing; and as quickly did Marlborough, when he had reached the ground which could shelter his troops from view, order the second line to march, thus unperceived by the French, towards the left of his own position, and to suddenly fall upon their right, now denuded of troops.

Four battalions of Dutch, under General Wertonville, stormed the village of Tavieres with the greatest intrepidity; fourteen squadrons of

French cavalry were ordered by Villeroy to dismount, and to march down to its assistance. The Duke of Wirtenburg at this juncture, suddenly advancing with the Danish horse, charged the dismounted dragoons, and effectually prevented the intended succour. Already the village of Tavieres was taken, and many of the dragoons were cut to pieces.

The first line of French cavalry, which crowned the heights around Ottomond's tomb, prepared now to advance, to check the progress of the Danes, and to succour their dismounted companions. Overkirk, heading the cavalry on the left of the Allies, observing the intended attack, charged furiously the advancing cavalry of France, broke through their ranks, and completely routed their squadrons. In the midst of the confusion caused by this victorious onset, the second line of French cavalry, the finest in Europe, steadily advanced to the succour of their unfortunate comrades, who, flying in all directions, were now endeavouring to escape the sabres of Overkirk's dragoons.

And now the tide of battle was turned; broken and disorganized by their own success, the allied cavalry were unable to withstand this magnificent onset, and were in their turn driven back with loss to their former position; crushed by the superior force to which they were now opposed, confusion in the allied left was the inevitable consequence.

The Bavarian horse came up to assist in its annihilation, when the eagle eye of Marlborough discerned the peril.

Leading on seventeen squadrons of cavalry, which he had at command, the Duke endeavoured to stem the torrent of the royal cavalry of France, now elated with apparent victory. Suddenly the French troopers recognized Marlborough: they had known him years before, when serving in his youth under Turenne, and determined to decide the contest by his capture. Rushing forward with impetuosity, they endeavoured to seize his person or cut him down. The moment was critical. Sword in hand, the Duke defended himself valiantly; and leaping a ditch to extricate himself from his perilous position, his charger fell. Mounting another, his equerry, Colonel Bingfield, who held his stirrup, had his head carried off by a ball in the act of assisting the Duke to remount.

Again there was a turn in the tide of battle. Twenty squadrons of allied horse were seen galloping from their right in magnificent order. Wheeling round, and forming behind the broken squadrons of Overkirk, the whole allied cavalry, in three imposing lines, charged up towards Ottomond's tomb, carrying every obstacle before them. But stationed there, was no mean foe; the Royal Horse-guards of Louis the Fourteenth crowned the summit of the hill. They had never yielded before. The very flower of French chivalry were there! But onwards came those terrible dragoons, sweeping over the hill-side with irresistible fury. The French cavalry reeled, staggered under that onward attack, and were finally driven from their position. Ramillies at the same moment,

in the centre, was stormed and taken by General Schütz; and along the whole line of battle the French began to retreat.

Once, and only once, did Villeroy and the Elector endeavour to re-form their shattered line and to oppose the Allies. Once the Spanish and Bavarian horse tried to stem the torrent, but were swept away by their enemy. Over the high ground of St. André, down to the waters of the Great Ouse—onwards along the road to Louvain, the fugitives streamed in wild despair. Lord Orkney pursued; his dragoons made terrible havoc right up to the gates of Louvain, and never drew their bridles until one in the morning. By which time the whole army of the Allies arrived within two leagues of the city. They had traversed twenty-five miles since the morning, and had gained one of the greatest victories on record—the famous victory of Ramillies.

The effects of it were perfectly marvellous. Louvain, Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, and finally Antwerp and Ostend, opened their gates to the conqueror; and nearly the whole of Brabant was in his hands. The remnant of the French and Bavarians retreated towards their own country, broken and dispirited. Never was the pride of Louis more effectually humbled; and Marlborough had succeeded by the 28th of May, when left unshackled by the Dutch, in accomplishing that which in several campaigns previously he had been apparently on the verge of effecting, but in which he had been continually thwarted.

The Duke's entry into Brussels was hailed by its inhabitants with the greatest satisfaction. The keys of the city were offered him, and the Government of the country vested for the time being in the hands of the Allies, under the nominal sovereignty of Charles the Third.

The Emperor of Germany requested Marlborough to assume the dignity of Viceroy of the Netherlands, which, owing to the jealousy it excited in the minds of the Dutch, he saw fit to decline. Already the Duke had been created a Prince of the Empire, in consequence of the eminent services he had rendered to the House of Austria in the progress of the war.

Antwerp, though at first showing signs of resistance, opened her gates to the conqueror.

Ostend, after a siege of a few days, yielded to the Allies.

Menin, one of the strongest positions in Flanders, held out for a fortnight, but was forced to surrender, fourteen hundred of the Allies perishing in the final assault. The Duke of Vendôme had assumed the command of the French, as being considered by Louis the only man capable of opposing the prowess and genius of Marlborough.

By incredible efforts Louis had augmented his forces to the number of 90,000 men; and yet, though Vendôme watched the progress of the sieges of Menin and Ath, (which immediately followed,) such was the reputation of the British general, that he never dared to interfere with the Allies, who were numerically inferior to their enemy.

In writing to Harley, Marlborough remarks:—‘The consequences of

our victory are almost incredible; a whole country, with so many strong places, delivered up without the least resistance, shows not only the great loss they must have sustained, but likewise the terror and consternation they are in.'

The remainder of the season having been spent in consolidating his conquest in the Netherlands, the Duke returned to England to enjoy his well-earned triumphs, and to receive a marvellous welcome at the hand of a delighted people. The results of the campaign in Italy and Spain were on the whole propitious, and added to the general satisfaction at this time experienced.

The Battles of Blenheim and Ramilies stand out as shining luminaries amidst the smaller constellations. But Ramilies effected more especially the objects of the war.

In the first campaign, Marlborough had cleared Holland of her enemies; in the second, he desired to do the same by Flanders, but was hindered under the walls of Antwerp; in the third, circumstances had called upon him to carry the war into Bavaria, and, unshackled by the Deputies, he gained the victory of Blenheim; in the fourth, he was again in the presence of his enemy, close to Brussels, and again, though assured of victory, the Deputies and Slangenberg refused their consent to engage; but now, in the fifth, freed by the force of public opinion from their odious control, he gained the most brilliant victory in May, and did that which all along he had wished, driving the French back into their own country, and delivering the whole of Flanders and Brabant from their presence.

But notwithstanding this success, owing to the crafty diplomacy of Louis the Fourteenth, the seeds of discontent sown by him in the hearts of the Dutch, were nearly, even at this period of triumph, producing a rupture amongst the Allies. However, Marlborough's unequalled address and persuasiveness kept the Confederate ranks together, and closed the campaign of 1706 with singular success.

The reception of Marlborough in his own country, when he returned in November, was gratifying in the extreme. All classes vied with each other in welcoming the hero of Ramilies. The Lords and Commons offered him the congratulations of the Houses. Thanksgiving services were performed in St. Paul's. The Queen received the favoured General with every mark of distinction. Fresh honours were heaped upon his head, a patent being issued for his titles and dignities to descend in the female line. The City of London testified its sense of his services by feasting him sumptuously at Guildhall; and all England resounded with the praises of Marlborough. And yet the factions of both parties marred the peace of the Government, and rendered his position one of great difficulty.

Affairs upon his return to England were still in a transition state. The Whigs were gradually assuming the reins of government. During the last few years, little by little they had been gaining the ascendancy

in the Cabinet. It was not at that period absolutely necessary for the whole Ministry to be formed, as now, of one distinctive party; which circumstance had the evil effect of producing dissension even in the private councils of the sovereign.

It was the object of the Duchess of Marlborough to instate Sunderland, her son-in-law, in the Cabinet. It was *the* point against which the unfortunate Queen, really Tory at heart, strenuously held out. Over and over again Godolphin and the Duchess endeavoured to effect the advancement of Sunderland, the former threatening to resign, the latter writing impertinent letters. Over and over again Marlborough himself had been appealed to whilst on the Continent, and had, won over by the influence of the Treasurer and the Duchess, united his efforts to theirs to induce the Queen to consent.

At last she yielded, unwillingly enough, and Sunderland was appointed Secretary of State. Rochester, the Queen's uncle, Nottingham, and Buckingham, all steadfast Tories, were ejected from office, and nearly every post of importance was filled up from the Whig ranks. The only ministers who still remained in the Cabinet were Harley and St. John.

They had worked hard of late to reunite Marlborough and Godolphin to the old Tory party. They had tried a moderate union of parties, and declared it wanting.

But on the other hand, the Whigs, earnestly promoting the war and the Protestant succession, had drawn the General and Treasurer imperceptibly to themselves.

On Harley and St. John, the only ministers who were really Tory in principle, the Queen began solely to rely as her advocates in the councils of the nation. Thus, whilst Harley professed to be subservient to Godolphin and Marlborough, he was surely mounting the ladder of ambition in the Tory interest, and this too by the Queen's agency, and promoting his own advancement at the expense of those who first introduced him to public life. Such was the condition of parties at the close of the year 1706.

(To be continued.)

PRE-HISTORIC SKULLS.

BY THE REV. J. C. ATKINSON.

No doubt we all of us have had, or perhaps still have, the privilege of numbering among our acquaintance, or certainly of admiring from a respectful distance, persons who were currently reputed to be 'remarkably long-headed people.' And it is, I dare say, equally probable that we have, occasionally at least, fallen in with others who were held adepts in the operation of 'pulling a long face.' I was introduced a week or two

since to some—shall I say?—‘folks’ who had remarkably long heads, without, as it reasonably appeared, being at all ‘long-headed,’ and whose ‘faces,’ even without the previous process of pulling, were preternaturally ‘long.’

The manner of my introduction was on this wise. I was ushered into a room, the prospect from the windows of which, across a very narrow dingy street, was just a plain though ancient archway, and three modern windows, also very plain and noways noteworthy. But I could not say as much for the contents of the room itself; for in it there *were* things to notice: a cabinet at one end, filled with a rare collection of objects in flint, bone, stone, bronze, and of the unmistakeable ‘Ancient British’ pottery; a book-case at the other end, with ponderous divinity folios; and besides them many a quarto and octavo of archaeological interest and research, in company with the more ordinary occupants of the book-shelf. And the table—or rather, the tables—and the couch, and the floor—what of them? Why, on the central table were three old old skulls, in each of which the process of restoration or reconstruction—for they had been dislocated by time and accident and pressure into a hundred fragments—was more or less approaching to completion, besides all the necessary litter and apparatus necessary in such processes. On the side table, two other skulls, less perfect, or with more pieces yet to be adjusted in their proper places. On the couch, others again, all a mere confusion of seemingly hopeless fragments. On the floor, part of the bones of an imperfect skeleton reposing on a sheet, and the component parts of other skulls on different portions of a sheet of newspaper. On the mantel-piece and on the table two instruments of polished steel, curved and hinged and knobbed, and with a graduated scale to each: one of French fabric, beautifully finished and compact; the other awkward and straggling, and much less well-finished, and, rather humiliating to say, of boasted English make. These were callipers; and they opened their wide jaws, took in the length or breadth of the bare skull which was inserted between the knobs which were in the place of teeth, when a small screw fixed the place, and the scale gave the accurate measure of the object.

For it is by actual measurement that races or individuals are pronounced to be, in the scientific dialect, dolicho-cephalic, brachy-cephalic, kumbe-cephalic; in plain English, long-headed, short-headed, boat-shape-headed, or what not.

I remember, when I was a small boy in the ‘Hundreds of Essex,’ being considerably struck with a somewhat novel or original form of punishment which forced itself on my attention. ‘Now, will you be good?’ said a mother—one with what, as we are speaking of the different types of skull known to the craniologists, may be called the dumpling type of countenance, fully as broad across the cheeks as long from forehead to chin, and with the usual amount of expression appertaining to suitably compounded dough or paste—‘Now then, will you be good?’

she said, as she sat in the way of discipline—for sitting she actually was—on her refractory child. ‘Noa, Moother, I ’o’n’t, that I ’o’n’t,’ was the reply. ‘Then I’ll set harder and harder,’ she rejoined, and duly suited the action to the word.

Now suppose some by-passing Fay or Elf, as in ancient times, if Fairy tales don’t tell stories, indignant at this unmotherly act of oppression, had interfered, with—as was sometimes the case—a kind of requital in kind, and had enacted that the heaviest, most mis-shapen dwarf under her command should go and sit, and with a constantly increasing weight, upon this Essex matron’s head laid sideways, for a score or two of years—or say, until her child had become good—just fancy the shape and proportions her head and face would have taken; especially if a board had been nicely arranged rather slopingly against her forehead and nose, so as to prevent what might be called lateral expansion in that direction, but still, not so as to interfere with a little projection forward of the front teeth. Well, I think there would have been more than a little resemblance to one of the long-headed skulls I was, as I said, introduced to not long ago.

If any one of our readers were to take the trouble to mark out on a piece of paper a somewhat oval outline, such, for instance, as would be afforded by the mid-section of a rather short-shaped common fowl’s egg, only with a portion of the small end cut off, and replaced by a very slightly curved bounding line; and with pretty nearly the following proportions—greatest length $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, greatest width $5\frac{1}{4}$: that oval outline would give something of a general idea of the shape and proportions of the skulls of himself and his friends—of the skull, say, of the average Englishman of the present day. I am almost afraid to say what were the proportions of the skull of one of these long-headed people I measured myself, because I know it has, by its almost preternatural proportions, set some scientific folks by the ears as it is. But, in simple earnest, the measures under my hands looked strangely like 8 inches and a little over, by $4\frac{1}{4}$ or less than $4\frac{1}{4}$! But supposing this was an exceptional skull; that it was distorted, or abnormal to begin with, or even ‘cooked;’ (as accounts are, I mean; though I am not sure there had been no other cooking in the case;) still the perfect skull of a female of the same lot was so strangely long and narrow all along the brain-cavity, and so mournfully long and narrow in the facial portion, that a long continued sitting upon, and by a grievous load of sorrow and care and woe, was irresistibly suggested to even a cursory observer. Can our readers fancy a head scarcely more than five inches wide anywhere, with a long face that out-hatched the sharpest hatchet-face living eyes have ever looked upon? And in the next compartment of the cabinet was the, by contrast, absolutely magnificent skull of a man of another type and another race, with high capacious forehead, well-proportioned facial bones, strong massive wide lower jaw, that—even as you looked at him, without noting the expansive forehead with its strong frontal ridge—gave you the

involuntary idea of stern resolute will, and no ordinary force of character. I suppose the measurements in that case were not very far remote from $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$, and the long-faced woman's adjacent $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$. If two pieces of paper of diverse colours, of the general shape indicated above, and with these proportions, were cut, and laid the one upon the other, some degree of the difference indicated by the measurements would become amply apparent.

But there is a rule—at least, what recent and accurately made investigations go near to prove a rule—in connection with these skulls, which it would not be out of the way to take notice of. It is, that they are found, not in round, but in long barrows or grave-hills. That from which these skulls of my acquaintance were taken was more than fifty yards long, and nowhere much more than fifty feet wide. In other words, there was a different fashion of interment where the long-heads were concerned from that which is always found to accompany the, as I may call them for distinction, short-heads. But this is only a part. These fleshless long-head skulls are able to tell us a good deal yet, and with a dreadful emphasis, although the tongues which once wagged in them have gone to dust, perhaps thirty centuries ago, probably even more yet. In all there were fourteen or fifteen skulls, or parts of skulls, taken from the long barrow just mentioned; four having belonged to men, five to women, and four or five to children; and the remainder of the bones of the several bodies—what of them? They were not 'laid in any order, but the broken bones scattered and lying in the most confused manner—half a jaw, for instance, resting upon part of a thigh-bone, and a fragment of a skull amongst the bones of a foot, whilst other portions of the same skull were found some feet apart. And the bones had been placed so originally: so that from the broken and dislocated state in which they were found—no two in their relative positions—there can be little doubt that before they were entombed they must have been dismembered, and the flesh removed.'

And now comes the testimony of the skulls themselves, interpreted by one who perhaps knows as much about his subject as any man living.*

'This skull,' says he of one which had been that of a young man of about twenty years of age, 'is of great interest, from the clear indications it affords of having been violently cleft at the time of death;' while 'the numerous fragments of yet another could scarcely fail to convince the most incredulous of their character and origin. Two, perhaps three,

* Dr. Thurnham. The idea of cannibalism, as ever prevalent in Britain, is no doubt a very repugnant one, and many strive against it, and even utterly repudiate it; but, as it seems to me, in downright defiance of evidence. Besides this long-barrow testimony, together with that of actual human tooth-marks on a child's jaw-bone, (found, I think, in Caithness,) pronounced to be such by Professor Owen, there is the direct evidence of ancient historical writings as to the perpetration of the, as it now seems, monstrous deed of anthropophagism in Britain as in other adjacent countries.

blows must have been inflicted on the head, probably by a blunt instrument, as a club or stone axe.' Yes, there were the evidences of the blows before my eyes, as clear and distinct and decisive as if one had actually seen the poor victim knocked down like—but too like, indeed—an animal for the slaughter.

And even in one of the heads of the hapless children, the same marks of murder were still to be seen. The same 'elongate dolicho-cephalic skulls from the long barrows in Wilts and Gloucestershire,'—ours was in Yorkshire, not very far from Scarborough—'and all with the same marks of purposely inflicted violence, establish the same burial-rites and usages in the south as in the north of the island.'

A funeral-feast; in other words, a rite common everywhere in hear antiquity; and the victims were hapless long-heads, and eaten, doubtless, by others, with the same painful-looking heads on their shoulders.

And then there seems to have come another race—short-heads, by contrast—who are assumed to have extirpated, or nearly so, the long-heads, their predecessors; for, except some indications of intermarriage, afforded by skulls presenting the characteristic features of both races, no further signs of long barrows and long heads are met with.

Round barrows, with unburnt bodies, with burnt bodies, and even, in one most interesting instance, an imperfectly burnt body, are next the rule. That partially burnt body disclosed the fact that, previously to its being exposed to the fire, it had been cramped into the strange unnatural-seeming posture for a dead body, which will be presented to the imagination of our readers, by recollecting the position children place themselves in when playing at 'Honey-pots.' They squat on the ground, with knees up to the chin, and heels drawn close in, and arms, as it were, embracing the knees. And thus were the short-heads—'the Ancient Britons' *par excellence*—buried, if buried they were: thus were they placed in order to be burnt, if the period of burning, which superseded the plain burial observance, has come into its place in the majestic march of Time.

And have the short-head skulls any tale to tell, any of them? Yes, indeed; some of them tales of violence, others tales pointed with interest of a different kind. The teeth—strong, massive, regular, and beautifully white, as well as, in most instances, still perfect, yet worn smooth in heads even scarcely thirty years old, and worn down to the very gums in others, whose owners might have seen fifty summers—testify to the coarse hard food that must have constituted the staple of the diet of those days. One jaw I had in my hand showed the gaps left by two teeth that had gone, probably by decay, as they were missing on different sides; and the processes were quite filled up, showing that some time had elapsed after the loss, and before death, which seemed to have befallen at about the age of thirty-five. Another jaw was utterly without teeth. And not only were all the processes obliterated, but the jaw itself was wasted to a mere narrow strip of bone. It had

doubtless been the jaw of one who had lived to extreme old age, and who, one is enabled rather than constrained to think, had been the object of long-continued, patient tendance and care. I cannot associate such a bone with anything but the most decrepit and almost helpless old age.

From yet another; not in association, however, with these others, yet taken from a tumulus in the East Riding of Yorkshire; was removed—it had entered obliquely from behind and under the ear—a finely chipped arrow-head of flint. Slain by the wound, and with the fatal weapon still in the sheath it had made for itself, the dead warrior had been laid to his rest.

Yet another that I have seen and handled, was almost eloquent in its forthtellings. It bore on it three scars, the traces left by three blows with a cutting weapon; one of a downright blow, stricken from behind, and lighting rather on one side; a second on the hinder part of the skull, and transverse in its direction; a third at its base, shearing away a portion of the solid bone in its passage. You could almost see the one-time wearer of it in flight, overtaken by the wielder of the sword, struck, and made to falter in his flight, nay, even to stumble forward. You could mark the second blow—the striker at the fugitive's side now—which hurled him helplessly to the ground; and with the third, the severed head rolled on the ground. And more: though the stricken man is an 'Ancient Briton,' the striker is scarcely one of his own race. He is armed with a steel sword, and a well-tempered one too, to shear through bone like that; and he is a Roman, or a barbarian in Roman pay, discipline, and armour.

But this poor scarred skull also, though with uncertain utterance, whispers—all the rest has been spoken out—something more yet. The head, with the body it had once guided, had been honourably buried with due and unmaimed rites of tumulus and apposition of funeral vase and weapons. But who had recovered the body, and how? Perhaps the chieftain's clansmen, stirred to fierce wrath, and longing for vengeance, had rallied, and with a rushing onset, recovered the body of their chief, and retrieved the day. But to me the whisper sounds, rather, that some among his kin—his wife perhaps, or others to whom he had been dear, for there were loving hearts, and faithful hearts, I take it, among these Ancient Britons, as well as among other ancient peoples—had gone forth by night upon the bloody plain, and sought for him who had been lost; and finding the poor maimed body, had taken it away, and honoured it with the observances and rites, which in his life he had ever looked to as the one befitting mode wherein a chieftain's departure should be solemnized.

Truly, the men in armour, that were our forefathers, stir a strange wistful interest in us, as we gaze on the massive ruins of their castles and towers, or tread the historic scenes of their brave or great deeds; but the men in skins, who were our ancestors, and our far-away, remote ancestors—it is a wist and a weird longing and imagining that the contents of their burial-hills stirs in the thoughtful and considering mind.

ILKA ; *

OR,

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'IVON,' 'MINNIE'S DOLL'S HOUSE,' ETC.

THERE was truce between the Hungarians and the wild Pagan nations south of the Szava, and King Salamon's† brave knights at length found leisure to think of gentler subjects than war, and to talk of other things than lances and swords. Certainly it was of neither one nor the other that Bors-Gyula, the bravest of the brave, had been speaking that evening, when he turned his horse's head homewards. There was a bright smile on his face, and ever and anon he looked back to wave another farewell to the maiden who was watching his departure. Soon he would come back again to claim his bride; for the marriage-day was fixed, and he would no more return to a desolate home. Ilka‡ would brighten all by her presence, and the days before the wedding would soon pass away. Yet still he had lingered till the last moment; and still, though the last 'légy, boldog'§ had been spoken, and he had mounted his horse, he could not make up his mind to set off. The horse, however, was more impatient than his master, and at length the two were trotting away; Gyula,|| as we have said, still looking back and murmuring many an 'Isten véled, Ilka,' (God be with you,) as her form became more and more indistinct in the gathering twilight.

* * * * *

In a room in the grim fortress of Belgrade, stood a young Greek officer, talking to and apparently trying to soothe a girl whose vehement gestures and indignant exclamations seemed to show that this would be no easy task. Belgrade was garrisoned by Greeks. There were Greeks in the town, Greek soldiers in the fortress; but the indignant girl, to whom Alexis was talking, with her flashing eyes, dark braided tresses, and peculiar dress, was clearly no Greek.

'So your General is proceeding to extremes? It is no more than I expected, for I have long seen through his false heart. But never mind, let him shut me up in his deepest dungeon, I will still be true to myself. He can't take away my strength. You are grieved for me? Nay, don't trouble yourself; danger does but show one's worth.'

* Taken from the Hungarian Play, 'Ilka, vagy, Nándorfajérvár Bevétele,' of Kisfaludy Károly.

The principal persons and incidents in this story are historical.

† A. D. 1063-1074.

‡ Helen.

§ Be happy, farewell.

|| Julius.

The young Greek looked at her sorrowfully, yet admiringly, as he answered—

‘If I could but help you! even at the sacrifice of my life; but it is in vain. My difficult position—forgive me for having been obliged to bring you this sad news, but what can I do? You know I am the General’s adopted son. Gratitude binds me to him; for indeed he has been good to me; he has done everything for me—but then—’

‘Well! what is the matter?’ asked the maiden more gently, as she noted the troubled look on her companion’s face.

‘If you knew how often I have entreated the Lord of Heaven to point out the way—to show me how to set you free!’

‘Thanks, Alexis, for your good-will and sympathy! but indeed, I do not wish to be free; if it can only be at the cost of a crime on your part. No! Niketas has been good to you; you must be faithful to him.’

‘But how can I bear to see you in prison, perhaps with chains on your hands?’

‘Never mind! whatever happens, I know there is One who feels for me; and besides, I hope—I am sure—sooner or later, my country will rise and free me from Niketas; and then, my friend, I shall soon forget all the suffering, or even look back on it with joy, that I was allowed thus to prove my fidelity.’

‘Well!’ said Alexis, meditatively, ‘peculiar fates are ordered by Heaven, they say. You may not be long in prison; and, after all, compared with me, you are happy, for you have still the future; whereas a dark cloud covers the fair morning of my life.’

The young Greek looked very melancholy; and, taken up as she was with her own sad trials, Ilka could not help noticing it, and inquiring the cause.

She could not make much out of his answer. ‘The hopes and the fairy dreams of his youth were gone, and he had found out that the heroic deeds of a soldier’s life, which once had been all in all to him, were no longer enough to satisfy his heart;’ but he broke abruptly off, saying, ‘Never mind, Ilka, don’t heed me, I am happy enough!’

But the expression of his face belied his words; and Ilka, who during the two years of her captivity had come to look upon Alexis in the light of a brother, insisted on knowing the real cause of his grief.

It came at last very simply and humbly. It was only that he loved the captive girl, and felt that his love was not, never could be, returned; though he knew nothing of her previous history. He had looked up to and admired her strong brave spirit, but he had always felt her to be far beyond his reach; he had never hoped to win her; he would never have spoken but for her questions.

‘Now you know my sorrow,’ he added gently; ‘but do not heed it—do not let it distress you. Forgive me, for I could not be with you and not love you; I cannot even now cease to love you—only, don’t let it

trouble you. Think of my life as of a flower which you have unconsciously trodden underfoot.'

'My good Alexis!' exclaimed Ilka, half amused, 'don't talk in this way. You are mistaken—you are indeed! You are mistaking for love that kindly feeling, which is excited only by pity for my misfortunes;' and then, as Alexis shook his head and murmured something in deprecation, she added, 'I shall love you always, as the best of my brothers, Alexis—always, till death.'

'Death!' mused the young Greek, 'till death? nay, death destroys only the human earthly heart, not the spirit; there—in the Home of Light—'

But he was not allowed to finish his sentence; for Ilka, wishing to change the current of his thoughts, began to tell him something of her own history. He was the only Greek in whom she had any confidence—the only one who had shown her kindness and sympathy; and it was a relief to speak of the past to sympathizing ears, even though the doing so did but more sadly sharpen the contrast between past and present. It was not a long story, and indeed was but too common a one in those tempestuous ages, when the border lands were seldom safe from the raids of their neighbours. The Pagan bands had suddenly and treacherously fallen upon the peaceful Magyar homes, in time of truce; had burnt, plundered, and destroyed, all they could lay their hands on, and had then re-crossed the Szava, bearing with them an immense booty, and many captives. Among these latter was Ilka, who had been seized and carried off on the eve of her marriage, and subsequently sold to Niketas, Governor of Belgrade, or Nándorféjérvár, as she herself called it. 'But,' added she, 'I trust my country and my good king, and I feel sure that my release will not be long delayed.'

There was a shade of perplexity on the Greek's brow, as he listened to her brave confident words, in which there was not the slightest trace of self-pity, or wavering resolution. For a few moments he preserved an uneasy silence, as if debating with himself, as to the expediency of communicating some important intelligence. As usual, his generosity overpowered any scruples he might have had as to the Governor's wishes on the subject, and he exclaimed—

'Well, Ilka! I can conceal it no longer. You have your wish; the Magyar troops are below Belgrade.'

'Ha! Alexis! what good angel speaks in you!' cried Ilka, springing up with all the wild excitability of her race, and looking as though her dark flashing eyes must of themselves suffice to gather from him at a glance all he knew, without the intervention of the common medium of speech. 'Now I understand! now I see! Niketas is afraid! he is afraid of the Magyar arms! that is why he has shut me up in this dungeon; for he knows that if I were but above ground, he could not keep me from my friends. Speak! speak! Alexis, say, what have you heard about the Magyars?'

'You are asking a great deal; for what I know of the Magyars is not

to our honour, and you can hardly expect me to be the herald of my countrymen's disgrace.'

'One may honour virtue even in a foreigner,' responded Ilka warmly; 'a generous-hearted man is always ready to acknowledge good in others, without waiting to consider who did the good; if it is good in itself, it must be good even though your enemy did it. Come, now, tell me quick, how does the Magyar fight? who are in the camp? oh! make haste, tell me what has happened.'

'Well, then, you must know that bands of robbers from Pécs have several times crossed the Szava and invaded your country, under the protection, and indeed by the persuasion, of Niketas.'

'Ah! then I have him to thank for my captivity! Well, go on.'

'After great bloodshed, rapine, and devastation, they have each time safely re-crossed the Szava, and put themselves under the protection of the Greeks. King Salamon of course heard of it, and wishing to take vengeance on the Greeks for their broken faith, and also to obtain some satisfaction for his plundered people, called his heroes together, and pitched his camp near Zalánk.'

Ilka listened with eager eyes and ears while Alexis went on to tell all he knew. King Salamon was accompanied by Dukes Géza and László, the noble sons of Béla I., his father's brother; László, the beloved of Heaven, whose strong arm had lately stained the scattered mountains of Kérles with Kuman* blood, and gained a glorious victory over the enemy.

'But,' he continued carelessly, and little guessing the effect his words would have upon the captive maiden, 'the most distinguished of all the nobles is one whom they call Bors-Gyula. His sword flashes like lightning upon the foe, and death is his brother-at-arms, for he needs but to look, and brave men fall to the ground.'

'Ha!' cried Ilka joyfully, 'Gyula is there! Now, Alexis, now I am free, and you Greeks are slaves!'

'I don't understand—'

'When once you have seen him, you will understand! But he is terrible only on the battle-field; away from it he is gentle, and—ah! Gyula! Gyula!' she suddenly broke off, 'I shall see you, and you will take me out of the dungeon, back to the dear, dear home;' then, as Alexis looked somewhat astonished and bewildered by her words, she told him that Bors-Gyula was her own true knight, adding kindly, 'but you must be his friend too, Alexis; he will love you for your care of me—but, oh! speak, and tell me some more. What is going on?'

'Niketas wanted to spare Belgrade, so he called Kázár, Prince of Fürefkirchen, to his assistance; but he only told him of the booty to be gained, and not of the danger to be incurred; so Kázár came with his army and laid waste the districts of Bács and Soprony with fire and sword. They received him like heroes, and the contest was long and

* The Kumans were a wild tribe allied to the Magyars, but still heathen.

doubtful; but at length Duke László and Bors-Gyula cut through Kázár's army, divided the lines, and obtained so complete a victory, that even the Prince himself, with a few followers, barely managed to escape. We could see your Magyar army from the walls, and you can imagine the Governor's anger when he saw the prisoners and an enormous booty presented to the King—but I ought not to tell you all this; Niketas—'

'It is beautiful, glad news! Oh, Alexis, how can I ever thank you for your kindness! When the Magyars have taken Nándor, and there is everywhere misery and death, then—'

'Then,' interrupted Alexis, 'let me die with the others.'

'No, Alexis, you shall live; and live a life full of noble heroic deeds.'

Alexis made a deprecating movement, but he had no time to argue further, for just then came a messenger, saying that the Governor had asked for him several times, and desired his presence.

'I shall follow you immediately.' Then, as the man withdrew, he turned to Ilka and renewed his former persuasions and entreaties. 'Ilka! don't provoke his anger. Come with me, and see him, as he wishes. I will protect you. I will answer for your life with my own blood; only don't rouse him, for when once he is excited his anger knows no bounds.'

'Never mind,' answered Ilka, proudly and confidently; 'Gyula is close by, and I am his, and I am free. No, no, let Niketas storm and rage as he will; Ilka has a Magyar heart which has never yet known fear.'

Sorrowfully Alexis quitted the high-spirited captive; and now while Ilka is looking round at the damp bare walls of her dungeon, scarcely noting either their dampness or bareness in her delight at the news she has heard, let us take a glance at the Magyar camp, and see how it fares with Ilka's brave knight, and whether he has become reconciled to the loss of the bride, who had been so suddenly and mysteriously snatched from him on the eve of their marriage.

* * * * *

'We shall surely snatch Nándorfejevár from the enemy ere long,' observed the King to his cousin, Duke Géza. 'What with László's brave arm and our heroic army, I have no fear. Dukas, the Greek Emperor, has broken the peace, sending his Pagan swarms down upon us, and he deserves no mercy; and as for Niketas, who has always meanly pretended to be on terms of neighbourly friendship with us, let him now reap the reward he has sought. The Pagan hosts shall no longer plunder Hunnia, carrying away her free sons and daughters in chains to a foreign land.'

'You may safely rely on your brave Magyars,' responded Duke Géza; 'they will soon bring the barbarians to terms; and, now that we may for once embrace one another as brothers,* I hope and believe that no enemy will ever again cross the Hungarian frontier unpunished.'

* There were frequent jealousies and disputes between King Salamon and his cousins; but just now they were on good terms, as the King was in need of their assistance.

'Still,' resumed the King, 'Nándor is strong, and I cannot but grieve over the Magyar blood which must flow ere the siege be ended. Therefore, brave Menyhárt,' he added, turning to one of the nobles who stood near, 'do you now go up to the fortress, and treat with Niketas for its surrender. He and his whole garrison shall have free leave to depart unharmed, if he gives me up the keys of the place; but, if he will not yield to my demand—then, my friends, Nándor shall no longer be a refuge for robbers; we will take it by storm.'

'My Lord King, you shall have tidings within an hour!'

'And,' added Géza, 'I will go with you myself; in order that, should Niketas refuse compliance with the King's gracious and friendly proposal, we may commence the attack at once, before he has had time to arrange his plans and man the walls.'

'You are right; a swift attack is half the battle,' said the King.

'Yea,' continued Géza; 'and now that we have been waiting here two months, it is high time to set to work before the enemy loses his fear of us. I will leave the camp at midnight with my own division; and at daybreak to-morrow, my brother László and I will storm Nándor from the Danube, while you remain with the rest of the army near the Száva.'

'Honoured King!' interposed Menyhárt, 'my counsel is that we wait for Bors-Gyula. With him come the knights of Veszprém and Zala, all excellent warriors, and accustomed to war. Moreover, I long to see Gyula himself here, for his heroism has great effect upon the army, and he shines like a star of victory in the midst of battle.'

'There is a rumour,' said Géza again, 'that the garrison of Nándor is composed of Bulgarians as well as of Greeks, and that these two are not on the best of terms. This may be of the greatest advantage to us.'

'I put my whole trust in the Magyar,' returned the King emphatically; 'for love to his country steels his heart. No more of this! we will storm the fortress; and do you, Géza, my brother, tell László all. Bear him my royal greeting, and hearty thanks for his heroic deeds. Beg him to continue ever the shield of Hungary, and the fear of the enemy. Ha! what do I see! Gyula himself!'

As the King spoke, up rode a band of men, triumphantly waving a banner, captured from the enemy. Their leader, the renowned Bors-Gyula, dismounted and saluted the King and the royal Duke, as he respectfully, yet with a certain exultation in his look, laid the banner at the feet of the former, saying—

'Hail, noble King! and you, fair Duke! Behold the proof of my victory, and take it as a pledge that the noble Magyar King shall in like manner tread underfoot his enemies.'

'Son of laurel wreaths! born only to conquer, receive my thanks; but what—you bleed!'

'It is nothing, only a scratch where a spear grazed my forehead, and a few old scars,' answered Gyula lightly; and then, in answer to an inquiry

from the King, he proceeded to give an account of the battle in which he had been engaged.

'Part of Kázár's defeated army was lurking among the mountains, hoping to be able to fall on us, and so make their way to Niketas. They were some four thousand strong, while I had but two thousand men. However, I fell in with their advanced guard, and found them encamped upon a beautiful plain. They attacked us with great confidence, and bravely they fought; but Magyar heroism was again victorious. Eight hundred of them lie on the field of battle, and twelve hundred prisoners I have brought with me to the camp, that the Greek General and Nándorvár may see what they have to expect. A few of our men fall, and died a glorious death for their country.'

'Their memory will ever live in the grateful heart of their King and country,' said Salamon with emotion. Then taking his own spear, he presented it to Gyula, saying, 'Keep this as a memorial of your own brave deed, and of your King's gratitude.'

'And I,' said the generous-hearted Duke, 'would give gold did I not know that its paltry glitter has no charm for such as you. Take my hand as a pledge of the friendship which I trust shall always be between us.'

Had Ilka seen her lover's face just then, she would have discovered no shadow of sorrow upon it, nothing which would make her think he mourned her absence very deeply. His handsome face was beaming with pleasure at the praises of the King, and with an ardent desire to do yet more to deserve them. His whole soul was absorbed in martial deeds, and there was small trace of the gentler spirit which his captive bride had known and loved. Yet even she at that moment might have looked on him with pride, and without any painful feeling of jealousy; for was she not a Magyar girl, and was not Hunnia as dear to her as to him? Little love or respect would she have had for her knight, had she fancied that any thought of her could dim his enthusiasm in the country's cause.

But now the council is broken up, the nobles disperse, and Menyhárt proceeds to bear the King's message to the Greek Governor of Belgrade.

Niketas received him rudely; and, in a manner which showed his own uneasy conscience, endeavoured to throw upon the Hungarians the blame of breaking the peace with the Greek Emperor. Menyhárt, however, soon showed him that his double-dealing was known, and, cutting short his excuses, bade him remember that he had little time left him in which to decide, and that he had better make up his mind at once either to surrender Belgrade, or come to the Magyar camp and there remain as a hostage until the Emperor should send to offer King Salamon full satisfaction. Both proposals Niketas indignantly rejected, for his recent deeds were unknown to the Emperor, who had concluded a peace with the Hungarians; and the Governor had little to hope from him, when his evil deeds should be brought to light.

He therefore merely replied that the walls of Belgrade were still

standing, and he should defend it to the last. In vain Menyhárt bade him look from the window, whence he could see long lines of prisoners crossing the Sava, and might learn that any hopes of receiving succour were vain, as the allies, who had so faithfully divided the booty with him, had already received their reward. In vain he urged that useless bloodshed was no true heroism, and that he ought to spare his people. Niketas was doggedly determined to fight to the last; and Menyhárt left the Governor's presence, bearing a message of defiance to his King.

Left to himself, the Governor's reflections were not of the pleasantest kind. He told himself that he had still soldiers enough, and that he could but come to an accommodation with the Hungarians when all else had failed. But then, if Belgrade fell into their hands, what had he to expect? There was no hope of succour from his own nation; there was no mercy to look for, no excuse for his double-dealing; all the fury of the Hungarians would fall upon himself, and, even if he escaped with his life, how could he bear the scorn of a victorious enemy? No! no! death were far preferable. He would die, sword in hand—yet a shudder came over him, as he resolved to die—he was afraid of death.

'No, not afraid of death!' he muttered. 'Ilka! Ilka! it is you! love for you lures me back to the world, and makes life dear to me. No! I will not die yet; my miserable life shall have one drop of happiness, and Ilka shall—Ho! there! what is it?'

'My Lord General,' said a soldier, entering in great hurry and alarm, 'there is great movement among the enemy; they are all encamped beneath the fortress, and seem preparing to storm, for we can plainly distinguish the battering-rams and ladders.'

'Let them come!' answered the Governor indifferently. 'We are men as well as they, and know how to fight too. Go! let the archers and slingers place themselves upon the outmost bastion and receive the enemy. As for the Bulgarians, they may wait my orders in the great square.'

'General!' answered the man, unwillingly, 'the Bulgarians are mutinous. They desire the surrender of the fortress, and are so terrified at the sight of the enemy, that they are not disposed to serve any longer.'

'What! and you did not cut them to pieces? They shall not go unpunished. Go! order every Greek, in my name, to be in readiness. I will deal with the Bulgarians myself, and I shall find means to make them obedient.'

The soldier departed to execute his orders; and Alexis, who had just quitted Ilka's dungeon, after the interview we have described, came to seek the Governor in obedience to his summons.

'Well! what a time I have been waiting for you!' began Niketas impatiently; 'make haste now, and tell me what is Ilka about—speak, for I have pressing business on hand; how does she like her new dwelling?'

'It is no longer new,' answered Alexis sadly. 'But fear is a stranger

to her soul, and she makes not the smallest complaint or lamentation. Bold and brave, she plays with her chains, and quietly waits for a change of fortune. Niketas, I confess I cannot give you much hope; you will never win her heart.'

'No! we shall see! It's nothing but obstinacy, and I will find some way of bringing her to reason.'

'Ilka has already loved, and first love is strong. Let her go back to her people. Now is the best opportunity, and you will win every Magyar heart.'

'Enough! enough! I don't do it; and if you desire to retain the goodwill of Niketas, never mention such an idea again. For this once I will overlook your words; and as for Ilka, if she will not make me happy, let her perish unseen in the dungeon of Belgrade. Then, if the Magyars do enter the fortress, which is not at all probable, my death will avail her nothing.'

So saying, Niketas left the room to go and see after his defences; and Alexis remained, turning over in his mind every conceivable means by which he might save the captive maiden from the terrible fate which threatened.

'The Governor is more determined than ever,' he mused; 'and if the Magyars are victorious, oh! Ilka! Ilka! no one will guess where you are! your own countrymen will be unconsciously treading upon your living grave, and you will die a terrible death!'

The dreadful picture made him shudder, and he paced up and down the room, trying to banish it from his mind.

'I am innocent, yet I am the only one who can help her, and the Governor trusts me; it seems as though I must either betray him, or give her up to her fate. No, Niketas! I will not betray you; you who took me a poor orphan, and brought me up as your own son. No—but, oh! Ilka, Ilka! what shall I do? how shall I save you?'

Again he was lost in deep and anxious thought; and, hardly knowing what he was about, he walked to the window, from which he could see the Magyar tents whitening all the valley beneath, and now gilded by the last rays of the setting sun. There he stood, gazing at the beautiful landscape before him; and as he gazed, the thought came to his mind that down there in the valley, among those white tents, was the happy man whom Ilka loved, the brave man who was a guiding star to his nation—ha! what a thought! could he? yes, he could, and he would—he would hazard his life to save her, who had called him 'brother;' he would go to the Magyar camp, find Gyula, and tell him of the danger of his bride.

* * * * *

It was late in the evening. The Magyar soldiers were lying by their camp fires, and the moon was shining brightly down on the gleaming white tents.

Gyula and his friend Menyhárt had not yet betaken themselves to repose, but were standing before their tents talking, but not, as it would

seem, about the day's work in prospect. Gyula wore no longer the gay triumphant air of a few short hours ago. He looked weary and worn, and had evidently been indulging in some very melancholy observation, for Menyhárt was taking him to task, and reminding him that he certainly had no cause to complain of fortune, for had not his lot been peculiarly favoured? had he not had opportunities of distinguishing himself, such as fell to the share of few? And Gyula allowed that it was all true, and that glory and honour were still precious to him, but they had lost their zest; for, though much had been left to him, the best and dearest had been snatched away.

'Insatiable man!' cried Menyhárt, 'what more can you want, when you have attained the highest point of fortune? The nation knows you, the King loves you, the army honours you, and still you nurse such gloomy thoughts!'

'It is true,' sighed Gyula. 'I have trodden the slippery path of glory successfully, and the light of victory shines round my head; but still—oh! my friend, there is something concealed among the flowers of the wreath, something which takes from its gay verdure, and is quietly withering it away. Soon it will be altogether faded, if there is no hand to water it with the lost dew of life.'

'Still the old sorrow, Gyula! Look up! are there not many fair maidens in Magyarország?*' and you have but to choose among them, for love favours the brave.'

'Menyhárt, that is all over for me. I have loved but once, and I can never love again. I have never met but one whose heart beat in perfect accord with mine, and where she now is I know not.—Ah! Ilka, Ilka! in what corner of the earth art thou sleeping this night! perhaps among terrible Pagans; and I am alone upon earth, with nothing to make life dear to me—no one to care for me!'

'What foolish dreams! You a hero, and harbour such miseries in your breast!'

'It may be wrong, it may be weak,' returned Gyula; 'but I must confess this is my favourite hour; it recalls my past happiness. I could still love, fight and die for my loved one—she is still my one only idol.'

'Love away then, my friend, if it makes you happy to have such shadowy fancies,' said Menyhárt, despairing of inducing his friend to take a more cheerful view of his position; 'only forgive me for not having understood you, for I am truly sorry for you; but, you see, I have grown up amid scenes of war, and know nothing but how to handle weapons. I never knew any more tender feeling. To-morrow, then, we storm Nándor at day-break! it will be tough work. I am going to sleep. Look how beautifully the tower of the fortress gleams in the moonlight.'

'Would it were day! there is no room for sorrow amid the din of battle, the clatter of arms, and the stamping of horses.'

* Hungary.

'How many a Magyar who is now dreaming happily, will to-morrow sleep his last sleep!'

'If I die for my country, it is all I desire; my name will shine in the book of history—I shall not be forgotten!'

'No; even future ages will remember our heroic deeds, our glorious deaths, which may serve to encourage the Magyars of later times. Ha! Gyula, my friend!' exclaimed the enthusiastic Menyhárt, grasping his companion's hand, 'what is life compared with so glorious a death!'

'Good-night, Menyhárt, sleep well!'

'Yes, till the trumpet sounds in my ears,' said Menyhárt joyfully; and then he disappeared within his tent, while Gyula looked after him with a feeling half of envy for his light-hearted gaiety.

He looked up at the bright heavens, then at the grim fortress: and at last, thinking that perhaps he might be able to sleep better in the open air, spread his panther-skin on the ground, took off his cuirass and put it under his head for a pillow, and then lay down to try and sleep. Little did he guess how near Ilka was to him, as he murmured her name in his dreams.

An hour or two later Alexis was in the Hungarian camp, disguised in a large white cloak, and asking to be directed to Bors-Gyula's tent. His mind was full of doubts and fears as he stealthily made his way in the direction pointed out, until he came to the place where Gyula was sleeping. Some strange instinct warned him that this was the man he sought, and going up to him, he tried to awake him.

Gyula turned sleepily over, asking if the battle had begun; and when he understood the object of Alexis' search, he was rather bewildered, and disposed to think there was some mistake. Alexis was so effectually disguised in the Hungarian cloak, that he was not recognised for a Greek; and in the first ecstasy at having discovered Ilka's knight, his words were so incoherent, that Gyula might fairly be bewildered. His bewilderment was hardly lessened when, as he asked the stranger who he was, and what he wanted, Alexis suddenly threw off the cloak, and announced himself to be a Greek. He was inclined at first to think some treachery was intended, till he remembered that as the stranger had found him asleep and unarmed, and had not taken his life, he could hardly have any ill designs against him. Then with a sudden revulsion of feeling, being convinced that the stranger was no common-minded foe, he warmly welcomed him; and Alexis, whose every instant in the Hungarian camp was precious, since he was afraid if long away his absence from Belgrade would be discovered, at once began his story. He told Gyula, but without mentioning names, that a Hungarian maiden was a prisoner in Belgrade, that her life was in great danger; adding that, as long as the Greeks held the fortress, he would protect her; but if the Hungarians were successful, he put her fate in Gyula's hands. 'Search every prison, every dungeon, and you will surely find her; but don't ask me to tell you who keeps her prisoner, as that I am bound by oath not to divulge.'

'Strange!' muttered Gyula; 'and what have I to do with it?'

'You are the only one who can help us; and besides, it concerns you very deeply. She is a noble creature—my sister—my darling!'

'Your sister, and your darling? be more explicit, boy!'

'She is in the power of a man who is so madly in love with her, that sooner than not win her, he will destroy both himself and her. Providence willed that I should stand between them, and I have guarded her carefully; but soon my power will be at an end, and then you must release her, for know, Gyula, that this noble maiden is Ilka, your own bride!'

'Ha! what! No, no! speak, boy!'

'I say it is Ilka,' repeated Alexis; 'Ilka, your betrothed, who was brought to Belgrade by the Pagans some time ago.'

But Gyula was still doubtful, and moreover the young Greek's manifest interest in the captive maiden made him suspicious.

'She is your sister, you say, or do you mean your lady-love?' he inquired distrustfully.

'She has been under my care for two summers,' answered Alexis. 'I have seen her every day, and every day she seemed to me fairer. Who could help loving her? But—' and then in few words he told Gyula all that Ilka had told him of her history.

Gyula was but too glad to allow himself to be convinced at last; and then Alexis turned to go. 'What message am I to take to Ilka?'

'That I fight for her to the last drop of my blood!' exclaimed Gyula vehemently; 'and see, take her this ring, which she once gave me, and say, that as surely as I have ever worn this ring, so surely will I set her free, or die in the attempt.'

'Farewell!' said Alexis, putting on the white cloak again; 'to-morrow, maybe, we shall meet as foes; give me your hand as a token of friendship; and if a Magyar lance should pierce my heart, remember me sometimes when you return victorious to your country, and are living happily with your bride.'

Another hasty farewell, and the new-made friends separated; Alexis to return to Belgrade, Gyula to lie down again on his panther-skin, with his face turned towards the fortress, and with but little chance of sleeping any more that night.

Meanwhile, Alexis had not left Belgrade unobserved. There were sharp suspicious eyes watching him; and while he was threading his way through the enemy's camp, Zimlas, one of the officers of the garrison, was closeted with the Governor.

The watchman who had allowed Alexis to leave the city after dark had at first refused, threatening him with all sorts of direful consequences; but had at length yielded, knowing that he was in great favour with Niketas, and thinking that he might have been sent by him on some secret mission. The rumour had, however, excited a suspicion in the garrison, that the Governor was having some secret dealings with the

enemy, and meant to betray the fortress. Such being the state of feeling, Zimias ventured to ask the Governor for what object he had sent Alexis to the Magyar camp; and, as the Governor indignantly disclaimed all knowledge of the matter, proceeded to tell him all he had learnt from the watchman, adding that, though it was past midnight, Alexis had not yet returned.

'Let me know as soon as he returns. There is some secret which I must discover; but I can't believe he would deceive me,' said Niketas; and then, having given the officer his orders, he dismissed him, that he might if possible unravel the mystery alone. He argued with himself that Alexis was very unlike other people—that was one reason why he liked him; he hated a man like a doll, without the courage to take a decided step in any direction. But, turn traitor! No, he would not believe it; he was sure Alexis loved him. But then again, Ilka might have ruined him—might have worked upon his youth and inexperience, and brought him even to deceive his friend and benefactor. The more he thought of it, the more likely it seemed; he remembered many circumstances, which all seemed to corroborate the idea; and then, hardened man that he was, a sharp pang darted through the Governor's heart. Alexis was the only human being he had really loved. He had treated him with fatherly care, he had expected to find in him an open, boyish, grateful heart; and instead, he found ingratitude and deception.

'If it is so!' he exclaimed bitterly, 'if he has deceived me, I will banish every better feeling from my heart, and I will devote my life to persecuting and humbling the hateful and degenerate human race. But I will have a word with Ilka. If there is a plot, she must be in it, and she shall be brought to confess it.'

* * * * *

In her miserable dimly-lighted dungeon, Ilka was slowly pacing to and fro, unable to sleep, and restlessly wondering what was going on outside the thick walls of her prison. Day and night were alike gloomy to her; but still the knowledge that it was night, that there was darkness without as well as within, rendered her thoughts even more than usually dark and despondent. She was not wont to yield to painful forebodings, when in the presence of others; but now that she was alone, her fortitude seemed to give way. Presently she drew from her dress a glittering steel dagger, the only possession which now remained to her. She looked at it steadily for an instant, while dark and terrible thoughts crossed her mind; but another moment, and it was thrust hastily back into its hiding-place, and the captive maiden sank on her knees with an earnest prayer that her evil thought might be pardoned, and never suffered to gain dominion over her.

Presently the door opened, and Niketas looked in, with an apology for disturbing her at so late an hour; but saying that he had important business with her, which would take but a few moments, and, added he

grimly, 'You had better tell the truth at once, if you wish to escape my anger.'

'And why should Ilka fear you?' demanded the girl, with dignified composure. 'You have found out already that no words of yours take away my courage; and as for your dark dungeon, it has no power to change me. Speak! what do you want with me?'

'Confess what plot you and Alexis have together. He has left the fortress, tell me where he is.'

'Ask him yourself, if you want to know; for you may be quite sure if he had told me any secret, I should not betray him to you.'

'Ilka, speak, I entreat you, for indeed I still wish you well.'

'I see many proofs of your good wishes,' said Ilka, contemptuously pointing to the dark walls of the dungeon; and the Governor, after several more fruitless inquiries, left her in a rage, vowing vengeance upon her and Alexis.

Once more alone, Ilka wondered what could be the meaning of it all. Alexis had said nothing to her of his project, and she could not imagine what had induced him to leave Belgrade at so late an hour, nor where he could be gone. She had not, however, very long to remain in suspense, for Alexis presently hurried in, exclaiming, 'Ilka! Ilka! you are saved!'

'Alexis! thank Heaven I see you again! I was afraid—your Governor has just been in here asking for you.'

'Ah! I guessed as much; but never mind, now I can die in peace, if need be—you will be safe.'

'But I don't understand; where have you been?'

'I come from Gyula,' said Alexis, pleased to watch her start of surprise. 'See, here is something to convince you,' he added, giving her the ring and Gyula's message.

'Ah! Alexis! how can I ever thank you? But tell me, what made you go? did you really see him himself?' inquired Ilka eagerly; and then, in few words, Alexis told her the fate to which Niketas destined her, and then detailed his adventures in the Magyar camp.

'No, Alexis, you shall not die!' she exclaimed, as he concluded; 'Come to Hungary, where men have true hearts and are free—where good men are still honoured. Come with us, and be a Magyar too; they will receive you gladly, and we shall all live happily together.'

'No,' answered the young man sorrowfully; 'no, I am a Greek, and I too love my country, and cannot forsake it. No, Ilka, I cannot go with you, we must part; but I shall hear some day that you are happy, and then I shall know that you do not forget me, and that I have not lived in vain. If I should die—'

'Nay, Alexis,' interrupted Ilka, 'why will you talk of such melancholy things? you are young, why should you die?'

'My life has been happy,' murmured the young Greek, 'most happy, since I have accomplished my dearest wish; and now—now that I have done for you all that lies in my power, I am a Greek again, and to-morrow

I shall go and fight like a hero with the Magyars. Farewell, Ilka, farewell! I may perhaps not see you again.'

Ilka gave him her hand, which he was in the act of raising to his lips, when a dark figure appeared in the door-way behind them, and stood there silent, and unnoticed, watching them in ill-concealed anger. Another word or two of farewell, and Alexis, turning to depart, found himself face to face with Niketas, who, without waiting for word or explanation, made a fierce thrust at him with his lance. The Governor was mad with rage, and his thrust told home, for the young Greek fell bleeding to the ground at Ilka's feet.

'Oh! merciful Heaven! Niketas, what have you done!' she cried in horror, as the blood streamed from his wound.

'Ha! you don't like it?' retorted the Governor madly. 'I brought him up as my own son, and he has betrayed me thus! Take heed, or your fate will be the same—your last hour is at hand!' So saying, he stalked away, and his clanking footsteps echoed dismally on the stone steps, till even this sound died away, and Ilka was alone with the dying man. In vain she knelt by him, trying to stanch his wound. Life was ebbing fast, and he had hardly strength to murmur a few words in her ear, ere his eyes closed for ever, and with her name on his smiling lips, Alexis was gone, made happy in his last moment by the knowledge that he had died to save her whom he had loved so devotedly and so unselfishly.

Slowly and sadly the night passed away, as Ilka knelt weeping and praying by the body of the murdered youth, thinking less, that now she had lost her only protector and was entirely at the Governor's mercy, than of the self-devotion which had shielded her thus far. She had lost a true and faithful brother and friend in Alexis; but Niketas had lost a son, and to him the night passed even more slowly and gloomily than to her.

He had killed him in a moment of mad fury; but he said to himself that military discipline demanded his death, and that he had killed him as a general, not as a father. But he could not argue away his grief, for he had loved Alexis; and now, to embitter him still further, came the thought that Ilka was the cause of it all; she had come between them, and tempted Alexis to his ruin, and she should pay for it—ay! that should she, and speedily. She should have one more chance, and if she refused it, she should be buried alive! In thoughts like these—now of sorrow for Alexis, now of vengeance on Ilka, the night wore away, and when at length day began to dawn faintly in the east, he again sought the dungeon.

Ilka was still kneeling by the senseless corpse, but she darted up defiant as the Governor's first soft tones fell on her ear.

'Although you have so sorely provoked me, Ilka, my love is greater than my anger,' he began softly; but she recoiled from him in horror.

'Murderer, away! don't come near me!'

Still he persevered. 'Ilka! your happiness is yet in your own power—'

'Happiness? with you? What have you done but taken me from one prison to another? Kill me at once, as you have killed him; I despise your power.'

'Ilka, come, shake hands, I would not hurt you,' said the Governor, trying to look persuasive.

'Shake hands with you? never,' answered the maiden resolutely.

The Governor was losing patience. There was anxious work before him, and no time to be lost, yet still he stood there parleying, becoming more and more enraged at her obstinacy, yet not able to make up his mind to leave her, and quite held in awe by her resolute demeanour.

'My Lord General,' cried a voice outside, 'the enemy is already in motion; he has begun an attack against the Danube Gate.'

'Get along, and make haste,' shouted Niketas in reply; 'I shall be with you directly.'

'Ah! my glorious King! my country! now fight and conquer, and Ilka is free!' exclaimed the girl, too much excited at the news to heed the Governor's presence.

'The enemy is storming our fortress,' said he, with a scowl on his face; 'but know—'

'They'll take it! they'll take it! I know they will, and give you what you deserve.'

'Don't be too sure of that; we have arms and weapons as well as they; and even if they should be victorious it will do you no good; on the contrary, it will be your ruin, for if I leave you in this dungeon you must perish. No one will ever hear your cries, and here you will die a miserable death.'

'Here then I will die, like a true Magyar!' replied Ilka, with unshaken firmness and resolution.

'Come with me, Ilka,' said the Governor once again; 'I will take you out of the fortress. I have wealth and treasures enough for all our lives. Come with me, and I will take you wherever you will. Ilka! on my knees I entreat you, hear me!'

'And you dare hope for love from me?' asked Ilka, with scornful wonder. 'You? I despise both you and all your wealth.'

No Roman maiden could have looked more grand and dignified than the Hungarian girl, as she stood there, without a trace of fear on her beautiful face.

A loud knocking suddenly disturbed them. 'General! they're attacking the whole fortress, and the soldiers are murmuring at your absence.'

'Away with you! say I am coming,' returned the irresolute Governor, and then turned to make a final appeal to Ilka.

It was equally fruitless; and determined to be baulked no longer, Niketas seized her hand to drag her through the secret door. To

struggle with him was of course in vain, and Ilka had too much dignity to attempt it. Indeed, her whole manner changed at once, and she said in a more gentle tone than the Governor had ever heard her use to himself, 'Niketas! one word!'

The effect was magical. He released her hand at once; and she continued, still in the same tone, 'Stay! if I were sure you were my friend, my real friend—'

'Ilka!' exclaimed the delighted man, drawing her gently to himself, without, to his surprise, encountering any resistance.

She suffered him to do it—she who loathed the very sight of his blood-stained hands; but it was but for a moment. Suddenly she darted back, waving the sword which she had snatched from his side, and boldly confronting him, exclaimed, 'Now, Sir Governor, command me, what is your will?'

Niketas could do nothing but shout for help, but, long before anyone came in answer to his cries, Ilka had fled swiftly away; all those whom she met on the way being too terrified at the apparition to have the presence of mind to arrest her flight. After a time two soldiers were sent in pursuit; but the morning was dark and windy, and their blazing torch gave a flickering uncertain light; and, to tell the truth, the gallant Greeks were in some awe of the wild Hungarian girl, so that, when at length they did come up with her, and she confronted them with drawn sword, they made but a poor show of fight, and soon threw down the torch and fled.

Ilka picked up the torch, and disappeared with it among some neighbouring buildings, saying to herself, 'I will light the Magyars to victory! Terribly she fulfilled her words, for in a short time, flames were seen to burst out furiously and from so many places, that to extinguish them was impossible, while the wild Magyar maiden, sword in hand, was seen now here, now there, looking like an avenging deity presiding over and directing the work of destruction.

'Magyars! the day is our's,' exclaimed Duke Géza, as he drew off his men into the great square of Belgrade. 'The enemy is driven from all save the upper fort, and that he can't hold for long.'

'No,' rejoined Menyhárt, 'Nándor is ours, and the Greek is humbled. Duke László is already in possession of the lower town.

'The fire threw all the Greeks into confusion,' observed the Duke. 'They say it was kindled by some brave Magyar girl. In truth she has done us good service; but see now to extinguishing the fire, and protect the poor peasants. Heroes!' he added, turning to his men, 'we are Magyars, we don't come to plunder.'

Just then, Zimias, one of the Greek officers, came up, accompanied by two soldiers, one carrying a white banner, the other the keys of the castle on a cushion. Zimias fell on his knees before the Duke, praying with slavish submission for mercy.

'Get up!' said Géza, disliking and unaccustomed to such servile marks of honour. 'Get up! No Magyar injures an unarmed and defenceless foe. What is your desire?'

Then, as Zimias gave up the keys in the name of Niketas, praying for mercy and protection, the approach of the King was announced.

Duke Géza went forward to meet him and offer his congratulations on the success of the siege; but Salamon answered, 'Since Heaven has blessed our arms, our first thanks are due to the Eternal Judge;' and uncovering his head, he offered up a solemn prayer of thanksgiving. 'Thou Who hast watched the battle from Thy throne of light, and hast everywhere supported the cause of truth, Thine is the glory and the strength, Thee only we adore!'

This ended, he addressed the soldiers, thanking them for their courage, and, turning to Ilka, who had been presented to him, he said, 'You too, brave maiden, who have been the chief instrument of our victory, receive your king's welcome back to liberty. Hunnia is proud of you! I do not ask your name, for your noble soul has long since ennobled you.'

'Ilka is my name, Magyarország is my home, a knight is my betrothed,' and Ilka's eye wandered restlessly round as she said the words; 'the favour of my king and the love of my country are all my wealth, and my greatest glory.'

'My first thought shall be to reward you,' answered the King; then, turning to Zimias, who was still waiting, he bade him tell the Governor that if he surrendered the fortress at once, and laid down his arms, he and his garrison might depart uninjured to their homes.

The officer departed; and Salamon, looking round on all his gallant knights, said, at last, 'Friends, we are all here but one; where is Gyula?' No one knew. He had been seen first on the walls, and there Duke Géza had last seen his banner waving. He had lost sight of him in the castle, and had not seen him since.

'Has he perished?' cried Ilka, unmindful alike of the King and his knights. 'Oh! tell me! in pity, tell me, where is he?'

'What! you know our Bors-Gyula?' inquired the King, half amused.

'Know him? Ah! yes; don't keep me in this suspense.'

'There he comes!' cried Menyhárt; and when, in her delight, Ilka was about to rush forward, the King good-naturedly held her back, and, bidding her be quiet, placed himself before her.

Sadly Gyula was moving on, looking neither to right hand nor left. He had sought in vain, neither Ilka nor the youth were to be found; he had lost her again, just when he had fancied himself so near.

'Brave knight,' said the King, 'what grieves you? You have this day woven another fair flower into your chaplet; what favour can I grant you?'

'Oh! my King! had I found a grave beneath the walls, with many of my companions, I should be happy.'

'Come, Gyula, though you refuse to ask, I have a reward in store for you,' said the King, smiling; and, while Gyula could hardly believe his eyes for astonishment, he led Ilka up to him, saying, 'Receive your bride from the hands of your King!'

Loud shouts of 'Eljen! eljen! eljen jó királyunk!'^{*} rose from the whole army, as Salamon restored the long-separated bride and bridegroom to one another, while Duke Géza called down upon them the blessing of Heaven.[†]

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY MAYNARD and her daughter came at luncheon, or rather early dinner-time—the first meal at which Damaris had had to encounter guests at the Vicarage; and she was therefore very quiet, and constantly on the watch to comport herself rightly, looking at the same time all that Mrs. Foley could wish.

Mrs. Foley was at first disposed to believe the lady too gentle and pale to be fit to have the management of a girl who might not be easy to deal with. Both mother and daughter were very fair and slight, exceedingly refined and delicate looking; and Miss Maynard had a blush-rose tint of colour, deepening or fading continually, and an air of fragility, as though a breath would blow her away. To Damaris, she seemed the most beautiful creature she had ever seen; and all the self-consciousness of shyness was lost in the wondering delight of watching her, and grieving for her deep mourning. The mother too looked so young, as to render her weeds all the more mournful in the girl's eyes; and meantime, Mrs. Foley was auguring that compassion must have influenced Mr. Thrupp's judgment, and fancying that Lady Maynard would never dare take charge of anything so much taller than herself.

However, after luncheon, when the daughter had been sent to lie down, the mother begged to be allowed to help in the preparations that her hostess had not yet been able to get ready; and ten minutes at the concert-room showed that she was altogether the thorough-going active

^{*} 'Viva! viva! long live our good King!'

[†] The siege of Belgrade had some disastrous consequences, as it caused great misunderstanding between Duke Géza and the King, who was jealous that the Greeks had chosen to surrender to his cousin rather than to himself. Evil counsellors persuaded him that Géza was aiming at the throne, and even induced him to entertain designs against the Duke's life. His jealousy was further augmented by the fact that the Greek Emperor, Michael Dukas, sent Duke Géza, in gratitude for his mercy to the garrison of Belgrade, a circlet of gold, which, when Géza became King, was joined to the crown of St. Stephen, of which it has ever since formed part.

clergyman's wife, full of resources, and vigorous in all her quietness. She really seemed quite happy in bestirring herself; laughed at the notion of fatigue, and thanked Mrs. Foley, with a moisture in her eye, for letting her do what was so like old times.

By six o'clock—when the doubtful singers had been all put through their parts, all the seats had been placed, all the decorations put up, all the programmes laid ready for distribution—Mrs. Foley only felt as if half the trouble of the occasion had gone—she knew not how—and as if the most efficient of allies had come to her assistance—one who had tact and management enough for any undertaking; and Damaris was working under her direction, and coming to her with questions, as naturally as to any superintendent she had ever come under.

There was a hasty toilette—a more hasty tea-drinking, joined by several guests from the neighbourhood, whom Damaris had hitherto beheld at school-feasts from a distance, and who now shook hands with her a little awkwardly, and tried to make talk about the music.

She was glad to be obliged to hurry down to the concert-room, to help Mrs. Brown in marshalling the singers; and among such numbers, she was safe from further speeches from young Stebbing. Mr. Newton was there among the first; and he shook hands with her, and said, 'I congratulate you, Miss Brockensha,' but scarcely with the cordiality she thought he ought to have shown. She could not say more than 'Thank you;' but somehow she thought he looked at her with displeasure. Did he think she gave herself airs? She could not let any old acquaintance part with her with any cause of complaint; and she had a restless feeling of longing to ask what was the matter.

Then she forgot him in her dignified return to Albert Stebbing's distant offended bow; and she forgot both of them in the smile that her paragon of loveliness, Miss Maynard, cast towards her while entering, looking prettier and more touching than ever, with her tender rosy colour set off by her shady black hat. And much more did she forget in her anxieties as to the overture, played by Mrs. Foley on the piano, and accompanied by herself upon the harmonium.

The first part of the concert was to be of sacred music, the second secular: and the most anxious part of the first in Damaris' eyes, was her own singing of 'Angels ever bright and fair.' Full and sweet her voice arose; and she was soon carried quite above this present into a rapturous feeling of angelic care and tenderness, around, above, below; bearing her aloft in the new unknown world before her, somewhat as the angels were bearing St. Katharine to Mount Sinai, in the print in Mrs. Foley's room.

Jane Maynard's eyes filled with tears; she quivered and trembled: there was something in the sweet tones and soaring rapt entreaty that brought back the thought of one already resting in the angels' care; and she was so much overcome, that her mother was obliged to take her back to the house.

'O Mamma!' she said, 'did you ever hear anything more—more perfect?'

'I never heard anything sung with more feeling,' said Lady Maynard.

Damaris had been too much engrossed by her song to perceive Miss Maynard's departure; but when she afterwards missed her, and heard how she had been affected, it can well be imagined how it added to her tender enthusiasm for the sweet-looking girl.

Grandeur must compensate for merriment. Last time, after the concert, the performers had all supped together, under the superintendence of the churchwarden and his wife; and the wit and drollery had been great. Damaris, then a mere nobody, had been lifted up into delight and exaltation by the smallest compliment; and had laughed till she cried, unnoticed, at every joke. Now, she must follow Mrs. Foley home, and join in the meal set before the gentry, where people were certainly cheerful enough; but it lacked the zest of rarity, and it was impossible to be so much at her ease. Miss Maynard too was gone to bed, so that she could not sit and admire her.

However, the next day made up for the deprivation; it was very warm and sunny; and when Mr. and Mrs. Foley took Lady Maynard to see a new church in the neighbourhood, she desired her daughter to lie still in the shady drawing-room and rest herself. Jane said that she would, if Miss Brockensha would only sing to her; and accordingly Damaris came, and sung with heart and voice: from songs they came to hymns, from hymns to their associations; they were upon ground where the difference of culture did not tell much in their feelings; and both began to grow warm and tender to one another. Jane poured forth the sorrow of her young life: her dear father's death, the break-up of home, and Walter's going to sea; the tears glistening unshed in her sweet blue eyes, and making them lovelier than ever. She sometimes thought, she said, that she should not live long, and should soon be with dear Papa; and if it were not for poor Mamma, she thought she should be glad; but her Cousin Eleanor always scolded her, and said, 'Nonsense!' when she talked of such things.

Damaris thought this very prosy and unfeeling of this Cousin Eleanor; but she saw herself that agitation was very hurtful to this little fragile creature: and to turn away her mind, as well as to have the pleasure of reciprocal confidence, she told Miss Maynard her own history, and the wonderful event that had befallen her.

Jane's eyes beamed with astonishment. Contact with a person with such a strange story, seemed to her almost too good to be true; and Damaris' simplicity seemed to her heroic; her lady-like manners and appearance, a special dispensation of Providence. Jane's native home had not yet advanced to the stage of trained mistresses; so that Damaris was altogether a wonder and admiration to her. The marvellous discovery brightened and enlivened her more than anything had done since

the parting with her brother; and when her mother came home, she followed her to her room in great excitement, to tell her all.

It was somewhat disappointing to find that Mamma knew; but even more remarkable that she should have come to Allingthorpe for that very reason. Miss Brockensha would want a home and friends, and to add a few decorations to her education.

'O Mamma!' cried Jane, lighting up, 'do you mean that she is to live with us?'

'Mr. Thrupp, who is her guardian, thought it would be a good plan, my dear; so I came to make acquaintance, and see whether she and you would be good companions.'

'Mamma, it is the very thing I should like! I shall be able to make a sister of her: exactly what I always wished!'

Lady Maynard smiled, and thought whether to warn Jane against an over-sudden intimacy, from which it might not be easy to draw back; but she decided that it was better not to damp her little daughter's expectations, or constrain her manner; and in truth, she thought that a new interest and new pleasure was the best hope of awakening her child from the languor and ill-health into which the shock of sorrow had thrown her.

On the Maynard side, then, the thing was settled; and it remained to arrange it with Damaris herself.

By Lady Maynard's request, it was that night that Mrs. Foley followed the girl to her bed-room, and told her that Mr. Thrupp had thought of arranging that she should for the present be in Lady Maynard's charge, and go abroad with her for the winter.

Damaris grew crimson, and the moisture sprang into her eyes. She did not speak at first, and really seemed more affected than she had been by the first tidings of her inheritance. In fact, this intelligence brought the alteration in her circumstances really home to her. The mother and daughter, with their exquisitely refined looks and delicate waxen complexions, were exactly the fragile porcelain creatures that would have seemed to her meant to be gazed at from a distance, dreamt about, and admired; and to hear that she was to live with them on terms of equality, seemed to her altogether like fairy-land.

It was not the rank and title that impressed her fancy, though they had some additional effect—but that ethereal appearance, enhanced by the deep mourning; and she quite held her breath, as she said, 'Could anyone think of my being with them?'

'Yes, my dear,' said Mrs. Foley. 'Lady Maynard is a very excellent, kind, and sensible person, who will take good care of you, and be a great help to you in learning the ways of your new station; and you, on your side, can be a great assistance to her in the care of her little delicate daughter.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Damaris, with just such a long gasp of admiration as her pupils at school were wont to indulge in at the sight of a more than commonly brilliant picture.

Mrs. Foley, thinking that exaggeration in the first place is the surest way to make familiarity breed contempt, thought it the wisest way to make Damaris understand from the first the real state of things. 'You will not find Lady Maynard a formidable person,' she said: 'she is really a country clergyman's widow; used to very much the same sort of life and habits as I am.'

'Yes; Miss Maynard told me her papa was a clergyman; and her brother is going for a sailor. I thought people like that never did anything.'

'Sir William had the title without the property; and his widow is in such circumstances, that the sum that will be paid to her for you will be a great convenience to her. Indeed, I believe it will make the difference of her being able to take her daughter to a warm climate for the winter. I tell you this, Damaris, because I think you had better understand it from the first; and I am sure you have too much right feeling to let the accident of your being richer than she lessen the respect and consideration—obedience, perhaps—that you will owe to her, as a young person in her family.'

'Oh, no, no, no, Ma'am!' cried Damaris eagerly. 'A lady, and a clergyman's widow and all! And then she has something so superior, so out of the common, more than most ladies—has not she, Mrs. Foley?'

It was what the Foleys had agreed, that Lady Maynard, in spite of her small stature and soft delicate appearance, had that high and dignified spirit, proper to the true fair-complexioned Teuton woman, which made her, in superstition, the Velleda, or prophetess; and on earth the Mild Thryth, or mild threatener, and ruler of the household. She would be able to take care that Damaris respected her.

Mrs. Foley assented, adding, 'Yes, I am glad you feel it; I think you would always feel it with such a person as Lady Maynard. The danger would be, if any designing person should try to put nonsense in your head, or if she had to cross your inclinations.'

'A person like—like Mr. Albert Stebbing!' said Damaris, blushing up to the ears. Perhaps her promotion to the Maynard society had made her fully sensible of that youth's presumption.

'Possibly; but there are other designing persons besides young men. Women will sometimes flatter in the same way: and someone might try to set you against her, and make you fancy her harsh and particular. Now, Damaris, in such a case, will you remember that Mr. Foley and I have had a great deal of talk with this lady, and that we are both convinced that her advice and authority are sound and wise and good?'

'O Mrs. Foley! you could not think—' began Damaris, in tears.

'I don't think, my dear; far from it,' said Mrs. Foley, kissing her. 'Only who knows what temptations may be in store? Now, good night; and do not vex yourself at what I said; only be most glad and thankful

that so safe and advantageous a home should have been provided for you.'

When Lady Maynard, the next morning, asked Damaris to take a turn in the garden with her, and asked her whether she would be like her eldest daughter, the girl shed happy tears, and tried in vain to answer; and the lady, feeling it wisest to make her a friend at once, began to explain how Jane's health must at present be the first object, and how the poor child was in a state of nerves, and even of temper, that was often trying; but that a cheerful young friend—who would deal kindly and wisely with her, sympathizing without giving way to her—was exactly what was most desirable for her. Damaris was really happy at being thus treated as a helper, instead of merely a charge, or a boarder.

There was a good deal more to be settled; but that was to be done by Mr. Thrupp: and as for the time of Damaris' leaving Allingthorpe, it was agreed between her new protector and the Foleys, that the less time lost the better; and that so soon as Lady Maynard had completed her present visit, Damaris should meet her at the railway-station, and go with her to Dieppe, where she would have her boys for their holidays; and then it would be desirable to set off in time to give Jane a little bracing of Swiss mountain air, before plunging into an Italian winter.

Nothing could be better, it was agreed on all hands, than giving Damaris these foreign experiences; and she would thus acquire French, and other like ordinary accomplishments and acquisitions befitting her new station, without the humiliation of learning the lessons of a young child.

All this arranged, the Maynards took a most kind and friendly leave of Damaris, with auguries of a speedy and pleasant re-union; and she remained joyous, exalted, and scarcely venturing to believe in her happy destiny, while she made her preparations under Mrs. Foley's direction.

She pleased her friends much by showing no exorbitant taste in dress, though she certainly much enjoyed buying good things; and she was so much alarmed at the notion of a maid of her own, that it was a relief to her to have the evil day put off, by the arrangement that Lady Maynard should choose one, a foreigner, and a stranger alike to all.

She was allowed and encouraged to gratify herself and her scholars by a trifling keepsake to each; and likewise to invite them all to a grand tea-drinking, in which she regaled them with all she knew they liked best; and learnt what it was to be queen of an entertainment. And Mr. Thrupp acquiesced, and supplied the means of presenting Mrs. Brown with a handsome silver tea-pot, which would figure with great honour and enjoyment at all the good lady's little tea-parties, and afford her no less satisfaction as an item in her will, to be left to her nephew, the baker.

Damaris' wishes to live with Mrs. Brown had altogether subsided. She was ashamed that it should be so; but her friend was too good a friend

not to be satisfied that this was right and fitting. 'Why, my dear,' she said, 'you would be downright foolish not to like to be with such a lady as that, rather than an old body like me! If I were kin to you, it would be different; but I am right glad you have such as she to take to you.'

'Mother,' said Damaris warmly, 'they seem to me just such another as the sweet ladies one reads about in those dear tales, with a hectic flush, and bearing their grief like martyrs, till it eats into their very vitals, and bears them to a better world. What a blessed privilege to be with them, and minister to them! I only hope it will not be only too brief.'

'Hum! For the matter of that, the lady herself looks as if she had plenty of life in her,' muttered Mrs. Brown.

But to this Damaris turned a deaf ear; for in the literature that she chiefly affected, nobody was interesting who was not in a deep decline; and it was quite an insult to the charms of the mother, to hint at anything so unrefined as health or vigour. In fact, it was one of those cases in which a girl falls in love with a woman, and is as absolutely enthralled by the passion as if it were the more ordinary form of love; and this entrancement entirely bore Damaris above all relentings towards Albert Stebbing, all expectations of tokens of regard from Harry Newton. Once, indeed, when she was standing with Mr. and Mrs. Foley, and he came up to them to describe his arrangements for the impending cricket-match, he asked, 'Shall you be there, Miss Brockensha?' she was so entirely absorbed in Lady Maynard's dying commendations of her darling child to her care in a foreign land, that she never even heard him speak; and when Mrs. Foley recalled her attention, and he repeated the question, she only made cold and dreamy answer: 'I don't know—No; I shall be abroad.' And when he had shaken hands with Mr. and Mrs. Foley, and offered to do so with her, she was not attending, and was not aware until he had drawn back with a mere bow.

She recollected afterwards, that she should once have glowed all the evening at his asking if she would be at the cricket-match, and would have been highly delighted at shaking hands. She feared that he would think her fine, unkind, and above her old acquaintance; and she hoped for an opportunity of showing that she had only been seized with a temporary fit of absence; but the opportunity did not come; he went off to another part of the line, and did not return while she remained at Allingthorpe.

This sort of repentant feeling made her listen all the more attentively to Mr. and Mrs. Foley, when they talked to her in the evening about the new world on which she was to be launched. They had great comfort in the persuasion that Lady Maynard was a truly religious woman, who would keep Damaris in mind of the true object of life, make her feel her stewardship, and occupy her mind and interests with worthy aims, instead of entangling her in self-pleasing pomps and vanities as a right due to

her wealth; but still Mr. Foley felt it right to try to guard her as much as possible, by setting before her the principle that she was accountable for wealth, and that lavish and selfish expenditure, out of mere indulgence or ostentation, would bring only vanity and vexation of spirit. Paths of usefulness and happiness, he said, would reveal themselves as the time came for them; and though there might be dangers, yet prayer, sense of responsibility, and due submission to appointed guidance, would help her through; and he and Mrs. Foley would always gladly answer her letters to the best of their power, in case of any difficulty.

Damaris tearfully and earnestly thanked them; and a little more kind counsel followed—very tenderly given. Mr. Foley at first pleased her much, by saying that he thought her manners very good, simple, unaffected, and modest; but he added, that, without finding fault with her, he wished to say that he had observed, the most common failure in those who had come to a rank to which they were not born, was really not nearly so much in the matter of manner and address, or the etiquettes of courtesy, as in the minor moralities of honour and liberality, which belong to good breeding—in matters of consideration of the feelings and habits of their inferiors—in questions of giving the preference of keeping one's word—in dealing with small debts, or with little borrowings and lendings—in finding fault, or in making arrangements.

He and his wife agreed that they had far oftener said, 'Oh, he is not a gentleman!' 'She is not a lady!' on some unhandsome proceeding of this sort, or at some vulgar piece of profusion or display, than at any breach of etiquette or politeness; and they proceeded to say, that all these things are regulated by the Royal Law of Love; but that the danger is, that people do not think them great enough for its application. True gentlefolks have this code of honour and tact as a second nature, or instinct; but those to whom it is not instinctive, need to reason it out in each case. And, as instances, these friends bade Damaris be most careful always to pay her own personal charges for the smallest matters, stamps, entrance fees, &c.; and never to allow any little debt to her travelling companions to stand over; but at the same time, they tried to explain to her the insult of overpaying anyone who was not manifestly in a situation to receive charity. To be constantly thinking of the feelings and wishes of all who came in contact with her, was, Mrs. Foley concluded, the only safe rule; and it was one that Damaris accepted with the bright sweet response of her dark eyes, that always won love and liking.

(To be continued.)

'OTHER FOLK'S CHILDREN.'

BY M. E. P., AUTHOR OF 'BETTY SLATER'S SKELETON.'

IN TWO PARTS.

'There is no fold, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fire-side, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair.
The air is full of wailings for the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.'

Longfellow.

PART I.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon on a short December day. Already the lamps were being lighted in the principal streets of the little sea-port town of Westbridge; shutters were being closed and candles called for, in the sober-looking mansions of Gloucester Square, the centre of local fashion and respectability; and in most of the shop-windows in Bridge Street, the flaring gas-lights had begun, one by one, to make their appearance.

Twilight had set in unusually early that day. The morning had been grey and lowering; and, at the turn of the tide in the afternoon, the rain came in the shape of a drizzling mist, which seemed to blot out the sky, and render every object indistinct.

It was a day that made everything look dismal and dirty, even where the streets were the best built, and the pavement the widest. How much more was this the case in the crowded courts and alleys near the quay, where the sailor-folk dwelt. One of the largest of these courts was named Spring Buildings. It was a great ill-paved square, with a cottage of larger size than the rest, and a block of pig-sties in the centre. The entrance was a narrow archway, with a public-house on one side, and an untidy-looking shop on the other. The cottages in Spring Buildings were very old, and very badly constructed; yet partly on account of their near neighbourhood to the water-side, partly from mere habit and association, they were in great request amongst the sea-faring population, and actually commanded a higher rent than far better cottages in any other part of the town.

On fine days, even in winter, the inhabitants of Spring Buildings were very much in the habit of living with open doors. Children of all ages played on the pavement; the big ones, boys as well as girls, nursing babies, and minding the little ones; mothers stood at the wash-tub just within their doorways, or hung out clothes to dry in long festoons right across

to the opposite houses; and girls sat on the door-steps, glovemaking or shoebinding. On this December afternoon, however, the rain had driven everyone in-doors, except three dirty urchins from a neighbouring alley, who played at marbles under the shelter of the pig-sties, and flattered themselves that not even their mothers would guess their retreat.

As it grew dusk, a ruddy gleam of fire-light lit up most of the cottage windows, and the women and children within gathered to their early tea. But in one house, not far from the entrance on the right hand side, all was darkness; and beside the cold ashes of the dead fire a woman sat with neglected dress and untended person, rocking herself to and fro, utterly regardless of the chill disorder of her room, and only half-conscious that she herself was sick and faint with long fasting.

She was a young mother, poor thing, and her baby had been buried that morning; and she sat alone in her grief, for her husband was away at sea, and knew nothing of it. The little one had been quite well when he sailed, ten days ago; and now he must return to find an empty cradle, and a sorrow-stricken wife.

Several times since the baby died, poor Ruth Stevens had thought with dread of her husband's return, and shuddered to think that when he asked for his child she could only show him a little grave. He had been so fond of the child—so proud of it—how would he bear to hear that it was dead? But now, sitting in the cold, bowed down with grief, worn out with the efforts she had made to find means to bury the child decently, Ruth was not thinking of her husband; she was not even weeping for her child, for her eyes were dry and tearless; she was merely longing for it; suffering a very agony of longing to feel her child in her arms, to press her lips to its soft cheek, to lavish on it in a thousand ways, such as all mothers know, some of the overflowing love that possessed her heart. That love, once the delight of her life, was now her torment; it had become a hungry yearning which consumed her very soul.

'But I 'ont cry for her no more,' she moaned to herself; 'I 'ont cry no more for my darlin'. I see her last night so soon as ever I falled asleep for a minute—a lyin' in her little coffin, an' lookin' at me so strange an' reproachful-like. Seem like as though she did say to me, Don't 'ee keep me out of heaven wi' cryin' so after me—don't 'ee, Mother dear. I know I didn't ought to cry so after 'ee, my precious; but I don't know how to help it. I don't want to keep 'ee out o' heaven, my darlin'. I want 'ee to be a dear blessed little angel. I know God can do for 'ee better nor I can; but, O my precious, my precious! I do want to do for 'ee myself. But there, I 'ont shed another tear. I do love 'ee too well to keep cryin' after 'ee. I 'ont do it—not if it do break my heart to keep it in.'

And so the poor bereaved mother went on mourning, till, while she sat all unconscious of outward things, there was a slipshod footfall on the pavement, a rough hand lifted the latch of the door, and without any leave asked or given, a tall masculine woman entered the cottage.

'My, Ruth Stevens!' said a loud coarse voice, 'here you be all in the dark an' the cold. Whatever 'ould your man say, if he was to come in on a sudden? They do call un sober Jemmy, but (here the intruder swore a frightful oath) he do know the way to the Royal George well enough to find it, or I'm (never mind how much) mistaken.'

The sad mourner by the fire-side raised her head, and beheld, with a dim sensation of wonder and dislike, the dark figure that filled her door-way. The loud voice and coarse language were not new to her. She recognized both as the property of a disreputable virago, whose brawling tongue, and unabashed impudence, were amongst the pests of the neighbourhood. It was not often that this woman's step crossed any decent threshold, and Ruth, in the midst of her sorrow, felt half angry at the insult of her presence, half frightened at the recollection of the well-known violence of her character, with which she felt quite unable to cope.

But Susannah Bird seemed to be that day in a gentler mood than usual.

'Tell 'ee what,' she said, 'I be goin' to make up a bit o' fire. 'Tis perishin' cold, sure-ly.'

With these words she advanced unceremoniously into the room; and Ruth, catching the dim outline of her figure in the dusk, noticed that she carried in her arms carelessly and uncomfortably enough, a little infant, whose small bare head hung over her shoulder.

'There, take hold,' she cried, roughly swinging the child down from its position, and placing it with a sudden jerk in Ruth's arms.

Ruth was silent from utter astonishment.

'I can't find nothin' here,' continued her visitor; 'I'll just fetch a light, and bring t'other child over wi' me.'

'Re'lly, Mrs. Bird, I don't want nothin'—an' I wish you'd take your baby an' leave me to myself. I don't mean no offence, but I'm very full o' trouble—an' astin' your pardon, I'm wishful to be alone.'

Already Ruth had dismissed more than one kindly neighbour with this sort of speech; but Susannah Bird took it very composedly.

'You be a fool to fret so after a baby. 'Tis very like you'll know what 'tis to have too many of 'em afore you've been many years married. Any way it 'ont do no good to sit perishin' wi' cold an' want o' victuals. So just you hold the child a minute, an' I'll be back directly.'

She was gone before Ruth could stop her; and there on her knees lay the little live infant, in the place of her own dead child, making a low fretful wail, which Ruth could no more disregard than she could forget that she had been a mother. She took it up in her arms and hushed and fondled it, as though she were resuming in a dream the old habit of tender nursing which cruel death had broken off. Somehow, when the sad little wail was stilled, and the child lay soft and happy in her arms, a drop of comfort seemed to reach her soul for the first time since her own baby died.

Then Susannah Bird came back. She held in one hand a flaring tallow candle, and dragged after her by the other a pale-faced boy, a little over three years old. The instant she let go of his hand he crept away into the nearest corner, as though possessed by some unchildlike instinct to shrink into the dark to be out of sight. Susannah threw open the door of Ruth's coal-cupboard, and explored its emptiness with her candle.

'I reckon the funeral have drove 'ee up pretty short, Ruth,' she said, with a laugh. 'Howsomever, there be enough left to make a fire.' And, deaf to remonstrance, she proceeded to light one, having found a brass candlestick in which to place the candle she had brought in her naked hand.

'Now, what victuals have 'ee had to-day?'

Ruth was beginning to submit to her visitor's rough kindness, without questioning it. She nodded towards the mantel-shelf, on which stood a plate containing something green.

'What! chopped onion stalks?' cried Susannah, recognizing the untempting morsel at once.

'They be very nourishin',' Ruth replied apologetically, 'when you can't get nothin' else.'

'Well, I never! To think o' *you* bein' brought to that. You did ought to have some tay.—Tommy, you bad boy, sit still till I do come back, or I'll give it 'ee.'

With this threat, addressed to the invisible child in the dark corner, she again disappeared, and soon came back carrying a steaming tea-pot and a piece of bread. Hunger and thirst, which sorrow had laid to sleep, awakened at the sight of food. Ruth did not refuse to eat and drink what was set before her; and although it was but a piece of dry bread and a cup of hot tea-leaves and water, hardly deserving the name of tea, it revived her, and she felt grateful for it. Then Susannah Bird drew another chair to the three-legged table, and placing her elbows upon it, and resting her chin on her hands, began to tell her errand.

'I've got a place,' she began, with a disagreeable side-glance out of the corner of her eye to see how Ruth would receive the improbable statement.

'Ay, have you?' assented Ruth absently, whilst she gently rocked herself to and fro to lull the infant in her arms.

'Tis just that,' continued Susannah Bird, with an odd kind of laugh; Dr. Taylor have give me a recommend to go out as nurse. 'Tis very good pay. But, says I to myself, whatever will I do with the childr'n? plague 'em! So after a bit I thinks, I'll just take an' put 'em out; an' there's Ruth Stevens have lost her baby, an' might do with them very well. So there I've took an' brought 'em. An' here's ten shillin' for the first fortnight. I couldn' afford to give more'n five shillin' a week for the two.'

'But—' began poor Ruth, amazed and taken by surprise.

'Now don't 'ee say you 'ont have 'em,' said Susannah, 'cause they'll

be such company to 'ee. You've took to the baby already, an' the baby have took to you.'

'But—' said poor bewildered Ruth, 'whatever'd my master say? I couldn' do it, nohow.'

'Law bless 'ee, your man 'll never cut up rough 'cause o' your tryin' to turn a penny when he's away, an' you drove up so short.'

Ruth reflected for a moment. That half sovereign would indeed enable her to meet more than one pressing call for money. She looked round her room, and two thoughts smote upon her heart at once: the thought of the desolateness that reigned in her house, and the thought of her husband's return, now possible at any moment. What would he say if he found blank discomfort, as well as sorrow, in his home?

Was there anything else that prudence could urge in favour of keeping the children? Alas, no. Ruth knew that, in truth, prudence could produce nothing but arguments in favour of sending them away. She knew that her husband would blame her for receiving them: she knew that she could get the necessaries of life on credit till his return: she knew that Susannah Bird was a disreputable woman, and was probably, in some way or other, imposing on her. And yet she could not bear to say no. She could not bear to give back the little weak creature that lay on her knees, looking so piteously neglected and uncared for, to the tender mercies of its own mother.

She did not say anything, but Susannah rightly interpreted her silence.

'I sees you means to keep 'em,' said she, 'so that there piece o' work's done. Childr'n is plagues, for sure, from the first word to the last. I wish mine was dead.'

But as the cruel wish passed her lips, something that would have been a soft expression, perhaps, on a less hardened countenance, crossed her face. She stooped down, and looked earnestly at her infant.

'You sets yourself up for bein' a good woman,' she said to Ruth, rather fiercely. 'Just you remember *I* never hadn't a chance!' Then, after a pause, 'I believes you *be* a good woman, and (with an oath) I be glad of it.'

The next moment she was gone.

'An' never so much as give one kiss to her precious darlin' baby!' cried Ruth. And she caught the child up in her arms, and kissed it passionately herself. And with that her heart grew warm, and the sorrow that had lain on it all day like a piece of ice, melted, and she gave way to a flood of tears—soft tears, tears that did her good; instead of the fiery drops that had coursed down her cheeks in the morning, bringing little relief to her agony, quenching not at all the 'fire in her heart and fire in her brain.'

And whilst she wept over the infant in her arms, the other child, that had hidden himself in the dark corner, took courage and crept forth. In his precocious little mind he settled that the woman crying by the fire-side must have been beaten. Baby was crying too, which was a

terrible thing : supposing the woman should leave off crying, and get angry, whatever would become of Baby ? Supposing Baby was to be shook, and laid down, and he and Baby left by themselves in this strange place, which he wasn't accustomed to, and did not know the ins and outs of ?

He half shrank back into his hiding-place, but as Ruth only checked her own weeping a little to soothe the baby, and then wept on, pity gained the day in his childish heart, and he made his way cautiously to her side, and got hold of a hand that was within reach, and gently stroked it, saying, 'Poor, poor.' And then the general atmosphere of grief became too much for him, and he burst into a loud sympathetic roar.

Ruth had to leave off crying altogether, and attend to the two small creatures she had taken charge of. They wanted to be 'done for' immediately in countless ways. First and foremost they obviously wanted washing ; and then, no doubt, they both wanted something to eat ; and then, of course, they wanted to be put to bed. Ruth started up, laid the baby in her own child's empty cradle, too busy to remember any sad associations at the moment, kissed the little boy, who kissed her in return, and said coaxingly, 'Gi' Tommy a bit o' bread ;' promised him that he should have his tea directly, and carried him off with her to the shop at the corner, to buy bread, and other needful things.

Ruth slept that night with the baby on her arm, and little Tommy nestling close beside her. It was the first healthful sleep she had enjoyed since the death of her own infant. In the morning some of the neighbours did not fail to come in, and reason with Ruth on her folly in taking in the children. They told her Susannah Bird was just the woman to make off, and leave her children on other people's hands. They laughed at Ruth for being so easily imposed upon as to believe such a transparent fiction as that Dr. Taylor would recommend such a woman as Susannah to a place. Ruth merely said, There, she supposed they was right ; but now she'd got the children, she should keep them. And the neighbours said she was a foolish thing, and asked, What would her husband say ? But foolish Ruth was wiser than they were, after all ; though hers was unconscious wisdom, and she blamed herself all the while for being so foolish. For three days more her husband did not return. What would Ruth have done in the lonely grief-haunted house without those children ? Verily to her they were 'angels unawares.' Not merely because of the unceasing calls upon her time and care, to feed them, and nurse them, and mend their wretched little ragged garments. This did Ruth good by taking her out of herself ; but this, though this was much, was not all. Over and above this, Ruth found Tommy and the baby the most perfect, the most sympathizing, the most successful of comforters. She talked to them as she could not have talked to any grown-up person. Instead of brooding over her loss, she relieved her heart by speaking constantly of her little one. Over and over again she told them what a sweet darling

treasure she had been, far sweeter than any other baby in the world ; and now she was a dear blessed little angel, with white wings, flying about in Heaven, where Tommy and Baby would see her some day, if they were very good. And Baby lay smiling in her sleep, soothed by the low musical voice ; and Tommy sat and listened with all his eager little soul, and wondered how far off Heaven was, and resolved he would be very good, and go there, 'certain sure.'

PART II.

. . . . 'with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates.'

Shakespeare.

ON the fourth evening after her child's funeral, as Ruth sat sewing by the fire-side, one foot on the rocker of the cradle in which Baby lay asleep, whilst Tommy had long ago been put to bed up-stairs, she heard a well-known step on the pavement, the latch of the door was suddenly lifted, and her husband came in.

Ruth met him at the door, with flushed cheeks and tearful eyes.

'O Robert, Robert,' she began. But he cut her short roughly and unexpectedly.

'I know, Ruth, I know,' he said ; 'but what's this I hear concernin' you takin' in other folk's children ?'

He had kissed her fondly enough when he first entered, but Ruth felt chilled to the heart. She wiped away her tears, and in a low disappointed voice told her husband how the children had been brought to her, and tried to excuse herself for not refusing to have them.

'I did so hope you wouldn't be displeased,' she added apprehensively ; for quiet timid Ruth shrank from displeasure, and above all, from hard words, as much as another woman would from blows. But her husband was in no mood to be indulgent. He had been terribly overcome on the quay, by hearing the news of his child's death ; and with some men the first result of sorrow is a peculiar blind anger, which vents itself in a strong desire to find someone to blame.

'Do make haste an' get me some supper, Ruth,' he said. 'As to the rest, you might ha' known I shouldn't be pleased. You've acted very ill-considered, Ruth. You ought to ha' thought how hard I works for my own, afore givin' way to your fancies, an' bringin' in other folk's children.'

Ruth turned away to hide her streaming tears, and busied herself with her preparations. Her husband seated himself by the fire, and waited in gloomy silence till his supper should be ready. Ruth thought his mood was one of sullen anger towards her. She was mistaken : it was only heaviness of soul for the loss of the child he had loved. It frightened

Ruth. She had never seen her husband so before, and she hardly dared speak to him. She had sweet winning ways of her own, and the natural tact of a loving nature seldom failed her; but now a nervous timidity kept her silent and constrained. Added to this, even gentle Ruth could feel a little resentful sometimes, and she was grievously hurt by her husband's apparent indifference to the child's death, and her sorrow.

Every moment of silence increased the difficulty of speaking. She placed food on the table, and her husband prepared to begin his supper in silence. But his reverie by the fire had shaken his composure, and his hand trembled and his lip quivered, whilst the food lay untasted before him.

Just then the infant in the cradle stirred in its sleep, and Ruth moved hastily to quiet it. Then the passion of the man's grief broke forth.

'To think,' he cried, in a choked voice, 'that you can make yourself happy wi' other folk's children, when our own poor darlin'—'

He could not go on: he covered his face with his hands. But he had already gone farther than poor Ruth could bear. With a cry of sudden anguish she threw herself on the ground beside the cradle, hiding her face in the chair where she had been used to sit to rock her infant, and gave way to a perfect paroxysm of grief. No one, and least of all her husband, would have deemed gentle Ruth capable of such violent agitation.

In vain did her husband, with a sudden return to his better self, hasten to console her, calling himself a brute to vex her, and entreating her, with every endearing word he could think of, to be comforted.

Ruth actually writhed in his arms with the convulsive passion of her sobs, and gasped for utterance, whilst for several minutes unable to articulate a word.

'Oh, I can't bear it. I can't—I can't,' she sobbed forth at last. 'Oh my baby, my baby! I wish I was dead. Oh me! oh me! I wish I was dead, I do—I wish I was dead!'

Her husband, his own eyes streaming with tears, could only place her with clumsy tenderness in the rocking-chair, and wait till she should be herself again. Very soon he saw her evidently struggling to regain her self-command. Then after a little while the sobs subsided, though he could see she still trembled with agitation, and at last a wan smile flickered for a moment across her lips.

'I be so sorry, Robert,' she said faintly; 'I didn' mean to cry like that there. But I couldn' help it—I couldn' re'lly, Robert!'

Before she had finished, his arms were round her, and he was calling her his sweetheart, and his treasure, and his poor little darling wife, and every other fond name he could think of. And then they sat a long while in silence, until Ruth leaning against her husband, and feeling his strong arm round her, took courage to tell him the little common-place story, which was to her the most moving tale that could be told. How Baby was took ill, and how she was frightened and sent for the doctor,

and how the doctor said Baby never wouldn't be no better; and how, after long sad hours of watching, she saw her darling die; and how she laid out the little corpse, and went forth in her grief to beg (she who had never begged before in her life) at the doors of them as was known to have a kind name in the town, for means to bury her child decently.

Had Ruth been at all a scheming woman, she might have seized the opportunity of her husband's softened and somewhat self-reproachful mood to persuade him to let her have her own way in the matter of Susannah Bird's children. But Ruth was far too simple. She merely tried to keep Tommy and Baby as much out of sight and hearing as was consistent with her limited domestic accommodation, and their imperious infantine fashion of expressing their wants.

The morning after her husband's return, she herself was the first to allude to their presence.

'I be sorry now, Robert,' she said, 'as I ever took 'em in. But oh! you don't know how lonesome it were—I were most crazy, sittin' by myself.'

'Ay, Ruthie,' he answered tenderly, 'I don't want to be blamin' of 'ee any more. An' indeed I be sorry I spoke so sharp last night. But just see what have happened! Sukey Bird have made off wi' Tinker Jonas, an' lef' us wi' the children on our hands.'

'No!' cried Ruth, 'she haven't, surely!'

'Of course she have. An' they do say the police wants her along o' that shopliftin' business. Nice respectable persons' childr'n to have in a body's house!'

'Oh, Robert! an' she told such a story—' began poor Ruth.

'Which you was fool enough to believe,' he answered, kissing her. 'I've got a little missus as is uncommon easy to take in—I have. But just you listen to I. You takes these two childr'n to the Union Workhouse so soon as ever I be gone to my work. Other folk may leave their childr'n to my door, but I baint the man to keep 'em.'

'But, Robert—'

'Now don't 'ee say a word, wife. I means what I do say.'

'But, Robert, we *must* keep 'em a fortnight: she've paid for their keep.'

'What, Sukey Bird?'

'Ay, she have.'

Robert gave a long whistle of incredulity, vexation, and surprise.

'Oh, Ruth, my girl, what a soft you be!' he ejaculated. 'Well, there, I suppose they must stay out their fortnight. But, mind you, to the Workhouse they goes the very next mornin' after; for I 'ont keep other folk's childr'n. So now let's say no more about it.'

Ruth readily complied. She did not say another word on the subject. She only lavished warmer tenderness and more loving care on the poor little things, who were so soon to be consigned to the stern protection of the Board of Guardians, to what Ruth considered the dire disgrace of being brought up in a workhouse.

In return, her husband never again reproached her with having taken charge of the children. He simply passed over their presence in his house without notice or remark. He had a great horror of making Ruth cry; and he considered it was hardly worth while to make a fuss about an arrangement which must be over in a few days.

This line of conduct he successfully maintained for two days. The first day Tommy was shy. He hardly knew whether the new comer was a safe person for little boys to go near. Some human beings he knew were not safe at all, especially when they were drunk. However, by the end of the second day, he had quite left off thinking it necessary to hold tight by Ruth's gown whenever her husband was in the room. In fact, before evening, he grew so noisy and merry that Ruth put him to bed, as a precautionary measure, to get him out of the way. She even resorted to awful threats of what she would do to him if he wasn't good, to keep him quiet; but Tommy, accustomed to more formidable menaces, absolutely laughed in her face, and had to be kept quiet with peppermint lozenges instead.

On the third day Robert Stevens, who was employed on what he called an odd job on the Quay, came home early, and found Ruth with the baby on her knees, and Tommy prattling beside her.

'Pretty sight!' he thought. And he wished the children were his, as he settled himself in his wooden arm-chair by the fire. Ruth thought he was going to sleep, as he often did when he came in tired, for he closed his eyes, and stretched out his legs towards the fire, in a favourite though not picturesque attitude. But, in reality, Robert was not asleep. Under the mask of a dignified indifference, he amused himself with listening to Tommy's quaint remarks, opening his eyes now and then to watch his little droll face, now serious and eager, now crumpled up into the merriest smiles. What a pathetic little figure of fun it was, with its pale cheeks and premature old-fashioned ways, chattering, as children do, in the funniest tone of superiority, concerning his own small stock of acquirements, and the weakness, helplessness, and general incapacity, of Baby.

'Uncommon nice little boy,' mused Robert Stevens, who had a true sailor's fancy for all little children. He would like to have taken him up on his knee, and have had 'a regular game' with him at once, only a certain feeling of pride, and of determination to stand by his own words, forbade it. However, there were no scruples to prevent Tommy from taking notice of him; and the cunning little fellow contrived to set on foot a sort of game at Hide and Seek, which consisted in advancing just near enough to be ready to tumble over Robert's legs, and then darting back to Ruth's side, with a merry peal of laughter, in obedience to her uplifted finger and prohibitory look; all this being performed on tip-toe, in a sort of stage aside, because he was told to be good, and not to disturb folk. At last Tommy caught Robert Stevens's eye watching this mimic pantomime, and with a shout of delight he proclaimed, to Ruth's discomfiture—

'He baint asleep—not he baint. Oh, he be shammin'.—You baint asleep, be you?'

'No, my son, I baint,' said Robert, with a burst of chuckling. 'Well, if ever I see such a knowin' little chap!'

'Then let me ride on your knee,' pursued the knowing little chap; and Robert immediately granted his request; and the two made friends over such an incomparable game of play, that Tommy declared, in an interval of gravity, that it was 'enough to make Baby laugh!' This remark tickled Robert's fancy amazingly. As soon as he had done laughing over it, he inquired of Tommy, 'What *sucks* do 'ee like best, my chap?'

Tommy promptly replied, 'Bull's-eyes, 'cause they be the biggest.' And to Ruth's astonishment, he actually carried the child off with him to the corner shop, that he might put his own dirty little paws into the bottle, and pick out the 'sweety' he liked best. 'And make hisself sticky all over,' thought Ruth to herself, but she said nothing; in truth, she was far too happy that her husband had taken to the child, to mind stickiness.

From that day forwards Robert Stevens continued to take a great deal of notice of little Tom, and the child conceived a violent affection for him. Well, why should he not amuse himself with the child whilst it happened to be in the house? he said. He did not for a single instant let go his purpose of sending the children away the moment their fortnight was over.

He thought about it, however, as little as possible; for something told him that when they were once gone, he should miss them very much. He was working on the Quay now, and sleeping at home every night; and he could not help feeling that home would not be half so pleasant without Tommy's funny prattle, and Baby's pretty ways. He was confident that Baby knew him, she used to look up in his face as knowing as could be; and as to Tommy, he was the very nicest little chap in the world. No doubt but what Ruth too will feel the miss of her own child more when these are gone. What a pity they are other folk's children! If they were but nobody's children, he might possibly re-consider the question of keeping them; but should he, an honest working man, support the forsaken children of such a regular bad 'un as Sukey Bird? No, they must go to the Workhouse. Was it not the natural home of the children of 'such folk?'

As the end of the fortnight drew on, Ruth tried, now and then, to prepare poor little Tommy for his approaching fate. But she only succeeded in unsettling his infant mind; she could not make him comprehend that he was to be sent away.

One evening, the very last evening, Tommy was perched on Robert's knee, chattering of course, but chattering in a graver tone than usual, because both Daddy Robert and Mammy Ruth were a little silent and grave that night. Tommy, in unconscious sympathy with their mood, would talk of nothing but the lost darling of the house.

'I know why Mammy Ruth is cryin',' said the child confidentially;

'tis 'cause of little Emma. But she didn't ought to cry, did she? 'cause Emma's to Heaven, that's where Emma's to. Ain't she, Daddy?'

'Ay, my son,' the man answered; 'but don't 'ee talk like that now.'

'When folks die they puts 'em down a pit-hole,' continued Tommy; 'I've seen 'em! But Mammy Ruth says if they be good they gets wings, and flies away to Heaven. Heaven's in the sky, she says; but it don't matter, 'cause, don't 'ee see, they has wings.'

'Hush! hush! little chap, don't 'ee see you be makin' Mammy Ruth cry?' said Robert gently.

'I will hush in a minute,' the child answered; 'but I do want to whisper summat. Let me stand up on your knee, an' put my arm round your neck.'

And then the child startled both husband and wife by whispering the question—

'Will I an' Baby go to Heaven when we goes away from here?'

The man put him down sharply, and went out of the house. Ruth took him in her arms and kissed him, and said through her tears—

'Nobody knows when they be goin' to Heaven, darlin', nor yet when anyone else is goin'. Only be a good boy, my precious, an' you'll sure an' get there some day.'

Much later, when both the little ones were asleep, Ruth's husband came into the house again.

'Ruth,' he said, 'was it you put Tommy up to astin' that there question?'

'Oh, Robert, no! How could 'ee think so?'

'Well, it don't matter,' said he; 'but look here, my wife, how many children were your mother the mother of?'

'Thirteen,' Ruth answered in a low voice.

'Ay, an' ten lived,' he continued. 'What's to prevent you an' me havin' the same, my girl? Do 'ee see what I be drivin' at?'

'Ay, Robert.'

Ruth saw very well; but she was a silent woman. She knew what her husband meant; she felt a thousand undefined hopes and wishes stirring within her in opposition to his meaning, but she did not know what to say. At last she observed, with an appealing look—

'Two wouldn't make much difference.'

'Ay, wouldn't they?' said her husband. 'Ruth, Ruth, don't talk like a fool.'

Ruth was silent.

'Now, look here, Ruth,' he continued, 'what I says I means, an' what I means I sticks to. You an' me be young, an' very like to have a family; an' got nothin' but what we works for. Right's right, my child, an' 'tisn't no ways right that honest folk should pinch theirselves to keep the childr'n of them as isn't honest. An' we couldn't do it without pinchin', not the likes of us couldn't.'

'They be such little uns,' Ruth remarked, with a sigh. She was

thinking of 'Baby' in the Workhouse nursery, and had hardly heard what her husband said.

'Ay, they be little,' he replied; 'but kep 'em now, we must kep 'em for life. But what's the use o' goin' on talkin'? What I've said I stand to. So let me find the childr'n gone afore I comes home to-morrow evenin'.'

Ruth made no reply. Silently and sadly she went up-stairs to bed, and lay long awake, haunted by every tale she had ever heard of workhouse neglect, her heart wrung by the thought that she herself must be the person to take the children to the Workhouse, and consign Baby to the unloving arms of a pauper nurse. Robert, too, found that somehow he could not sleep well that night, tired out as he was with his day's work. And when he did sleep, he did nothing but dream of children: confusing Tommy, Baby, and his own lost infant, in the most fantastic and unaccountable manner.

In the morning he rose silent and moody, earlier than was his wont, and went to his work with scarcely a word to his wife, and without taking any of his usual notice of the children.

Words were needless: Ruth understood her husband perfectly, and knew what she had to do. She did not attempt to disobey him. When he returned in the evening she was sitting at work by her solitary fire-side, and he knew from his first glance at her face that she had parted with Tommy and Baby, and his house was no longer invaded by the presence of 'other folk's children.'

Well, was it not just what he desired? he asked himself. And then he remarked, with a sort of injured feeling, that Ruth was very pale, and that her face bore unmistakeable traces of tears. Still he felt he had no right to complain, he almost wished he had; but Ruth seemed resolved to avoid making any parade of being in low spirits. She had perhaps had some struggle with herself about it, for she had evidently taken pains to make his home especially comfortable that evening, and she made a gentle attempt at cheerfulness, asking him little questions about his work, and the probable destination of his next voyage.

The attempt was not very successful. Robert gave short answers, and soon relapsed into silence. He did not mention the children till after the light was put out at night. Then at last he asked with an averted face—

'Was Tommy very loath to go, Ruth?'

'May One Above forgi' me for deceivin' of him,' answered Ruth, in a half-choked voice. 'I let 'em tell un I'd be back for un direc'ly if a was good. But don't 'ee talk of't, Robert, 'cause I can't abear it.'

Robert remained silent for a very long time; so long that it would have been only reasonable to suppose that Ruth had fallen asleep. Then suddenly and without the slightest preparation, he burst out with the question—

'Which is visitin' days at that there place?'

'Wednesdays and Fridays,' answered Ruth in a startled voice. 'Oh, Robert, I thought you was asleep.'

The next day Robert was even less at home than usual. He worked extra hours, and did not come in till nearly bed-time. Ruth noticed that he seemed dull when he left her in the morning, and dull when he returned at night. But perhaps, she thought, it might be her fancy, for she missed her little charges excessively, and had not yet learnt to feel cheerful without them, especially as their absence gave her so much leisure to mourn the recent loss of her own child.

She was sitting at work on Friday afternoon, having finished all her light household duties, dreaming over her needle, and wondering whether Baby had found a kind nurse, and whether Tommy would grow up healthy, and sighing to think of the numberless little children who are thus thrown on the public care, and grow up like young plants in a garden, rather than young children in a home, when her reverie was interrupted by the lifting of the latch of the door.

Ruth started. It was a common thing for the neighbouring housewives to go in and out of each other's cottages without ceremony; but Ruth knew that no woman stood at her door, she recognized the trick of her husband's hand, and with that nervous propensity to connect unexpectedness with misfortune, to which timid women are often liable, felt a momentary tremor of alarm as she asked herself, 'Whatever can have brought him home this time o' day?'

There was an instant's hesitation before he opened the door. 'Come along then,' she heard his voice say to some unknown person without; and Ruth's heart gave a sudden throb, and she rose from her seat in breathless expectation, for there was a patter of little footsteps in answer to the summons, and—

'Here, Mother!' cried her husband, in a voice of suppressed exultation, as he entered the house, carrying Baby in his arms, and with little Tommy dragging after him.

Ruth could not speak; her heart was too full. She took the Baby from him and sat down, and fairly cried for joy.

'Now!' exclaimed Robert, 'whatever be cryin' for, my girl? Do 'ee want I to take they back again?'

'We 'ont go back never no more,' put in Tommy, laying his little pale cheek caressingly on Robert's breast, 'not to that there big house, we 'ont.'

And Robert did not contradict him.

'I never!' Ruth exclaimed, when she at last recovered herself. 'I never 'ouldn't have believed it, not if I hadn' seen it myself, I 'ouldn't. Oh, Robert, I were that taken aback when you came in, it did strike I dumb like; but I be very thankful to have this here darlin' in my arms again. She don't look quite herself though, do she? I haven't much opinion of they pauper nurses, not I haven't.'

'Nor yet I haven't neither,' cried Robert emphatically. 'You do

know, my girl, that there job on the Quay were finished this mornin', an' thinks I, I'll just go an' have a look at they children. So when I sees Tommy, "Tommy," I says, "be'st happy, my chap?" So he don't answer straightforrard—cunnin' little lad—but puts up his face close to mine, an' do whispery in my ear, "Take I home, Daddy." So I put un down, an' gied he some sucks to quiet he; an' then a ill-favoured kind o' girl come in wi' Baby. Says I, "'Tis a nice little thing, aint it?" Says she, "'Tis a little cryin' baggage, an' a body can't get no rest at night wi't."

'Tis as quiet a child night-times as ever you see,' cried Ruth, indignant.

'Well, I said naught,' continued her husband, "'cause, don't 'ee see, where was the use? An' after a bit I riz up to go; but bless your heart, my dear, you should ha' seen Tommy. I do think if I'd ha' left un, he'd ha' screamed hisself to death, an' clutched hold o' me like a drownin' man, he did! Says I, "Tommy, let go, my dear chap, an' I'll come and see thee again." Says he, "I 'ont let go; take I to Mammy Ruth." Then they began to pull 'un off of me, an' how he did fight an' scream, an' beg an' pray all to once. An' (there was a sudden choking in the sailor's voice) I couldn' abear to leave un. So I just took an' brought un away. An' as I were bringin' the one, I couldn' leave the tother, specially as thik nurse were such a ill-favoured un. So I just took an' brought the Baby too—an' that's where 'tis to.'

No other child was ever born to Robert and Ruth Stevens besides the infant Emma, whose little life was cut short so early; but they brought up Tommy and Baby as their own, and worked hard for them, and loved them dearly, and tried earnestly to do their duty by them.

For years they were haunted by the fear that the real mother—the vagabond disreputable Susannah Bird—would one day return and claim her children; but she never did. The children would have forgotten her altogether, but that their sweet Mother Ruth always taught them, morning and evening, when they said their prayers, to remember the name of that other mother, of whom they only knew that she had given them life, and then deserted them when they were very little.

After the lapse of some years Ruth and Robert began to suppose she must be dead, as nothing was ever heard of her; but whether it was so or not they never knew.

They were amply rewarded for their loving care of the deserted little ones, by the joy and sunshine of their presence in the home that without them must have been childless; and by the dutiful affection of their adopted children, which was the comfort and blessing of their old age.

THE ENGLISH FAMILY IN GERMANY AGAIN.

THE STRAHLENHEIMS OF BURGSTALL.

‘Look, then, into thine heart and write!
 Yes, into Life’s deep stream!
 All forms of sorrow and delight—
 All solemn voices of the night,
 That can soothe thee or affright;—
 Be these henceforth thy theme!’

MARGARET sat at the open window of the school-room at Gründenau; a letter was lying before her, but her thoughts were evidently far away. She was deeply engrossed in the effort to picture to herself what was the appearance of her favourite Bergstrasse hills, hundreds of years ago, when the wild Goths, and other different Teutonic tribes, inhabited them; their dress, their wild manners and customs, the powerful frames, the handsome, regular, what we should now call Saxon type of face, with its large blue eyes, golden or fiery-coloured hair; the women, too, at their sides, scarcely less powerful or muscular than themselves—all alike bent on war, aggressive or defensive. There were men of peace amongst them, but they seemed an entirely different race; men who had the power of a holy life, and the power of intellect, amongst these untamed hordes, and who went up and down amongst them, sowing the truths for which they were ready to offer their lives; men whose influence became immense, from their very weakness; who made Christian and evangelized thousands; until at last, the whole country became Christian—at least, in name.

Margaret pictured to herself the burning stake, on one of those now peaceful hill sides; the caldron of boiling oil, prepared for some slave-girl, who had fortitude given her to endure all things, rather than lose hold of the hopes to which she had so lately awakened. And she wondered whether maidens of the present day could brave such sufferings, if they were called to them, or whether, truly, Love had grown cold, and Faith become no more than a flickering candle, and no longer the steady-burning flame which could lighten to any earthly suffering, so long as the Heavenly goal was not lost sight of.

Margaret’s was a mind given to dreaming, her imagination was vivid; and in this instance, the different scenes seemed to pass like a picture before her; her thoughts had almost framed themselves into a prayer that her faith might be the bright shining lamp, which would so lighten her footsteps, that she might never waver between the right path and the wrong path through life; when a light hand was laid on her shoulder, and Clare inquired,

‘Well, Margaret, what do you think about it? shall I be allowed to go? It is very kind of them, is it not?’

Margaret had to give herself a little shake, to bring her mind back from the scenes amongst which it was wandering, to the subject which was then interesting Clare. It was a very important subject to Clare; it concerned her first visit from home—a visit amongst comparative strangers, to stay in the country house of a German family.

Clare felt very shy about it herself, when Mrs. Leslie seemed inclined to consent to her going; Clare's courage failed her at undertaking this her very first visit from home, when, on the other hand, Mrs. Leslie seemed unwilling to trust her so far from herself. Clare was all eagerness to go, to see for herself what German domestic life was like, and to see how it really felt—to be emancipated from governess, home, work, and all home rules.

'Mutterlein,' the name by which Mrs. Leslie was always called, whenever she was to be coaxed into giving a consent to something about which she might demur; 'Mutterlein, I want to try my wings; I am only just fledged, you know.'

'You will soon find their strength,' said Mrs. Leslie, smiling; 'and then you will fly away, and never settle in the nest again.'

'No, Mamma, only just try them; I mean always to be a bird in last year's nest.'

'Well, Clare, you shall know your fate to-morrow. I must talk it over with Papa.'

'Do you yourself consent, Mamma?' inquired Clare.

'Yes, unless Papa objects.'

'I know how much that means,' replied Clare saucily; 'Papa will say, "Well, my dear, please yourself;" and I say, too, "Mamma, my dear, please yourself."''

It was immediately after that conversation, that Clare went to find Margaret; and upon Margaret's saying she doubted whether Mamma would allow her to go; 'Mamma can't trust Germans as she would English people, they are so undomestic and so worldly; and then too, being Roman Catholics. No, Clare; I think Mamma will decline it.'

'I think she won't,' persisted Clare; 'however, to-morrow will decide; and anyhow, Margaret, I don't know what I wish myself, I only know I wish they had asked you too. Six weeks quite alone, without a sister! no one to talk to at night! how shall I manage it?' *

Some years ago, before the Leslies had lived at Reisen, whilst they were still quite children, they had been spending a few weeks at Baden-Baden, and had there struck up a strong walking friendship with the daughters of a German nobleman, Graf von Strahlenheim; the respective governesses formed an alliance, so no difficulties were made in the children's meeting constantly; and a 'walking' friendship consisted in their meeting to walk together every day from twelve until two o'clock, and again in the evenings, to hear the band play. The walking friendship extended itself into Countess Strahlenheim and Mrs. Leslie's exchanging calls; and then the children met constantly at school-room tea parties.

Frida, Lili, and Minna von Strahlenheim were respectively thirteen, twelve, and nine years old. Clare, who was then just fourteen, attached herself warmly to Frida. In the course of three weeks, every thought, every feeling, every wish, had been exchanged between the two girls. Their mutual secrets had been imparted under the most solemn oaths of silence, they had dissected their governesses' and their masters' characters, and had even discussed, and sat in judgment upon, the dispositions of their sisters. When the hour for parting came, they tried to console each other by promising to write daily, which they conscientiously did, for about ten days. Then the letters became weekly; in four years' time, they had only met once, and it spoke something for their constancy, that they had always continued to write to each other from time to time.

At the time when, as Clare said, a cruel destiny tore them from each other's arms, Clare's grief had been so poignant, that she had endeavoured to find expression for it in verse; she headed it

A FAREWELL,

and began—

'Once I thought I could not bear it;
Once I cried, Despair comes now;—
But alas! I have lived and borne it,
Only do not ask me—How?'

She met, however, with so little encouragement and sympathy from Margaret, the only person to whom she confided her literary efforts, that she found herself unable to continue them; and she resolved to trust to Time to heal her woes, which cure Time most successfully and rapidly performed for her.

Clare was not present when Mr. and Mrs. Leslie discussed the propriety of this visit being accepted; so she could not hear whether the decision lay as entirely with Mrs. Leslie as she had supposed. The consequence, however, of their conversation, was that the following morning, Mrs. Leslie wrote to Frau von Strahlenheim, and accepted her invitation for Clare to spend a month with them at Burgstall.

Clare was not quite eighteen, and she had never been from home before. The three weeks which were to elapse before she met the Von Strahlenheims at the station near Gründenu, seemed to pass very rapidly. She could scarcely yield herself to the pleasant anticipations her visit ought to have given her, on account of two great anxieties which troubled her mind; first and foremost, the fear lest, not having Mrs. Leslie to consult on every little difficulty which might arise, she should do, or leave undone, anything which an English young lady ought to be expected to do; secondly, that her first entrance into society must be without Margaret. For sixteen years they had shared everything in common; the same room, which does not sound much, but implies, with sisters, the most thorough intimacy and relationship; one so close and so near, that no tie in after life can be like it, for no other relationship admits, like that one, of no reserves. With sisters,

where, like Clare and Margaret, their minds suited to each other, they saw and felt together; infancy growing into childhood, childhood developing into girlhood; there they had shared their first troubles, when they had to be moulded to school-girls from the free life they had been allowed to enjoy with their nurse and Wilhelm Roggenbach at Reisen. And then, as their interest became awakened, their pleasures and enthusiasms, together with the different ages of history; the Crusades, the Knights Templars, the Moors in Spain, the different periods of German history, especially the Thirty Years' War, were all so thoroughly realized by them. Godfrey de Bouillon, St. Louis of France, James Molay—that last Grand Master of the Templars, who summoned the Pope who consented to his death to appear before God's Throne in forty days, and the king who commanded his death to follow him in one year—the unfortunate Boabdil, Bayard, the knight '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' Wallenstein, and hundreds of others, were real living heroes to them. Regardless of dates, they imagined pictures from their lives, and filled up according to their own imagination the parts of their lives about which history had been silent.

Margaret had been the most enthusiastic, and the leading mind in these historical romances, which occupied their every spare moment; and although tournaments probably were very different, and the home of Godfrey de Bouillon, or the lady-love who sat in her lonely tower, praying for the welfare of Bayard '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' were quite unlike the stories Margaret and Clare invented about them; it had the advantage of impressing historical events most thoroughly on their minds, although it had prepared them at seventeen to seek for a hero in every Austrian officer or German baron they might be thrown with. As they had shared together their first impressions of books, history, and poetry; so they wished to share their mutual impressions of society, and the grown-up young-lady life upon which they were about to enter.

'But we will write every night; and when I come home, how we will talk!' said Clare, the evening before she started, by way of consoling Margaret, who sat looking at the open boxes with a very mournful face.

Although Clare really was Margaret's senior, Margaret's graver and more thoughtful character made her appear the oldest; and she had been bestowing much advice on Clare, which the latter listened to merrily and good-humouredly, though without any great intention of following it. Clare was so full of life, wit, and drollery, possessing a temper which they used to say could not be ruffled, and spirits which never varied, that it was little wonder, if from the abundance of so much of joyous life, the tongue was always ready to move.

Mrs. Leslie was constantly checking her for the amusing nonsense, which, whilst she checked in words, she shewed she was so much amused by, that her words fell on an unheeding ear. 'My dear Clare, talking will be the bane of your life,' was a phrase she was so well

accustomed to, that she used often to stop Mrs. Leslie on the point of saying it, with an 'I know what Mamma is going to say,' and a kiss; or what she termed the little bear's hug, a roughish embrace, would stop Mrs. Leslie, before she had time to speak.

'You look very idle!' exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, as she entered Clare's room, littered as it was with all her dresses, and the two empty boxes open on the floor.

'I have been working hard with Nurse, laying out all my things according to your directions, and am just now resting from my labours, and awaiting your presence to give them your approval, before they disappear inside those huge caverns,' pointing to the moderate-sized trunks before her.

Nurse was permitted to give a little assistance, but Mrs. Leslie required each of her grown-up daughters to be quite independent of a maid; so she had insisted on Clare's packing for herself, and came to inspect, and see that all was arranged in the methodical order in which she required it to be.

'You give promise of being orderly and neat, Clare,' she said approvingly; 'but what are those stains on your white petticoat? How careless of the laundress!'

'Oh! that's only a trifle, Mamma,' said Clare, vainly endeavouring to suppress her laughter; 'I did that.'

Mrs. Leslie drew the two offending petticoats to the light, and read, written in the neatest of handwritings, 'June 7th, 1852. Clare Leslie, her first entrance into Life.' And then, like a little black border round the tuck, was the following selection from Longfellow:—

'Alas! the world is full of peril.'—'O new-born denizen of life's great city—Here at the portal thou dost stand—And with thy little hand—Thou openest the mysterious gate—Into the Future's undiscovered land—I see its valves expand—As at the touch of Fate!'—'Like the new moon thy life appears—A little strip of silver light.'—'Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant.'—'O thou child of many prayers—Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares—Care and age come unawares.'

It encircled the top tuck of the petticoat like a little black beading. Mrs. Leslie turned the petticoat round, until she had quite finished reading the verses, and then she turned to Clare—

'Really, Clare, do you think you are fit to be trusted away from home, amongst strangers, if you are so giddy and so childish?'

Mrs. Leslie was smiling in spite of herself, at Clare's ridiculous fancy; although her motherly feelings could not fail to be provoked at the best white petticoat being so stained, when there was no time to have it re-washed.

'I could not resist the inspiration which suddenly came upon me,' said Clare, looking half ashamed. 'You have said so much to me on the importance of my first actions and conduct away from home, that by them I should establish a character for myself, either for sense or for

folly, that I thought the nearer to myself, and the closer I inscribed any warnings regarding the unknown Future, the safer I should be; and by this means, I bear the warning about me during the day, when I may need it, and I have it before my eyes at night, when I may wish to meditate upon it. It commences, you see, with "Alas! the world is full of peril;" it closes by "Care and age come unawares."

'I could have preferred your inscribing the advice I give you on your heart, not upon your petticoats.'

'The road to my heart is through my dress,' answered Clare; 'if I am so continually reminded, that to me life is only commencing, and that by my own acts and words I have in a great measure the power of moulding my future lot, as you were saying last night, it will at last be impressed upon my heart.'

'May I know if you have adorned any other parts of your dress with moral reflections?' inquired Mrs. Leslie.

'No, not anything else,' said Clare, laughing.

'I thought you might with advantage have endeavoured to impress upon your mind that "The tongue is an unruly member," or that, as Tupper says, "Few and precious are the words which the lips of wisdom utter,"' answered Mrs. Leslie.

'My dear Mother, I feel the need of remembering those two last sentences so strongly, that they shall be engraven on my finger-nails!' was the reply.

'Clare, you are incorrigible!' said Mrs. Leslie; 'be quick and finish your packing.'

'You shall be obeyed,' said Clare. And in a few minutes, her first packing was completed.

'Perhaps you would like,' inquired Margaret, 'to write on your direction-cards that it is the "First entrance into Life of Miss Clare Leslie's trunks;" the porters might treat the trunks with greater tenderness.'

'Not necessary,' said Clare, laughing.

It was a beautiful summer's night, as a few hours later Clare and Margaret looked out of their bed-room window together, just before going to rest, to say good-night to their favourite stars, to see how far they could distinctly trace the Milky Way, which, in the clearer atmosphere of a German climate, is so much more visible than it usually is in England; and to watch the silvery path the moon's reflection made along the rippling waters of the Neckar, as they glided past the windows of Gröndenu on their way to join the Father Rhine some few miles off.

'Six long weeks before we watch the stars together again,' said Margaret; 'Clare, shall we promise each other, that however often or however long we may be separated, we will always think of each other, as we look at Mars; whenever it is visible, we may be certain that, the last thing at night, we send a "Good-night" to each other?'

'I was just going to say the same,' said Clare; 'it is a promise; on a starry night like to-night we can sing,

'So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen,
An den goldenen blauen Zelt!
So viel Schäflein als da gehen
In dem grünen weiten Feld;
So viel Vögel, als da fliegen,
Als da hin und wieder fliegen
So viel Mal sei du gegnisst!'

Their song was ended, and their promise was sealed with a long kiss; and in a few minutes more the two girls were asleep, the July moon shining brightly on the calm young faces, to which care, sorrow, separation, were as yet but words. They imagined them as melancholy pleasures, about which poets could sing; and were there no such things as farewells or sorrows, poets never could have sung the verses, which they too had such pleasure in reading and reciting.

'Scheiden thut weh'

are words in the first verse of a simple and pathetic German Volkaliad; like Clare and Margaret, thousands have sung them, and said, 'How pretty they are!' but each year adds, as it were, a weight and a meaning to them; and the young untried lips who sing with simple pathos such words as those, or in another tongue, the 'Auld Lang Syne,' bring tears to the eyes of those who have turned on life's hill, and have felt with a crushing power that 'Scheiden thut weh.'

It might seem as if Clare and Margaret were making 'much ado about nothing,' at the parting this short visit entailed. But in all things, 'c'est le premier pas qui coute,' the first pleasure of a kind is the greatest. Vainly we place ourselves in the same position, we surround ourselves with the same faces, we do all we can to recall the pleasant hours, or the happy sensations just passed; they are gone, and they never return; a new scene may give new enjoyment; but the second party, the second walk, the second pic-nic, or the second conversation between two on any confidential subject, is always a failure if compared to the first. No greater mistake than to try to 'rechauffer' our feelings; and so we may thankfully say it is with our pains and our partings. Clare and Margaret felt that night as if the parting outweighed all the expected pleasure, and as though six weeks were such a long time to look forward to; the second parting will come much easier, and soon they may become so accustomed to them, and circumstances may so separate them, that like many others, in the recesses of their heart, the love for each other burns as keenly as it ever did, but it is among the promised joys of another world that they look for the free communion of their childish hours to be re-found. And yet they are content that things should be so.

That night, neither Clare or Margaret could have believed such a

state of things could ever exist between them; and yet, alas! time brought it! But there are many things we both bear and do at forty, which at seventeen we believe to be quite beyond the bounds of possibility.

At ten o'clock the following morning, Clare was to meet the Von Strahlenheims at the Sachsen station.

'The dreaded moment has arrived, when my anxious mother must trust her frivolous-minded daughter to her own inexperience in the midst of a world full of peril!' exclaimed Clare, as she entered the room, the carriage having been announced; 'I will do my best to remember that "Few and precious are the words which wisdom utter;" see, Mamma, I shall not sin to-day:' and she shewed, written on her nails in red ink, 'The tongue is an unruly member,' and on the other hand, 'Few and precious are the words which the lips of wisdom utter.'

'You will be late for the train if you don't come immediately,' said Mr. Leslie, through the window. A few hasty words, and Clare was gone, drawing on her gloves over her ink-stained fingers.

They had a few minutes to wait at the station before the train drew up; not rushing, steaming, and puffing as though it were in a tremendous fuss, as an English train always does at a side station, but slowly and measuredly, as if the engine knew its own importance, and would not be hurried by any bustling official.

A tall, fine-looking German gentleman got out. The straight fine carriage, which early drill had given him, had not been lost, although his figure was enlarged, and he had the portly appearance which became the importance of a German Reichsgraf; he was dark, and had a massy black beard; and a thoroughly kind heart, and satisfied spirit, beamed from the true blue eyes, which were the best feature of his weather-beaten face.

'This is Miss Clare Leslie?' he said in German, going up to Mr. Leslie, and taking Clare's hand, 'whom her kind father and mother are good enough to lend to us; we will take very good care of her, and let no German Baron rob them of their treasure.—We have no time to lose,' he said, turning to Clare.

'Oh! Papa,' whispered poor Clare, as she bid him good-bye, 'I am in a dreadful fright!'

'You'll be better soon; you're no Leslie if you die of shyness. Good-bye, my darling.'

In another moment the train was gone; and when Clare began to understand where she was, she found herself in a second-class carriage—for in those days Germans said, 'None but princes, English, and fools, ever travel first-class;'—with Frau von Strahlenheim and her three daughters; her hands were tightly held by Frida; the others were all talking German to her, and she knew that she had had the kindest and warmest welcome from them all, and been quite overpowered by their kisses and embraces.

These years had made so much alteration in Clare, as well as in the Von Strahlenheims, that they would scarcely have recognized each other. Clare was very pretty; her bright eyes, brown hair, very fair skin, with its highly-coloured cheeks—her small, slight, well-rounded figure, soft tiny hands and feet—formed a good contrast to the light-haired blue-eyed Frida, who, though a year younger in age, was large enough to make two Clares. She was decidedly pretty also, on a very large scale; she had inherited the true blue eyes from her father, which inspired confidence as soon as their influence could be felt.

Graf von Strahlenheim was a minister of the Court of Baden, and spent some months every year in Carlsruhe, attending the Chambers. His income was derived from his landed property near Stuttgart, as well as from some valuable salt works on his estate. He ranked as a wealthy German nobleman, though his income could not have exceeded fifteen hundred pounds a year; yet with that sum, he kept up a country and a town house, and lived in a style which four thousand pounds a year would not be thought adequate to maintain in England. Though Count Strahlenheim lived some months of every year at Carlsruhe, his heart was always at Burgstall, and his favourite dream was to retire from public life, and live at Burgstall entirely, as soon as his children should be old enough to dispense with governesses and masters.

Such, however, were by no means Frau von Strahlenheim's views. She had been a great beauty, and accustomed to the influence and admiration a beautiful woman may command, wherever there are men to bestow it. She was the youngest child of Count Adelsheim, one of the oldest Rhine families, who had held their estates since the day when Charlemagne first bestowed a tract of uncultivated land on his faithful follower, Bruno von Adelsheim.

Frau von Strahlenheim liked her husband, and admired her children; but she also liked a town life, the opera, and the society of her numerous cousins and nephews, who all paid their Aunt Bella such devoted court.

The journey was not very amusing; they must be very exceptional circumstances which ever make a railway journey agreeable, especially where, as on most German lines, you stop at every station, and travel very slowly. They were all delighted when the railway journey ended at the small town of Zinsheim, where they might dine and rest for two hours, and then complete their journey by Diligence.

As the dinner drew to a close, poor Clare's confusion became extreme; she was paying her own travelling expenses, she supposed she must also pay her share of the dinner; she drew out her purse—whom should she offer it to? At last, with a great effort, she moved forward, purse in hand, and said to Graf von Strahlenheim, 'Allow me to pay my share; what is it?' as he was settling with the waiter.

'Why, Clarerle,' he said, looking much amused at her very crimson face, 'do you mean to pay for your dinner at Burgstall? What nonsense,

my child; give me your railway ticket; you are my child now for six weeks.'

And so were settled Clare's anxieties about money matters.

The old country diligence, with its two horses, was a most lumber-some affair, and defies description, to those who are unacquainted with the vehicle; and to those who have ever had the good fortune to travel through Bavaria, in one of its diligences, it needs no description, for they certainly would not forget it hastily.

Clare was very surprised at the bad roads, and perpetual jolting; for she had hitherto only been accustomed to the military roads through Germany, made by Napoleon, which are quite unequalled. Conversation was out of the question. Frau Gräffinn composed herself to sleep; and the only distraction they had, consisted in Graf von Strahlenheim's play with his little Minna, who seemed as much a pet as ever.

'Mein Schätzerl! mein Nusserl! gib mir ein kuss!' and then, when Minna turned towards him, he puffed his lighted cigar on to her, or pretended to burn her with it; and so they kept up a constant warfare until they began to approach Burgstall, and Minna became interested in the objects she recognized.

Graf von Strahlenheim had spent the earlier part of his life at Vienna, in the Austrian army; and whilst there he had become a thorough Austrian in politics—at least, so far as that means the opposer of either a liberal or a republican form of government. He was also a Roman Catholic, though there was much of the teaching of his Church to which he objected; he was a good, and a reflecting man, and he regretted that his objections to compulsory confession had debarred him from receiving the Holy Eucharist, as he should otherwise have done, for several years. He had also learnt in Vienna the dialect and ways of speaking peculiar to Austria proper; and every term of affection was ended by an 'erle,' which might mean 'little,' in the way 'little' is used as a term of endearment in the English language.

Gräffinn Strahlenheim occupied herself in the many ways a German fashionable lady would occupy herself, although not by any means neglecting the household duties which come quite naturally to a German lady. Graf Strahlenheim occupied his thoughts much with his children, whose education he carefully watched over, and whose companions he carefully chose for them.

Mrs. Leslie had had misgivings in trusting Clare amongst comparative strangers, with whose mode of thought and life she was in reality little acquainted; and she shared, with most English people, the impression that Germans were so undomestic, and that the real 'home' feeling could not be found out of England, or at least, out of an English home; that there was no real sympathy or influence between parents and their children abroad; and then, too, that foreign girls were permitted to read the novels of their country at an early age, and were not as carefully shielded from wrong impressions as was the case with English people.

Mrs. Leslie was aware of the high character borne by Count Strahlenheim, and had heard from her children how carefully they were educated. Her anxieties were quite groundless; no one could be more careful than was Graf von Strahlenheim about the persons or the books that came in contact with his three daughters; and he was quite aware of the home from which Clare Leslie had been invited to stay with his children—otherwise, she would never have been invited.

‘We have still an hour’s drive before we arrive at Burgstall; how long it does seem!’ said the Gräfinn, waking up with a yawn; ‘give me my reticule, Frida.—*Ma chère*, will you take some biscuits?’ she said, handing them to Clare.

Clare was glad to accept them, and drawing off her gloves, forgot that she displayed to each close view her ink-stained fingers. She had remembered it when she dined at Zinsheim, and had been careful to conceal them as much as she could.

Before she had half finished her biscuit, she saw that both Frida and Minna were staring at them; and at last Frida said, ‘Oh! liebe Clare, what is the matter with your nails? they are all marked with red!’

Clare blushed crimson, for her ease and her courage had quite forsaken her, and she had felt dreadfully shy all the time she had been travelling; she tried to turn attention from them. Frida saw she did not like to be asked about it, and would have said no more; but Minna seized her hand, and cried, ‘Look, Papa, how funny! why, they are words; have words grown on your fingers?’

And she began to spell out the letters written in English type. ‘Oh, Clare, do tell us what it means?’

‘It is only nonsense,’ said Clare, who wished her fingers at that moment on any other hand than her own. ‘I wrote on my nails, and hadn’t time to wash it off.’

‘But it is quite red,’ exclaimed Minna; ‘did you write it in blood?’ opening her blue eyes wide with surprise.

‘Oh no, it is only ink, it was only a joke,’ answered Clare, who felt decidedly uncomfortable, at having everyone’s attention directed to her.

‘Perhaps it is an English fashion for young ladies to stain their nails,’ said the Count quite gravely. He seemed to enjoy poor Clare’s confusion, which certainly was very becoming to her.

‘Let me see,’ said Frida, drawing the unwilling hand towards her, and slowly spelling out, ‘The tongue is an unruly member,’ and then ‘Few and precious are the words which the lips of wisdom utter.’ ‘It sounds as if it came out of a Prayer Book, Clare; perhaps English girls write the meditation for the day on their fingers; what a good idea!’

‘They don’t,’ said Clare: ‘English girls are not all so foolish; I only did it for fun, because Mamma is always telling me not to talk so much, and I had not time to wash it off.’

Upon which they all laughed so much, that Clare was obliged to laugh

too; and the Count assured her she had not sinned through overmuch talk that day.

'Here we are,' said the Count, as the diligence slowly reached the top of a hill, and stopped to have some large old iron gates opened. They drove through them, on a little distance, until they came to a bridge which had to be crossed, and then they entered straight into a large courtyard, which opened from the front door of the good-sized old-fashioned gabled house before them. In its time, it had been able to protect itself from assailants; for the house itself stood in a moat filled with water. Each part of the house could only be approached by a bridge, of which now there were several, but in times of war, the smaller bridges might easily have been destroyed, and the one solid bridge at the front part of the house opened and closed with a portcullis, which would have made good resistance to any attack.

'Welcome to Burgstall, *ma chère!*' said the Gräffinn, stooping to kiss Clare as she entered the hall. The Count gave her the same welcome, and then all the children followed suit. The old hall resembled those of the same date that you meet with in England. There was a fine entrance hall, ornamented with old armour of gigantic size, which made the present generation reflect how sorely they must have degenerated from their more stalwart forefathers. A wide marble staircase opened on several lofty spacious rooms, with beautifully inlaid mahogany floors, which shone with the foot-brushes of the footmen, and had never known what it was to have their beauties concealed by the covering of a carpet; the ceilings were beautifully coloured, and the profusion of slightly faded gilding about the panels of the doors, as well as the old family pictures in rich court costumes, with their different dates, shewed that the Strahlenheims zu Burgstall were amongst the 'had beens,' and although the Strahlenheims were not a family to be lightly thought of in the present day, still their days of renown and glory were amongst the days that are past.

An hour was spent in their rooms, resting, and dressing, and then, as the clock struck nine, a large bell sounded and summoned them all to supper, after which they retired to their rooms and prepared for rest.

As soon as Clare had made herself comfortable in her dressing-gown, she drew out her writing materials, and began a closely written letter to Margaret, retailing to her all she had seen and thought since the few hours ago when they parted. After a long description of the journey, and of Burgstall itself, she said—

'I feel I shall like the Graf, he is so merry, and has such a true-hearted way of speaking to everyone. Minna seems the apple of his eye—'mein Augapfel,' as he calls her. I reserve my opinion about the Frau Gräffinn. Frida is grown, but not changed; and I think our friendship may re-commence just where it was broken through. Lili has become so tall and pretty; she seems quieter than the others, and quite the fine lady; and Minna is as much petted as ever, I can quite see. The house

is very comfortable, according to German notions, but not according to English ones, I should say. There is plenty of very handsome furniture about, and numbers of servants to do everything that is required. My bed-room is such a large room, and my little French bed has the prettiest white muslin curtains lined with rose silk; my quilt is of coloured silk patchwork, and I have the most delightful plumeau, (or feather-bed over the counterpane,) you can conceive, made of rose silk, with a beautifully embroidered muslin cover on it; my pillow-cases have broad insertion work let in to the finest Silesian linen, and so are the sheets on my bed. You made me promise to write you all this, but I think the others will laugh at my description being so minute. The designs on the floor, in different inlaid woods, are a puzzle in themselves; and I look from out of my pretty gabled window on a beautiful view, and on my dear Neckar in the distance; and I know that the rippling of the waters to which I am listening, will, in the course of a few hours, pass beneath the windows where lies sleeping my precious "Pearl!"

'There is but one serpent to mar the pleasure of this four-walled paradise in which I am now sitting; and that, my dear Margaret, is—my washing-table; no bath—my eye vainly seeks that necessary of life; I must commit myself to the little bath-houses on the Neckar, and be thankful for them, if I wish for a bath. I have a small table, on which rests a basin—but do not flatter yourself it is an English basin—a small sized apple-pie dish is nearer the mark; a jug containing as much water as I should consider a fair allowance of beer for my dinner, and no more—and you know I am not a great beer-imbiber: a brown wine-bottle represents my water-bottle, and a saucer my soap-dish. Amidst all the elegancies and wealth around me, these appointments seem funny to English eyes; and although their washing arrangements seem so defective, I am certain the Germans are a very cleanly people, and this house, as well as those we have known about Gröndenau, is beautifully clean. They are all so kind here, I think I shall soon feel quite at home. Give my best love to the authors of my existence, and tell my beloved mother to put her confidence in me, and I will not disappoint her!'

And then Clare rose, looked out for and greeted the planet Mars, and was soon soundly asleep in the rose-coloured bed, of which she had given so minute a description.

Clare soon fell into all the ways of Burgstall, and enjoyed herself very much. She wished Frida were out of the school-room, but Frida still had to take certain lessons, and spend certain hours each day in a stiff-looking machine, a back-board, which was supposed to improve her carriage. This instrument of torture buckled round her waist, and had a steel collar which clasped round the neck, and was supposed to keep the head erect; a steel in front pressed in the chin, whilst one at the back knocked the back of the head whenever the chin projected.

One day passed in much the same way as another: an event looked forward to, was the name's-day of the Graf, which was to be kept as a

great holiday; and the girls were getting up sundry little surprises for him.

Clare was usually awakened about seven o'clock. At eight o'clock a bell rang, which brought them all down into the breakfast-room, where the ladies assembled in demi-toilette, thick white morning dresses, and little caps or nets which covered their hair, which was not yet dressed. Their meal at eight o'clock never varied from coffee and hot rolls; it was usually taken standing, and without a table-cloth, a proceeding which at first much offended Clare's eyes, but habit soon becomes second nature. After that meal, the Frau Gräfinn never appeared until twelve o'clock. She was attending to the preserving, or busy in the laundry, taking a really active part in whatever department she was in; sometimes even papering a room, or a little carpenter's work, would occupy her until eleven o'clock, when her maid was summoned, and she made '*grande toilette*;' her head-dress and her gowns were always in the newest fashion. At twelve o'clock the children came down from the school-room, and they lunched upon cherries and bread and butter, in a summer-house in which the Herr Graf spent a large portion of his day; for he smoked largely, read much, and meditated considerably. From twelve until two o'clock the girls were each dressed, and then their time was their own. Frida and Clare used to spend it in walking about the grounds.

At two o'clock the dinner was announced.

Clare was fond of German cookery, always excepting sauer-kraut, to which her English nasal organization never could accommodate itself.

Dinner à la Russe was a matter of course, even in those days, in a well ordered German establishment. The meal commenced with soup, then bouilli, the never-failing boiled beef, with salad and potatoes, or some other vegetable. Fish appeared as the third course. A rôti or cutlets, with two other vegetables, succeeded the fish, and then came excellent sweets—a part of cooking in which foreigners decidedly excel.

The afternoons were devoted to callers and amusements. They generally had guests with them for the sociable *gouttée*, or vesper-bread, at six o'clock; at which tea was served, in honour of Clare's presence; but as it was usually strongly flavoured either with vanille or with cinnamon, she would not have recognized the beverage had she not been told what it was intended to represent. For the Strahlenheims themselves, every kind of fruit, fancy-bread, and cheese, was provided. Vesper-bread was always served in the garden, and was an idle pleasant meal: they loitered about, generally talking and joking with the Herr Graf, until nine o'clock, when the supper-bell rang; and they sat down to quite a second dinner, of soup, meats, and sweets. They retired early, for they were always in their rooms before ten o'clock at night.

(To be continued.)

FERNDOM.*

(BY FILIX-FÆMINA.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEVONSHIRE FERN.

STILL wandering on through Devonshire lanes, whose high walls of brilliant green open every now and then to show vistas of undulating hills, rock-bestrewn and crowned with majestic tors—their giant forms standing out against the clear blue sky in hues of iron grey, melting into soft and liquid colouring as the rays of evening sunlight fall upon the moor; then the grotesque figures which crown the hills of gorse and heather assume an unearthly wierd-like beauty, their rugged outlines become soft and intangible-looking, as they rise heavenwards from many a rich valley stretching far away into the dim distance.

On, and still onwards—the fresh bracing wind coming cheerily to welcome you, inviting you to inhale long whiffs of the elastic heather-scented air that brings new life and vigour on its wings.

Fern-hunting on the borders of Dartmoor is the very perfection of fern-hunting, whether it be on the upland moor, in the wooded copse, by the streamlet's bank, or up the sandy lanes—the sides of which in many localities are literally fringed with the flowing draperies of the 'Devonshire Fern,' *Polystichum angulare*, the third and last of the British species given to the genus *Polystichum*.

It is like *Polystichum aculeatum*, and yet how unlike! so soft in colouring, so flexible in growth, so easy to cultivate, so exquisite in its ever-varying loveliness of form; there is no fern like it—no, not one.

Although local, in as far at least as luxuriance of growth goes, it is distributed over the globe; and wherever it takes to the soil, it is usual to find it in abundance. It is the glory of the Devonshire lanes; it delights in the moist warm climate and in the friable soil, from which oftentimes the root-stock protrudes, in the centre of which lies hidden a nest of young fronds, brown and feathery looking, like a covey of baby partridges.

When we know that of *P. angulare* the recognized varieties amount at this present time to at least three hundred, we feel that the first step necessary to the right appreciation of this Fern is, to learn by heart the true notes which distinguish the normal form.

How often, on being asked by friends looking over my collection of ferns, 'Please show me a plain *angulare*,' have I been obliged to answer, 'I have none;' and on attempting to give a lucid description, I have found that I signally failed in conveying any definite idea.

* ERRATUM (MARCH No.)—Page 291, for 'prellate,' read 'peltate.'

The great difficulty lies in the fact that the normal form admits of very perceptible and considerable variations; sometimes from being starved into very minute growth, and sometimes from the extreme luxuriance which proper conditions of soil, temperature, &c., ensure. I believe that constant practice will alone give to the eye the power of quickly discerning varieties from normal forms; and I would advise a beginner to buy from some honest fern grower, or beg from some well-informed collector, a specimen frond of each of the British species, and then to study them till their several characteristics are learned by heart.

I have at this moment before me three specimens of *P. angulare*—named for me by one of our best authorities on Ferns—which are labeled thus:—1. 'Perfectly normal;' 2. 'Excessive growth from position;' 3. 'Minute growth from starvation.' Between No. 2 and 3 there is as wide a variation in degree as between a frond of *Cystopteris fragilis* and a well-developed frond of *Filix-fœmina*: of course all the three preserve the true character of *angulare*, but in No. 3 the notes are so soft and undefined, that they are more like the echo of a voice dying away, than the loud full-toned declaration of No. 2, which says, 'My basal pinnules are not tri-pinnate, although they may appear to be so; and my lax pinnæ of from four to five inches in length are only due to the robust state of my health: I know I am aristate, but I have not one bristle more or less than my tiny neighbour; I may, indeed, appear more acute, but if you subject my little friend to a powerful magnifying glass, you will find that there is not much for us to quarrel about.'

Having learned to distinguish the normal form of *P. angulare*, the practised eye will at once detect any marked deviation from it; and further practice will assure the collector whether the deviation be sufficient to allow of the fern, in which it is observed, to be considered as a true variety.

The varieties of *P. angulare* have become so numerous that it is found advisable to classify them into several separate groups, each group being marked by some peculiar feature which gives a distinct character to it: but this classification is at present in so imperfect a state, that I shall but speak of it in so far as it can be made of practical use to the collector.

The first group that suggests itself to me is the one characterized by being proliferous: this 'development of supernumerary parts' being shown in the numberless little buds that crowd round the stipes or in the axils of the pinnæ; each bud is capable of producing a separate plant, so that from one frond alone some one or two dozen plants might be obtained. I have one frond of *P. angulare* var. *proliferum*, of which the lower part of the frond is thus viviparous to an incredible extent.

Ten years ago—according to Moore—there were only two forms of *P. a.* var. *proliferum* known. These two varieties are perhaps the greatest favourites still, and one of them, '*Wollastoni*,' (found by Mr.

Wollaston in Devonshire,) is scarcely less beautiful than any of the newly-discovered aspirants to favour. Of this exquisitely graceful form, Mr. Wollaston thus writes: '*P. a. var. proliferum Wollastoni* is a much more elegant form than the old *proliferum* of Kew, having all its parts more lax and fine, and yet of more robust growth. It has rarely more than one or two pairs of *bulbillæ* on the stipes, whereas the Kew form is more proliferous; and a seedling, raised by Dr. Allchin some years ago, is the most proliferous British fern known. *Proliferum Footii* is, when full grown, even more beautiful than *Wollastoni*, the cutting of its pinnules and pinnulets being exceedingly fine.'

The 'old Kew *proliferum*' was found by one of the gardeners at Kew—a Mr. Choules—and it was supposed to be a foreign species, called *discretum*, until Mr. Wollaston found his plant, in 1853, which proved the Kew plant to be both British and a variety only.

The variety *proliferum Holcanum* is another well-marked form, but it lacks the graceful growth of *Wollastoni*, and has a tendency to spread rather than to rise: this fern was found in the neighbourhood of Bovey Tracey by the worthy gardener of Mrs. Hole, of Parke.

Besides these, there are *Cranfordianum*, *Padleyi*, *Marshallii*, *Wollastoni* No. 2, and there may be others.

I have lately found a new *angulare*, which I have named *biserrato-dispar*; on one of the fronds there was a single bulb, from which Mr. Wollaston hopes to raise a plant. This bulb-raised plant is likely to be a true proliferous *angulare*, even should the bulbous character of the parent turn out to be accidental; but the fern will not belong to the group *proliferum*, which, besides their proliferous habit, have also their pinnæ decomposed and attenuated—claiming affinity rather with the group of acutilobes than with the biserrate or foliose forms—so that in time the proliferous *angulare* will arrange themselves also in distinct and separate groups. *Biserrato-dispar* was the one solitary specimen of the species *angulare* which I found growing within a distance of several miles: the seed from which it sprung must have been carried by the wind, and have taken root on the spot where I found it, surrounded on every side by alien species.

The best way of planting the buds, which are thrown up from the axils of the pinnæ, is by laying the frond lengthways over a well-drained pot of peat earth, and pegging it down, so that each little bud may strike down into the mould. In two or three months the buds may be parted from each other, and planted separately.

To those who like—what I must look upon as—monstrosities in plants, the group of crested *angulare* will be, perhaps, the most interesting. The handsomest form of this class is, I think, *cristatum*; it is a safe fern to grow, never disappointing you, but year by year sending up its richly-decorated fronds, which bend beneath the weight of the heavy tassels.

A more delicate variety of this group is *cristato-gracile*, which, as its

name implies, is a graceful edition of crested *angulare*. This fern reminds me of a shameful defeat I once had, when out on a fern expedition, with a celebrated hunter as my companion. We were examining a hedge which I had carefully searched many and many a time before. 'I have never yet found a crested *angulare*,' said I. The words were scarcely spoken, when my friend quickly replied, 'Indeed! why, here is a whole cluster of one of the prettiest varieties;' and as he spoke he held up several roots of *cristato-gracile*, so named by himself some time previously.

Not far from the spot where *cristato-gracile* grew, I have found *Stansfieldii*, another finely-crested variety, the frond terminating in three branches, each crested at the apex; it is a stiff-looking fern, and a little too neat to be really beautiful. Then there are *Kitsonæ*, (found by Miss Kitson, near Torquay,) and *Wakeleyanum*; both of these are grand-looking varieties when full grown; *Wakeleyanum* has the pinnæ towards the upper part of the frond abbreviated and forked, which gives it a very peculiar appearance, but I look upon both it and *Kitsonæ* as of uncertain growth in cultivation. There are several other varieties of the crested group, but I have only mentioned those I have in cultivation myself. It will be seen that in the foregoing varieties there is a characteristic so marked pervading each, that the humblest fern-hunter would be enabled to know at a glance if a specimen before him belonged to either group. But from these we must pass to varieties of a less decided stamp to the unpractised eye; and this brings us to a very important question—the *naming* of varieties.

I must confess to a great weakness for having varieties named after myself. It was almost the proudest moment of my life, when Mr. Moore, for the first time, returned to me the fronds of a new fern I had found, with my own name (appropriately Latinized) attached, and the intimation that my newly-discovered treasure would be described in his forthcoming volume of Nature-printed Ferns. But there is this disadvantage in naming varieties after individuals; the fern-hunter learns nothing beyond the fact that a certain individual has found a form of the species *angulare*; whereas, if an explanatory botanical name be given, the learner will know at once to which particular group the form should be referred, and the name alone will help him to decide as to whether any form he may find belongs to this particular group.

I shall perhaps explain this part of my subject better by copying some portion of a letter I once received from a great fern authority, on the peculiar merits of a new form of the species *angulare*, which I had sent to him for inspection. 'It is with great pleasure,' writes my friend, 'that I now have to tell you that you have found something quite unique. Independently of the delicate texture and habit of the specimen you have sent, it is unusually *setaceous*; but its chief feature is the *one predominant spine* at the back of every pinnule. It is a most marked and curious feature, and I have tried in vain to find out some appropriate

name which would combine all its characteristics. I have, however, written you down a few for your selection or rejection.' Amongst these names was '*unisetigerum*,' (wearing one *sela* or thorn,) which was the name I decided upon giving my new-found fern. But *unisetigerum* has another distinct peculiarity beyond that of spine wearing; the basal pinnæ of the full-grown plants are longer than the rest, and their lower pinnules are much developed, which is the distinctive mark of the latipes or subbrachiate group, to which *unisetigerum* must be referred. I have lately found another fern with this same peculiar thorn, but differing from *unisetigerum* in that it is decurrent; when this form is sufficiently proved, it will have a name simply descriptive, and be added to the decurrent group.

Had my new acquisitions been named after myself, although it might have gratified me more, it would have pleased fern seekers less. Should a better one-thorn-wearing *angulare* be discovered, it will be quite admissible to name it after the finder, thus, *unisetigerum Smithii*—as *proliferum Cranfordianum*—and this mode will convey all the information necessary regarding the fern.

Any finder has liberty to name any new fern he may discover, but he must be very sure that it *is* new, and hitherto unnamed.

And now comes another difficulty. How are we to know if a particular fern has been found before? This is the problem of Ferndom, and all Euclid's wisdom would not help us to solve it, although, I suppose, if it were unsolvable, it would cease to be a problem.

Alas! for written descriptions! they oftentimes only seem to give the sort of help that turning a proposition of Euclid into its original Greek would give to the student in mathematics.

Nature-printed Ferns are better; but even these, beautiful as they most assuredly are, cannot be to the collector what specimens from living plants are, or even as dried specimens; they lack the life of the one, the life-in-death appearance of the other, both of which defy a printer's skill to imitate. Nature-printed Ferns are *too* natural, and always remind me of the Cornish lad whose master praised for speaking 'not only the truth, but *more* than the truth.'

The best solution to the Ferndom problem that I know of, is to get together the largest herbarium possible; and to enable you to do this, you must lose no opportunity of adding even one good specimen to your store; and you must be always ready and willing to exchange duplicate specimens (even drying them to be ready for that purpose) with other collectors.

Begin with a species, and then go on to the varieties belonging to that species. There is no objection to putting several varieties on one page, but each species should have a separate sheet; it will also save trouble if you follow the arrangement of genus and species which is observed in the printed Fern work you commonly use. By-and-bye, as the collector advances in knowledge, he can reduce the varieties to groups on the one

hand, while on the other he can refer the British genera to their tribes, which will enable him to carry his researches into a wider field, and to include in his herbarium some, at least, of our colonial ferns.

I always dry my ferns on good old-fashioned blotting paper, pressing out each tiny pinnule and pinnulet when freshly gathered, and changing the blotting paper every few days. When the fronds are quite dry, I gum them on common paper, either in a book, or on separate sheets of the same size; arranging them with as much taste as possible, so as to form agreeable pictures to the eye. Over the thick stipes, and occasionally up the rachis, I gum little slips of paper to keep them well in place.

But I must return to the subject of the grouping of the varieties of *P. angulare*, from which I have wandered so far.

I will enumerate a few of the most prominent groups—after the proliferous and crested forms—containing individual varieties of either exceeding beauty or else of such marked peculiarity, that they would commend themselves to every fern grower at a glance.

Pre-eminently first is the plumose, or feathery group—which are also foliose, or leafy—headed by *plumosum*, its gracefully-formed fronds bending with the wind like a waving plume of bright green feathers. Having once been seen, this fern could hardly be forgotten, or mistaken for another.

Next in beauty to *plumosum*, and even surpassing it in symmetry of outline, come the acutilobes, (known by the acuteness of the segments of the pinnules,) their pinnae, pinnules, and pinnulets, chiseled in the most delicate fashion. My first acquaintance with a variety of this group was made in the following way. I had been for a month's fern-hunting on Dartmoor—my ferns and fern-basket were packed for my return—I had but one hour left for a last peep at old haunts. An impulse came over me to search a certain part of a dusty highway hedge I had passed a few days previously. I walked hurriedly to the spot, and on peeping at some dusty ferns which grew out from a holly-bush, I discovered what seemed to me one of the loveliest ferns imaginable. One glance told me it was *angulare*, but I had seen nothing like it, unless it were *proliferum Footii*, but my specimen did not seem proliferous.

I sent a part of one of the fronds to a fern authority; and his answer was as follows:—‘You have found one of the most beautiful varieties known, and I am not surprised at your ecstasies about it. Should it prove to be proliferous, it may be added to the group of *proliferums*, with the addition of your own name as a distinctive appellation; but I suspect it is an *acutilobum*, of which I have found several this year, though never but one before this year; it is a very rare and local form.’

The third group I would name is the biserrate (the segments of pinnules twice toothed, at least). I should pronounce *biserratum* to be the characteristic form of this group. It is a particularly handsome fern, with broad serrated undivided pinnules, having rather the appearance of

auricled rose leaflets: *biserrato-laxum*, *decompositum*, *intermedium*, and many others, belong to this group.

A fourth, and perhaps the most curious group of all, would be the depauperate (wanting in the leafy portion of the frond, forming spikes instead of pinnules). I should select *lineare* as the representative fern of this group, to which also *depauperatum* and, I should imagine, *præmorsum* belong. *Præmorsum*, however, may eventually head a group of its own, as its nibbled pinnules scarcely answer to the depauperate requisitions.

Then might follow groups of foliose (leafy, very full, often barren); attenuate, or acute in the pinnæ; brachiate (having the lowest basal pinnæ spreading out like two tiny fronds growing sideways); and a hundred others, which it would be impossible for me to name in the limits of one short chapter. I have selected those which seem to me to be the most prominently remarkable, and such as will, I hope, help the collector to assort some of his specimens into their proper groups according to their most striking characteristics. I think I have also shown how important it is that appropriate names—names as explanatory as possible—should be given to *at least* every leading form of each separate group.

It must be remembered that of all the multitude of varieties, you may find specimens so little characteristic that they are not worth the trouble of planting. A collector's ambition should be to find a thoroughly worthy specimen of each form; and when this is done, not to burden himself with inferior plants. There are few sounds more pleasant to a fern collector's ear than for a good authority to pause before some particular plant and say, 'What a magnificent specimen! Where did you find it?'

Oh! what happy thoughts those simple words have power to evoke! for each fern has its own separate history, its own train of associations; and as our rockeries increase, they become like the shelves of a library stored with pleasant biographies of people and of things.

In a large collection, made through many years, it is impossible but that there should be some sad memories; and as the eye falls here and there, lingering on some graceful form, thought passes far away—it may be to some distant land, from whence the tired wanderer looks wistfully across the huge ocean boundary, back to the friend of his youth; or, mounting heavenward, it may bring for the moment to our side some bright and gentle spirit whose life cast sunny rays on all around, which, reflected as they were from the Great Source of Light above, can—by the very indestructibility of a force—never be destroyed. Sometimes, when looking at my ferns, the fancy comes that they have had power to imprison within their tiny cells something more than the light and air which gives them life; something that they give back to man in gentle ministrations of sympathy and enjoyment. Yes, many and many a happy thought is brought to me by these simple messengers; but I may not

dwell upon them now, but with a few more words upon the well-nigh endless varieties of the *angulare*, conclude this chapter.

Whether all the grand and beautiful forms under which the Devonshire fern loves to disport itself will remain permanent, it is difficult to say. I myself do not look for it. If quite left to themselves, I should expect to see crests dwindle, and finally disappear; nibbled pinnules replaced by whole ones; acute points gradually become round—till many a variety would revert back to its original type. I cannot say that they *will* do this, because I can offer no proof of the assertion with regard to this particular fern; and fern-hunting is such an agreeable pastime, that I shrink from any proof that would serve to diminish the number of the prey.

(*To be continued.*)

TWO CONVALESCENT HOMES.

THOSE who have contributed to the Home for Invalid Children at Brighton, will be glad to hear that during the past year one hundred and nineteen invalids have been admitted. Various have been the cases; several from debility after severe illness, and many surgical ones of a tedious character, have derived great benefit.

At this time there is a very touching case of a little girl, only three years old, with both hands on splints, quite helpless from wounds, and unable to walk from abscesses on her feet. This little girl was received into the House, though younger than the age fixed for admission, on account of the distressed circumstances of the mother, at the time watching over the last hours of her husband, who has since died of consumption, leaving her with a young family, reduced by illness to poverty.

It is the object of the Home, to meet such instances of distress in whatsoever class they may occur.

The house is arranged for the reception of eighteen children, four out of this number being admitted free, the rest on the payment of seven shillings per week. Five hundred and seventy-six children have passed through the Home, since it was first originated in May 1855.

Many grateful letters have been received from parents, expressing their joy in seeing the improvement which had taken place in their children. It is needless to say how gratifying are such testimonies to the usefulness of the Home; but still deeper is the pleasure awakened by the hope, that each child, with God's blessing, has not only derived bodily benefit, but that the character has been influenced for good, and impressions received, which may tend to brighten the future life; for every effort is made in the Home, to promote a healthful state of mind among the children. They are constantly reminded of the example of Christ our Saviour, Who was always gentle, meek, and kind, and of His

loving Omnipotent care, to protect them from evil. Nervous little invalids, who came to the Home, full of those vague fears, which cause so much distress to children, have learned to laugh at their own alarms.

Much grateful pleasure has been occasioned by gifts sent to the Home from those far away from Brighton. Children have kindly contributed toys, picture-books, and clothing. Some there are, who have employed their hours of weakness in working to aid the funds of the Home; others have associated sick children with the celebration of their own birth-day, thus opening to themselves the source of the purest happiness on earth, that of diffusing healthful pleasure, and increasing gladness of heart among the weak and suffering. Truly, the lady who has made herself responsible for the Home, has cause for thanksgiving for the increased and extended interest shown in behalf of delicate children; and she asks all concerned in their welfare, to thank God for the blessings of the past year. Though some cases among the children for a time occasioned extreme anxiety, all eventually prospered.

At the cost of great effort, the expenditure of the Home has been met; but the lady finds it so difficult to raise the money required to maintain the Institution, that subscriptions are most earnestly requested, not only to relieve her from pecuniary anxiety respecting the support of the Home, but also to save time, strength, and fatigue. Time and strength, most valuable talents, which might otherwise be devoted to the superintendence of the children.

A Lady resides in the house. A Nurse trained in the Hospital for Children attends upon the little invalids.

The following letter is subjoined as bearing testimony to the great value of the Institution, from the late Mr. SAMUEL K. SCOTT:

15, German Place, Brighton, 1864.

Dear Sir,

I have heard you wish for my opinion respecting the Home for Invalid Children at Brighton. I have looked after the children for three years as their medical attendant, and so I have seen the working of the Institution. I have seen the children derive the greatest good from a residence there. I have seen many cases when all the skill of the most skilful medical men in London had failed to restore health, and where the change to the sea-side has brought about a speedy recovery to health, often without the aid of any direct medical treatment whatever. I have, I feel sure, seen very many who have been either restored to perfect health, or to such a degree of health as they would never have attained without the aid of this Home. I believe this Institution to be thoroughly well-worked. The children are well looked after, well fed, and well cared for in every way. They always appear very happy, and it cheers me up to go amongst them. I think this is an Institution that is much needed, and if you can in any way help it forward, I am sure that you will be doing something towards lessening the amount of sorrow and suffering that there is in the world.

I am, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

S. K. SCOTT.

Rev. S. Rickards,

Stowlangtoft Rectory,

Bury St. Edmunds.

EASTBOURNE.

Sir,

Having observed in the November number of *The Monthly Packet* an article upon Convalescent Hospitals, may I venture to call the attention of your readers to one, which, although not alluded to in that article, was nevertheless the very first that was established for the benefit of that class of patients to whom the existing Convalescent Institutions afforded no relief; namely, those persons to whom change of air was absolutely necessary for recovery, and yet who were too weak and suffering to be able to dispense with care, nursing, and medical attendance.

I mean the All Saints' Convalescent Hospital at Eastbourne, a branch work of the All Saints' Sisters in Margaret Street.

Since 1862, these Sisters have had the entire charge of the nursing at University College Hospital, and their experience within its wards led them to feel the great want of such an Institution, as an adjunct to the London Hospitals. Cases were continually recurring, especially in the surgical wards, of patients who could not rally—obstinate wounds that would not heal—sufferers dismissed as incurable, or to die, because too weak to undergo some operation, upon which all hopes of future health, or perhaps of life, depended.

To one such case, perhaps I may be permitted to allude more particularly, as it might possibly interest some of your younger readers. It was that of a young lad from Somersetshire, without a friend in London, sent to University College Hospital from his country home, to undergo amputation of his leg, which he had injured. The operation was performed, but the patient grew worse, and a second amputation was pronounced to be his only hope of life. The poor lad was, however, so exhausted with suffering, that this was simply impossible; he would have died under the operation. So the sad decree went forth that he was incurable. Nothing more could be done for him; and he must die—a long lingering death of agony, but still certain death. Return to his home was impossible; he must die alone, among strangers.

Cases such as these induced the Sisters in 1864 to hire a house at Eastbourne, a large airy house, facing the sea. At first they intended it merely for the benefit of patients in their own wards; but as soon as the design was known it found such favour in the medical world, that they were induced to throw open their house for the relief of all comers.

Ever since it was first opened it has been literally besieged by applications for admission; but the accommodation was necessarily very limited. At first the Sisters could only receive twenty-four patients at a time. Afterwards, with some contrivance, they managed to increase the number of their beds to thirty-two; but even this did not suffice for a tenth of the candidates for admission. So it was finally resolved to erect a

suitable building, capable of containing at least one hundred patients, men, women, and children. After considerable delay, a site of five acres has been procured for this purpose on the Beachy Head side of Eastbourne, at a cost of £1800. Sufficient funds are in hand for the commencement of the building; but a large sum still remains to be made up, as the estimated expense of the Hospital, including furniture, gas, &c., is about £15,000; and the Sisters are urgently pleading for assistance towards making up this sum.

The Hospital numbers among its Patrons, the Bishops of London and Lichfield; Doctors Budd, Hare, Hawksley, Jenner, Johnson, Meadows, Reynolds, Sydney Ringer, Sieveking, and Tweedie; and the following eminent surgeons:—Curling, Erichsen, Marshall, Partridge, Perry, Quain, and Spencer Wells.

It is the only *sea-side* Hospital to which subscribers' letters admit patients *free*; and here is no paid Matron with her staff of hiring nurses, but Sisters of the English Church working under the supervision of their own Bishop, who is their 'visitor'—women who have given themselves to work for Christ's sake among His poor, looking for no other reward than those precious words, 'She hath done what she could.' 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me.'

'But what became of the poor boy who could not have his leg off!' here perhaps some young reader may ask.

I will tell you. He was carefully removed in an invalid carriage to the house at Eastbourne, laid in bed in a large airy ward, close to the open windows, through which came the delicious life-giving breezes from the sea, breathing new vigour into the poor exhausted frame. He revived—he rallied—after some time he was able to leave his bed, to get about the house on crutches, then to reach the parade and beach; and finally he returned to University Hospital in such a state of convalescence that the second amputation was pronounced no longer necessary, and he was restored to his mother and his home, a cripple, alas! but otherwise *quite well*.

Should any of your readers desire further information respecting this excellent Institution, which has done great things for others besides this poor country lad, the Sister Superior at University College Hospital will furnish all particulars.

I must just add, before concluding, that the All Saints' Convalescent Hospital at Eastbourne is no rival of St. Andrew's Home at Clewer; they are essentially sister Institutions.

Both are branch works of English Sisterhoods, founded in faith and love, supported by love and prayer; both receive patients ineligible for other Convalescent Hospitals, though All Saints' was the first to do this; but St. Andrew's Home benefits those to whom sea-air, and a consequently long journey by rail, are not necessary; whilst the Eastbourne Hospital affords that inestimable boon of pure *sea-air*, which

is, to so many cases—to surgical ones especially—the *sine qua non* of recovery.

God speed both Sisterhoods, in these and all their other works, and labour which proceedeth of love, which love they have showed for His Name's sake, Who accepts even the cup of cold water given for love of Him as an offering to Himself.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

M. C. B. S.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

A GLANCE at the map of Brittany will show how beset with danger must be its stormy coast, especially that part of it on which stands the little fishing town of St. Servan. An arm of the sea only separates St. Servan from St. Malo, and twice a day, during low tide, the inhabitants of the two villages can cross over on foot.

The population of this rocky coast depends for its livelihood on the fishing trade; and to the often fatal fury and treachery of the sea on which these hardy Bretons ply their dangerous business, must be attributed the crowds of widows and fatherless children, who haunt the towns and churches of Brittany, trusting for subsistence to the alms of the charitable. Mendicity has thus become the *métier* of the aged in this district of France, who naturally succumb to all the vices engendered by such a mode of life.

The physical and spiritual condition of the older members of his flock, had long occupied the thoughts of the good Priest of St. Servan, Père le Pailleur. Entirely destitute however of means, he could only wait with patience, till God should inspire him with some plan for the amelioration of their state.

Abounding in judgment as well as in piety, the good father carefully observed the dispositions and needs of his parishioners. Perceiving that the absence of an object in life was blighting the happiness of Marie Augustine, an *ouvrière* of his congregation, aged eighteen, he bethought himself whether he could not turn to account the surplus energies of this girl so as to further his favourite project. His first step was to bring about an acquaintance between Marie Augustine, and Marie Thérèse, an orphan girl, of fifteen years of age, also without family ties. This acquaintance quickly ripened into friendship; and many an hour these pious children spent together, walking on the sea-shore after work hours were over, or on Sundays and fête days seated for whole afternoons in a rocky cavern, their favourite resort, planning how they could make their forlorn young lives avail for the comfort of some needy fellow-creature.

The Abbé le Pailleur had provided the girls with a little paper of

rules for daily life, which they studied together in their evening walks. Possibly some suggestive words in this little MS., added to the scenes of misery which daily surrounded them, first induced them to regard their aged neighbours with especial interest and compassion. But mixed with these hints was a warning not to be officious, nor to meddle unnecessarily in the affairs of others. Indeed, the Abbé's system was to deter his young parishioners from rashly undertaking what they might have neither the will nor the power to accomplish. He knew how much the success of his plan depended on its being wisely begun. For nearly two years he tried and observed the powers of the two girls, before speaking openly to them. He proposed different duties. He imposed on them tasks full of difficulty and discouragement. In fact, he severely tried their patience and sincerity, before commending to their care and attention even one old blind woman in the place. The children gladly undertook to alleviate in every way possible the poor old creature's affliction. They worked over-hours, and spent their savings on little luxuries for her. Every Sunday one or other of them led her tenderly to and from Mass.

Marie Thérèse lodged with an old woman of sixty years of age, by name Fanchon Aubert. Fanchon was an old maid, prim and neat in the extreme, and like most old maids who have lived alone, averse to being disturbed in her accustomed habits. She had some means of her own, and her little lodging next the roof was comfortably though simply furnished. With her resided a middle-aged woman, who had formerly been in service, but who, having saved six hundred francs, preferred living with her friend, and eking out her means by daily work. Jeanne Jugan's name is now known and honoured throughout France, but nothing could be more retired and unpretending than the simple *ménage* of these two spinsters, who only admitted the young orphan, Marie Thérèse, to a tiny attic in their lodging, because her lonely position claimed their compassion. They little knew to what their kindly hospitality would lead. In the naïve words of the little French pamphlet before me, *Marie Thérèse ne vint pas seule. Elle amena avec elle Notre Seigneur.* Marie Thérèse and Marie Augustine, who spent all her spare time with her friend, so infected the two elderly women with their youthful enthusiasm in their work of love, that Jeanne Jugan embraced with ardour the *métier* they had adopted, and the three women quietly, and without ostentation, formed, with the concurrence of the Abbé, a little society for comforting and benefiting their neighbours, especially the aged among them. They made some simple vows and rules to facilitate their work. So little, however, did they wish to publish their undertaking, that even Fanchon, thinking herself too old to make any vow, was not fully taken into their confidence. But this excellent little woman, with rare discretion and reserve, was content and eager to forward by every means in her power those views of whose scope she was kept in ignorance.

On the fête day of St. Thérèse, 1840, Fanchon Aubert welcomed

to her one spare room the blind old woman, for so many months the daily charge of the devoted young girls, who now carried her in their arms to her new and peaceful home. Room was soon found in the attic for a second old woman.

The little household formed a happy picture. The prim active little Fanchon presiding—Jeanne Jugan spinning, while the two young Maries, who pursued their daily sewing in Fanchon's *mansearde*, only left their work-table to look after the comfort of their infirm protégées. Their spare time was spent in cheering the poor old souls with pious words and prayers, and dutiful devotion. A third old woman was brought to this hospitable roof to die, but remained cured, to devote the rest of her life to the service of God's poor.

With this increased assistance, the little council in the garret decided that more work must be undertaken. By the advice of Abbé le Pailleur, the compliant Fanchon was induced to exchange her favourite little lodging for the capacious, but somewhat dreary *rez-de-chaussée* of what had once been a tavern. This accommodated twelve beds, which were soon occupied by twelve invalids. Our energetic little society now found that to tend properly these twelve old people, to wash and dress them, clean their wounds, cook, and do the house work, besides attending to their religious instruction and consolation, afforded full work for four Sisters. No time was left for gaining money towards their support; and what their aged inmates could themselves do, was but little. These, therefore, necessarily had recourse to their accustomed trade of begging, while the Sisters so economized their gains as to support the little community. But the shame that these degraded old people did not feel for themselves, their guardians felt for them; and they also found the impossibility of reclaiming them from their bad habits, as long as their daily strolls in search of alms took them among their former haunts and associates. Abbé le Pailleur suggested that what was humiliating for them, would be a noble work for the Sisters; that to become beggars, as well as servants, for the glory of God and the good of His poor, would sanctify their mendicity.

The brave independent old servant, Jeanne Jugan, at once summoned the moral courage to present herself, basket in hand, at all the houses whose inhabitants were known to be charitably disposed. All broken food and scraps she gratefully received. Till very lately the spirited old woman pursued her vocation, and was the *Quêteuse par excellence*, though all the Sisterhood have *adopted* the duties first assumed by Jeanne Jugan, or, as she is called, Marie de la Croix. Too old now to take an active part in the Sisters' duties, she lives at Bécherel, where she spends her time in prayer for her beloved society, and in thanksgiving for its success. As *Mère Generale*, she continues to watch its progress with affectionate interest.

The new system answered better than the old. Those who disapproved of indiscriminate giving, and many who grudged alms to the old beggars,

willingly bestowed on these wise little nuns any scraps of food, old clothes, or broken crockery they possessed, often adding a few liards or sous.

The Sisters' stock of linen had always been scanty; and when, overwhelmed by applications from other quarters, the *Bureau de Bienfaisance* withdrew from them the small allowance it had hitherto granted, their distress was extreme. In their need they had recourse to prayers and representations to the Virgin. In her honour they erected a temporary altar, which a neighbour, a kindly gendarme, touched by the devotion he witnessed, decorated with care and skill. The Sisters displayed in front of this altar their slender stock of linen, viz. five or six worn old shirts—they had no sheets whatever. The passers-by, struck with compassion, hastened to bring what help they could; even poor domestic servants bestowed their rings or necklaces, their only superfluous possessions, to buy linen for the sufferers.

Eighteen months had now passed since this holy work had its first beginning, and as yet no fifth Sister had been found to join the society. The Little Sisters had met with much opposition and ridicule. Every argument was employed to bring discredit on their undertaking. It had been unconscientious to begin building a tower, without sitting down first and counting the cost, and whether they would have sufficient to finish it. There was work enough to be done in the old established religious orders, without founding new, according to the fancy of novices. Without some experienced superior, how could discipline be maintained, and religious instruction administered? The Little Sisters could not appear in the streets without being pointed at and taunted. Those of their old friends and companions who did not avoid them from scorn, did so from fear of public opinion. Only one of the four Sisters, Marie Augustine, had relations living; and her youngest sister, now Superior in the Institution at Rennes, said on meeting her, *Go, go. Don't speak. I am ashamed of you, and of your basket!*

The present Superior of a large house in Paris, Sœur Marie Louise, was, it is true, filled with admiration of this brave little company of women; but her desire to join it vanished on witnessing the depths of humiliation to which the Sisters accustomed themselves, and she exclaimed in her prayers, *No, my God, no. It is not possible! It is too much to ask of me!*

La Sœur Félicité, who has lately died the blessed death of a Sister of God's poor, at Angers, ardently desired to become a *religieuse*, but involuntarily ejaculated, when addressing her prayers to St. Joseph, *Mais non pas chez les Petites Sœurs!*

The four coadjutors, who at the end of several years joined the society, were induced to do so by what is called accident. One merely came as a hireling in a press of work. She, and a friend of one of the old people who called to see her aged relative, were so impressed by the blessed peace and gaiety even of these good Sisters, that they besought

leave to aid in the work. On another occasion, two young sewing girls who happened to be out of employment, benevolently offered their services towards setting in good order the stock of linen and clothing belonging to the Institution. They spent some days in this labour, and parted from their kind hostesses with tears. In a short time they returned to offer, not their temporary services, but the devotion of their lives to God's people.

But while the number of Sisters increased but slowly, that of the old and infirm grew rapidly. In 1842, the *rez-de-chaussée* being full, the Sisters bought a large house. It is true, they had not money to pay for it; but the good Abbé sold even his gold watch and silver cross towards defraying the expenses, Jeanne Jugan gave the remains of her hard earned savings, Fanchon all her little property, and the Sisters added the few francs they had been able to economise out of their funds. They trusted for the rest to Providence, who did not fail them, for at the end of the year the debt of twenty-two thousand francs was paid.

The Sisterhood now assumed a decided position. Now its members first received their name of *Petites Sœurs*. Their good Abbé developed and arranged with precision the vows and rules to be observed; and imposed on the society a special one of hospitality, to be strictly regarded wherever the Little Sisters should settle. Their first efforts, made when they appeared to be blind-folded and fettered, were now rewarded. They saw their way clearly along the road they had chosen. At the end of eighteen months the new house was filled with fifty old people. Their wants were supplied solely by *la quête*. Broken meat and scraps at no time entirely failed; and I need not say the old people were the last to be allowed to feel any need. The Sisters, indeed, often found that scraps of scraps only just sufficed to support them. But where love reigns, common need forms an additional bond; and never were these good Sisters more united than in the seasons in which they were thus hard pressed. Faithful to their vow of hospitality, the Sisters, who had already given up their room, and were sleeping on straw spread nightly in the passages, determined on extending their sphere, for more candidates for admission offered than the house could accommodate. Though they possessed a piece of ground, ten sous was all the money they had left. But the pious hands which had so long performed every other task for the aged, did not shrink from handling the trowel and using the spade. These brave women set to work with all their might and main, to level the ground, to lay the foundations, and to accumulate materials. Their *pious audacity*, as it is called by their historian Monsieur Léon Aubineau, was rewarded. The workmen of St. Servan, inspired with admiration and sympathy, offered their services. The additional house was completed without cost to the Sisters.

Other helps began to pour in.

One of the Sisters' aged charges had a relation in Jersey, who, hearing of the poverty of this old woman, came himself to St. Servan, to offer

aid. Delighted and impressed with the comfort of the refuge the poor old soul had meanwhile found, he returned to Jersey, full of gratitude to the Sisters, which he thenceforth showed by sending a regular subscription to the Institution, to which he ultimately left a legacy of seven thousand francs. Jeanne Jugan became about this time the happy recipient of three thousand francs, adjudged by the Academy as a *Prix de Vertu*.

With funds, work and workers increased.

The Little Sisters' undertaking, now fairly started at St. Servan, was to commence afresh elsewhere.

The first little colony, superintended by Marie Augustine and four Sisters, settled at Rennes. In the poorest and most degraded quarter of the town, among taverns and low lodging-houses, these courageous women fixed themselves. Having collected their poor—no difficult task in this poverty-stricken neighbourhood—and bought a house, they installed the wretched creatures in their new home. In this task they were assisted by the soldiers, who were the chief frequenters of the neighbouring taverns, and who with alacrity proffered help in carrying the aged sufferers in their arms. The new establishment was confided to the care of the four Breton Sisters, who had accompanied Marie Augustine. She now returned to St. Servan with two Postulants (or Sisters in the first year of their initiation) from Rennes. She found the sisterly family at St. Servan so increased that she was quite inclined to accept a challenge from the municipal authorities of Dinan. A *dot* being offered for an establishment by the Mayor of this town, and the sanction of its two Curés, as well as that of the Bishop of St. Brienc, obtained, a little company of Sisters presented themselves at Dinan. An old prison was the only immediately available asylum here, but its atmosphere was tainted by the miasma caused by bad drains and damp. One large ward, however, was found to be habitable, and in this were accommodated the aged and crippled. The fearless Little Sisters slept peacefully in the remaining rooms, which had the additional drawback of being only capable of fastening from without. In a few months a new and healthy refuge was found.

At the end of the year 1846, the Sisterhood possessed three Houses, each managed by fifteen or sixteen Sisters. In this year the original establishment at St. Servan was unexpectedly enriched by generous assistance given by one of the foreigners, who flock in the summer to these watering-places in search of health or amusement.

With their means, the views of the Sisters extended; and they now contemplated an establishment at Tours, eighty leagues from St. Servan. The Institution at Tours took root with more difficulty, more labour and sorrow were expended on it, and it flourished more slowly, than any other. For five bitter cold winter months, three Sisters tended without assistance sixteen or eighteen old people. Sufficiently hard they found it, amidst loneliness and poverty, not only to supply the physical needs of

their charges, but also to create and maintain the atmosphere of cheerfulness, nay gaiety, enjoined by their rules. *Sœur Félicité* sunk into her grave after two years of this severe trial, and *Mère Marie Louise*, the present Superior of the House in the Faubourg St. Jacques at Paris, will never recover the health she then lost. But she does not grudge the strength which lasted as long as it was absolutely required for her work. The courage of the Sisters never failed. Every morning were they to be seen, trotting about the town, carrying their large tin buckets, divided into compartments destined to receive the scraps of meat and vegetables, and remains of soup, which charitable *menagères* might bestow. One great resource was the coffee-grounds, which no *cafetier* has the heart to refuse the Sisters for the breakfast of their old men and women. Some took care that these grounds should retain a certain amount of essence and aroma. Some added a little milk. This, with bread-crusts, the general contribution from schools, colleges, and barracks, form a luxurious breakfast daily for many hundred old people throughout France. From time to time unexpected but opportune gifts arrived to supply urgent wants. On one occasion the three Tours Sisters were reduced to sleeping on two straw mattresses, with but one sheet to cover them. A knock at the door announced a new candidate for hospitality. The old woman was welcomed. She brought her bed, but begged for sheets. None were forthcoming. At a sign from the Mother Superior scissors were brought, and the Sisters' sheet was fetched with the intention of dividing it. *We will do as we can*, said the Sisters cheerfully; but a second knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a young man-servant, the bearer of an offering of six pairs of sheets!

Tours formed a centre from which many and extensive ramifications have since been made by this society. It was in 1848 that this holy work, hitherto conducted, as it were, in obscurity and silence, came under public notice. On the occasion of a discussion in the National Assembly on the *Droit d'Assistance*, one of the leading Journals, *l'Univers*, described the care bestowed on the aged children of the State at St. Servan, Rennes, Dinan, and Tours. Twelve Postulants, mostly poor and from a humble class, presented themselves immediately at the Sisters' door.

Paris was now talked of, as a new scene for labour. Certain members of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul warmly encouraged this idea.

Two Breton Sisters were despatched to Paris. For five months they were obliged to content themselves with tending the poor in their own wretched homes. Thither they took them what scraps they could beg, or for a sou or two buy at the soup-kitchens established for the poor by the *Filles de Charité*. One of the Sisters being called away, the remaining one, *Mère Marie Louise*, devoted herself to the victims of the cholera, which was then raging in Paris. She was severely attacked by the dreadful malady, which left her a mere wreck.

During the next few years, establishments of the Little Sisters of the

Poor sprung up at Nantes, Besançon, Angers, Bordeaux, and Rouen. We need not enter into the details of each of these foundations. The difficulties and successess of each varied but little in the main. But slight differences distinguished the careers of the Houses. Though the Little Sisters owe much to the rich, the special characteristic of their work is the popular sympathy it excites. This was particularly manifested at Bordeaux and at Rouen. Here the butchers, vegetable sellers, and other vendors, vied with each other in loading the Sisters with provisions. The first time they made their *quête* in the Market-place, there was quite an *émeute* in consequence of this pious rivalry, which was stilled by the mayor and police, who arranged with the Sisters that they should make a regular tour of the market-place, thus giving each seller an equal chance of contributing his offering.

At Rouen first, a donkey, the invariable possession now of every flourishing House, became a necessary. The little grey beast, himself and his harness a gift, soon became a familiar sight to the inhabitants of Rouen. Besides his panniers, he bore a board with a little inscription saying who were his owners. On his appearance in the market-place or streets, the generous Rouennais ran to meet him, and pack away in his panniers their contributions. One day, as the heavily laden donkey trotted homewards with the Little Sister who had been making the day's *quête*, through one of the narrow streets, his panniers caught in the wheels of a carriage, were pulled off, and their contents thrown out into the gutter. A workman who was passing, helped the Little Sister to collect them, and to repair with string the panniers, which were badly broken. On his return to his workshop, the *ouvrier* told his companions of the disaster which had befallen the Little Sister. The kind-hearted men listened with interest, and agreed to subscribe the amount necessary for a new pair of panniers. That very evening they bought and presented in triumph their offering to the Sisters. Nor did the sympathy thus excited among these *ouvriers* end here. It spread from *atelier* to *atelier*, and was not without practical results. Some long time after, a master manufacturer thus wrote to the Abbé le Pailleur:—*I owe a large debt of obligation to you. Formerly my workmen were entirely engrossed by socialistic doctrines; but since the arrival of the Petites Sœurs, nothing has been talked of in the ateliers but their virtue, their devotion, and their wants. And this admiration is not barren. Much good results from it, more than we can estimate.*

Can one imagine a greater tribute of praise, more satisfactory comment on the incidental good worked by the Little Sisters? The sight of their devotion worked miracles; not less the air of gaiety which so especially characterizes their order. Many a visitor brought to the Institutions by mere curiosity left large sums of money in the little coffer by the door, over which are the words, *Bénie soit de Jésus et de Marie la main qui met ici un sou pour les pauvres.*

At this period of the history of the society, solicitations poured in

from one French town after another for Little Sisters to found and start new Houses. But though neither Postulants nor money-aids were wanting, the good Abbé, with the rare judgment we have before noticed, hesitated before responding to these appeals.

The original set of Breton Sisters was no longer young, and it seemed desirable to the Père that there should now be a breathing time, in which no new work should be undertaken, but which should be devoted to training a new set of Sisters, who should, when required, be fit and capable to take up and carry on the responsible and difficult duties of the actual Mères Supérieures. For this purpose he made it his special care to form the minds and characters of those among the younger Petites Sœurs who promised best as earnest and skilful labourers in the field of God. Thereto he also directed the observation of the Mothers Superior, whom he bade remark which Sisters proved themselves aptest pupils, and to give their various talents and faculties every aid to development.

Happily, the good father found that, attention once concentrated on those Sisters who possessed superior powers, their progress was rapid, and in proportion to the work marked out. Happily, I say, for even in 1851 the Abbé, notwithstanding all his wise intentions, found it impossible any longer to resist the urgent appeals made on all sides for Little Sisters to tend the poor and aged both in French and English towns.

The Garde Nationale of the 10th Legion begged for aid in opening an Asylum for the aged of the 10th arrondissement of Paris. The Legion offered fourteen thousand francs towards the expenses of such an establishment, if a right was reserved to each company of the Legion to dispose of two beds on payment of an additional sum of eighty or a hundred francs for each patient. This offer was accepted, and a House taken in the Rue du Regard, (the establishment has since been moved to the Avenue de Breteuil.) Notwithstanding the funds promised in advance, no more than the customary facility attended the installation of the aged people in the Sisters' Home.

Two Little Sisters, with the assistance of a benevolent officer of the Garde Nationale, with difficulty cleaned and arranged the house before the arrival of the invalids. Their furniture did not require much time to arrange, for it consisted solely of a statue of the Virgin, one of St. Joseph, and another of St. Augustine, the gifts of the good Abbé le Pailleur. But by the month of June, when the Archbishop consecrated the chapel, the house was furnished, and full of *pensionnaires*. The Legion of the Garde Nationale, and many of the first functionaries of the state, took part in this fête.

A short time after this, the Little Sisters received a challenge from the municipal authorities at Laval, to enable them to employ to the best possible advantage a legacy, consisting of gardens, of a house and meadow. This legacy had been left to the administration of Laval, on

condition that the town should establish an asylum for the aged poor. Finding their funds did not suffice for the expenses they were incurring, the authorities appealed to those Sisters, who alone, as they said, *know how to do much with nothing, and to found hospitals without money. They seem to find no difficulty insuperable. Apparently they possess some secret.* They do indeed possess a secret—a secret at least so far, that it is, we fear, known to few—but unlike other secrets, it is one all can know if it be their wish. Love to God and man, and faith which can move mountains.

The Little Sisters willingly entertained the proposal from Laval, on their invariable condition of reserving their independence, or rather that of their Order.

The Hospital at Laval is now a flourishing one.

The entire number of Little Sisters in England, France, and Scotland, now exceeds a thousand. More than eight thousand old people and incurable invalids are taken care of and supported by them. The same characteristics are observable in the Little Sisters' Houses which surround us now in 1866, as prevailed in their Establishments in the early days of which I have hitherto chiefly spoken. The same simplicity and good sense, the same unselfishness and rigid economy—this last indeed can never alter, for as funds increase they are applied to extending the Sisters' sphere of usefulness, instead of being devoted to existing Houses, provided the old people in these are duly tended and supported.

'Give us each day our daily bread,' is the prayer of the *Petites Sœurs* literally where the day's comfort actually depends on the success of each morning's *quête*. Too often, comforts we are accustomed to consider absolute necessities for old folk and delicate women, are wanting in the *Petites Sœurs*' Houses. Not only are beds, mattresses, and sheets, too few for the number of invalids, but furniture is frequently absent. The old men and women indeed have each a chair; but so seldom, in even the oldest established Houses, are extra chairs to be had, that the Little Sisters, on whose comfort no money is spent, have pretty generally contracted the habit of sitting on their heels. In this humble attitude do they receive in the *Salle de Communauté* the instructions of their spiritual father, and the daily orders and advice of the Superior. The hardness of their lives, however, does not damp their spirits. Nothing can be imagined less austere than the bearing of these light-hearted Little Sisters. Mirth prevails wherever they preside. They make it one of their principal duties to cultivate an almost child-like gaiety amongst their aged charges, some of whom, for the first time in their miserable lives, learn, under the sunny influence of their kind Sisters, to develop the powers of innocent enjoyment God has given us all. These good sisterly women do indeed

... 'plant their evening path with flowers
Fresher than those of morn.'

The lot has fallen in a fair ground to those Little Sisters with whom I am personally acquainted. Instead of working in squalid streets and dingy alleys, the Petites Sœurs of Pau live in a cheerful airy house, half way between the town and the village of Bilhères. Every day they go into Pau on their pious *quête* and missions of mercy ; but their establishment is three-quarters of a mile out of the town, among pleasant meadows, and near the shady wood of Bilhères.

The house they owe, in part, to the generosity of General Jacqueminot, (of horticultural celebrity,) who spent some time at Pau on account of his health, and became a great benefactor to the poor of that place. The Sisters were much attached to their patron, who died about a year ago ; and they show with pride his portrait hanging in the little room which serves as a *salle d'attente*.

At the bottom of the sunny slope, on which the house is built, runs a stream, in which the Sisters, with the aid of such of their aged pensioners as are still equal to light work, wash the linen of the Establishment. The neighbouring bridge affords, meanwhile, a pleasant lounge for some of those old cripples who, unable themselves to work, pass away their weary hours in watching the busy members of the community. As they bask in the summer sunshine, mumbling and muttering to one another in *patois*, they remind one of buzzing old drones, waiting for the working-bees to return to the hive.

The garden is large, and well cared for, and is not merely utilitarian ; trees are trained into arbours ; and a small flower-garden abounds with roses and lilies. Here, again, what little available strength remains among the old *Invalides*, is turned to account by the economical and judicious Little Sisters ; who, by employing some of the old people in the lighter work of the garden, such as weeding and raking up dead leaves, save their own time, and ensure their old friends against *ennui*. The Sisters themselves do all the hard work, digging, planting, &c. And 'if we sometimes grow faint and weary under this southern sun,' said the cheerful gardener Sister, when I went over their asylum last May, 'we have only to call to mind the labours of the Little Sisters of St. Servan in 1844 ; and the energy of our predecessors, who did not shrink from working as masons and builders, puts to shame our efforts.'

True to their original vow, the Little Sisters neglect nothing that can conduce to the cheerfulness and happiness of the old people. That their own flagging spirits may not injuriously affect their pensioners, the Little Sisters have an hour's leisure each day, which they usually spend in conversation, in the pleached acacia walk in front of the house—the favourite haunt also of the old men and women. The former smoke their pipes, and dawdle away whole days in this shady avenue, where the Sisters have made rough seats for their accommodation. Not unfrequently, the best behaved among the *Invalides* are allowed to have their dinner out-of-doors—and such a little pic-nic I saw : a happy trio, consisting of a young imbecile, whose sweet temper and unselfishness

make him a general favourite; and of two old cripples, one of whom, a blind man, was listening eagerly to a nightingale singing in the wood near. The three were seated on blocks of wood round a tiny table, on which a Little Sister placed their smoking soup. I was told by the Mother Superior, that this treat had been earned by a month's unflinching good conduct.

I was present at the *table d'ôte* dinner, when fifty old men were regaled on soup made from the crusts given at the barracks, flavoured with gravy and mushrooms. The Mother Superior, after offering a prayer on her knees, presided at the ladling out of the savoury mess by a Sister; while two more Little Sisters, assisted by the most capable of the aged guests, acted as waiters. After my morning's walk, I ate with great satisfaction a cupful of the soup, which the seventy year old *Garçon* presented to me with the air of a prince, and without the sort of apology offered in England on like occasions. My old friend saw I was a self-bidden guest, and to be treated as such. Blanchard Jerrold, in his account of the Little Sisters' Establishments in London,* given in his *Signals of Distress*, speaks of a foreign refinement which he noticed there, *viz.*, that each old person had a table-napkin. This, an unknown luxury in an English workhouse or almshouse, struck me here also. I noticed, moreover, that each napkin was tied round with a black ribbon, on which was a ticket, bearing the name of the owner; and that when, owing to some little confusion about seats, two napkins were changed, the mistake was carefully rectified. The drink was some mild kind of beer, which tasted to me very like sweet-wort; but I was told that on Sundays and fête days wine was allowed. Any pocket-money given to the old people by visitors or relations, is spent in wine, tobacco, and such little luxuries.

A pretty little scene occurred just as dinner was ended. A manservant arrived, bringing a store of old cushions and foot-stools, which some English family, on quitting Pau at the end of the season, had sent as a present to the Sisters' *protégés*. The rejoicing at the acquisition of so unlooked-for and unaccustomed a luxury was pleasant to see.

We visited those inmates of the establishment who were too ill to dine in the public room. Among these was a poor sailor, who, though not more than forty years of age, is crippled for life by paralysis. He is one of the few pensioners who come from a distance. Having been at sea all his life, he has lost sight of his relations; and now, sick and forlorn, has come to end his days in this peaceful home. His patience and gratitude for all that is done for him is very great. I was much struck by his superiority in appearance and manner, and did not wonder that he is a great favourite with his kind guardians. He spoke of having visited Liverpool and other English ports, with interest; and expressed himself on all subjects on which we conversed with intelligence and good feeling. As the Little Sister remarked: '*Il a gardé du sentiment*;' and she added, '*Les Marins ne s'usent jamais leur sentiment. Ils gardent toujours le cœur jeune.*'

* 6, Sutherland Garden, Maida Hill; 11, Paragon, New Kent Road.

leave to aid in the work. On another occasion, two young sewing girls who happened to be out of employment, benevolently offered their services towards setting in good order the stock of linen and clothing belonging to the Institution. They spent some days in this labour, and parted from their kind hostesses with tears. In a short time they returned to offer, not their temporary services, but the devotion of their lives to God's people.

But while the number of Sisters increased but slowly, that of the old and infirm grew rapidly. In 1842, the *rez-de-chaussée* being full, the Sisters bought a large house. It is true, they had not money to pay for it; but the good Abbé sold even his gold watch and silver cross towards defraying the expenses, Jeanne Jugan gave the remains of her hard earned savings, Fanchon all her little property, and the Sisters added the few francs they had been able to economise out of their funds. They trusted for the rest to Providence, who did not fail them, for at the end of the year the debt of twenty-two thousand francs was paid.

The Sisterhood now assumed a decided position. Now its members first received their name of *Petites Sœurs*. Their good Abbé developed and arranged with precision the vows and rules to be observed; and imposed on the society a special one of hospitality, to be strictly regarded wherever the Little Sisters should settle. Their first efforts, made when they appeared to be blind-folded and fettered, were now rewarded. They saw their way clearly along the road they had chosen. At the end of eighteen months the new house was filled with fifty old people. Their wants were supplied solely by *la quête*. Broken meat and scraps at no time entirely failed; and I need not say the old people were the last to be allowed to feel any need. The Sisters, indeed, often found that scraps of scraps only just sufficed to support them. But where love reigns, common need forms an additional bond; and never were these good Sisters more united than in the seasons in which they were thus hard pressed. Faithful to their vow of hospitality, the Sisters, who had already given up their room, and were sleeping on straw spread nightly in the passages, determined on extending their sphere, for more candidates for admission offered than the house could accommodate. Though they possessed a piece of ground, ten sous was all the money they had left. But the pious hands which had so long performed every other task for the aged, did not shrink from handling the trowel and using the spade. These brave women set to work with all their might and main, to level the ground, to lay the foundations, and to accumulate materials. Their *pious audacity*, as it is called by their historian Monsieur Léon Aubineau, was rewarded. The workmen of St. Servan, inspired with admiration and sympathy, offered their services. The additional house was completed without cost to the Sisters.

Other helps began to pour in.

One of the Sisters' aged charges had a relation in Jersey, who, hearing of the poverty of this old woman, came himself to St. Servan, to offer

renovation by *ci-devant* straw-plaiters. These were also plaiting chair-bottoms for supplying shops ; this being one of the few trades the old people pursue for pay. As we approached each group, the workers rose and greeted us. When I begged them not thus to interrupt their occupation, they persisted courteously ; the Sister observing, '*Nous nous conformons toujours ici à l' étiquette.*' I was tempted to exclaim, '*L' étiquette, où va-t-elle se nicher !*'

For each old person the Little Sister had a playful word or a joke ; and her demeanour towards all was marked by the familiarity of an affectionate sister, mixed with the respect due to a parent ; and if she never received the most trifling service from any of her old charges without the formal, '*Je vous remercie, Monsieur,*' it was never rendered but with courtesy that amounted to chivalry.

The men and women are kept as entirely distinct in the Little Sisters' Establishment as in an English poor-house. They inhabit different parts of the house, walk in different gardens, are tended by different Sisters, and only meet in chapel. Ninety-four old people are this year supported at the *Petites Sœurs' Maison des Vieillards* ; of these fifty are men, and forty-four women.

We now visited the women's ward, where many tottering old creatures were crowding round the work-table, where the more active of the women were knitting and sewing, under the superintendence of a Sister. Some of the women are so exceedingly old, as to appear imbecile ; a large proportion are so in reality ; and many are toothless, and unable to articulate distinctly. All seemed happy, and were laughing and talking with their attendant Sisters ; but owing to their chiefly speaking in *patois*, I could understand but little of what was said. Every unoccupied old woman was provided with an ingeniously plaited paper-flag fan, with which to whisk off the flies which torment their poor shaking old heads.

One old woman, aged eighty, was decked out with flowers by her companions, who were standing admiringly round the poor idiot, whose delight was boundless at being thus humoured in her antique vanity. As we entered each room, there was a general rush to secure a kind word or nod from the Mother Superior, who is evidently very popular ; and our old Ophelia was enchanted at being chucked under the chin, and introduced to me as '*une charmante petite.*' The Superior is changed every year or two years ; an arrangement which would seem to have many disadvantages, but which the Little Sisters recommended, because '*Cela nous tient toujours dans la petitesse.*'

It was almost startling, in the midst of the general hubbub of shrill French prattle and imbecile babble in *patois*, to hear myself addressed by a gentle cultivated English voice. The Mother Superior explained to me that the little English Sister had come to Pau for the sake of her health, which had suffered from hard work. I greeted my little country-woman, and asked her how long she had been abroad, and where she came from in England.

'I left Bristol eighteen months ago, but went in the first instance to St. Servan.'

'Bristol! I know something of your Establishment there.'

Fancy my surprise at the Little Sister hereupon exclaiming, 'Oh, are you Mrs. R——?'

'I am the daughter of the lady to whom I think you must allude.'

'I have often wished to see you,' exclaimed the Little Sister; 'for a common friend at Clifton, Mrs. H——, told me, when I came abroad, that if I ever went to Pau, I was without fail to find you out; but before I left St. Servan I lost your direction, and I never succeeded in finding your name in the *Liste des Etrangers*.'

It did my heart good to see Little Sister Benedict's delight at hearing of the good kind H——s, of whom I happened to have lately received news; and to hear her affectionate praise of her friends, who, though of a different faith, forward every work that is good and pious in its object. I found that we ourselves had been associated with this very Little Sister Benedict three years before, at Bristol.

Our friends, the H——s, had discovered a poor young Irish Roman Catholic, who had been a soldier, very ill, and in great want. By their kindness he was supplied with a nurse. It was soon discovered, however, that she stole the wine and spirits provided for him, and neglected her charge. Seeing that poor young Ryan's end was rapidly approaching, our Catholic-minded friends saw that he ought to be provided with a careful nurse of his own faith; but where find one at such short notice? Would the Little Sisters help? It is against their rule to go out nursing; but in the absence of any of the Order of Nursing Sisters, the Mother Superior, with the sanction of the priest, for once broke the rule, and Sister Benedict nursed poor Ryan till his death; care being of course taken that the Establishment should not suffer pecuniarily from her absence. I was myself too ill at that time to see either the invalid Ryan, or the nursing Sister; but reports were brought from his bed-side to mine, of his comfort in this arrangement, of his faith and trust in God, and finally of his peaceful death. My own end did not then seem very far distant; and little did I dream of finding at Pau, three years later, a link with those days of weakness and suffering!

Looking back to those old Clifton days, we found much to talk of; and Sister Benedict spoke of her own relations and home in the North of England. She left it for her new way of life, with the full concurrence of her father and mother; for on these terms only are Little Sisters admitted; an appropriate rule, that those who seek a self-chosen home, and would adopt God's aged poor as parents, brothers, and sisters, should only do so with the permission of those guardians whom He has placed over them. None may claim this new and distant home, unless they can come to it bringing with them a hearty blessing, and 'God speed you,' from 'the old folks at home.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

SCHOOL-KEEPING.

My dear —,

I am very sorry that you are not satisfied with the progress which your scholars in T— school have made; though, judging from what you tell me, I cannot help fancying that you hardly need be so. Three years ago, many of those children were running wild; and you tell me that the questions which you give them are answered in writing as regards Scripture *facts* very fairly well, but that they cannot give an abstract of what they have read, and utterly fail where the question involves the use of their minds; in short, that they remember, but do not think. Considering how far they are from Church and clergy, and therefore how little of the regular parish teaching has reached them, and how young their school-mistress is, I do not wonder at their short-comings; the first failure results, I fancy, from a want of the power of language; your pupils do not know how to use the tools which they have got, and this time and practice may remove, if you are careful in your teaching to make them understand *words*—to make the words they use give them really clear ideas; and if you can get them to have a sufficiently high standard of what such abstracts ought to be. As to the second failure—you must not despise the use of memory.

In a class of twenty you will not find many children with originality, and they will not all have come into possession of that which we in grown-up people call *mind*. Of course it is important to teach children to think; but this is a slow process, and you cannot expect your weekly hour to do much in this way; still, both you and the mistress may teach *facts*, and in some facts there is an educating force, which acts upon the mind, and is of more use than the possession of the facts themselves; this is pre-eminently the case with religious truth. But in all things, we, the teachers, can for the most part supply material, and but little assist the assimilating process, which is often long delayed. Is not the Creed only a short summary of *facts*? yet the belief in those facts is the origin of all principle. So be thankful for what seem to you to be 'mere facts, unlikely to influence daily life and practice;' they may at any moment be taken in by the mind as beliefs, and are therefore full of power. In our and their warfare with the evil within and around, we never know *what* weapons will be needful; and like David, we shall often find that the best armour, if it is not our own, if we have not proved it, is useless in the day of battle; and that the smooth stones from the brook—little things which have been familiar to us from childhood—are *the* things which, through God's help, destroy the enemy.

Yet, after all, to tell you this, when deep down in your mind there is a sense of failure, will not help you much; you want some hints for the future, to begin upon a new tack, and if it may be, to reach your children better.

On the whole, I advise you to try whether the questions given by another mind might not suit them better; and if you know the Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching, and cannot find there what you want, perhaps some of the readers of the Monthly Packet may be able to give you some useful suggestions, or to tell you of a book which would supply questions for a class to answer in writing. I would advise you to ask.

I am, &c.

JANE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Warfare and Rest will be concluded in our next.

Declined with thanks.—The Light of Our Household; J. S.

E. C. G. asks how to obtain the song—

'When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not.'

Several kind Correspondents tell us that it may be had at Addison and Hollier's, 210, Regent Street. The words are by Miss M. A. Stodart, the music by Edward Lamb.

The Rev. William Wallace thankfully acknowledges the following contributions:—F. Long, Leamington, 5s.; Mrs. C. Phillips, St. Margaret's, Rochester, £1; Rev. George H. Scott, Rhds Crowther Rectory, Pembroke, £1; From Chippenham, 5s.; E. Bell, on Hearing the Account of the Mission Read at a Working Party, £2; Mrs. Poole, Ledbury, Herefordshire, £20; The Misses Wilbraham, Chester, £2; Mrs. Aston, Guildford Street, Russell Square, £1.—for the St. Luke's Mission, Burdett Road, Stepney.—[.* Post-Office Orders, addressed to the Rev. W. Wallace, 441, Mile End Road, may be made payable at the Bow Road Office.]*

Raphael.—Parcels for Hawaii will be received by Miss Gardiner, Maybush, Shirley, Southampton, or by Miss Bullock, the Secretary of the Ladies' Association, Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 5, Park Place, St. James Street, London, S.W. From either one or the other full information as to the articles required may be obtained.—Jesus the son of Sirach was a Jew, living in Palestine in about the second century before Christ. For the little known about him, see Smith's Dictionary, or the Notes to Mant's Bible.

A. W. asks who is the author of the lines beginning—

*'In early days, nor then alone,
How little for life's end is done!
What shadows, or else things as vain,
Oft fill the heart and fret the brain!' &c.*

A Reader of the Monthly Packet will be glad if the Editor can tell her if it is true that only the first verse of Luther's Hymn was written by Luther, and if so, who is the author of the other verses in Hymns Ancient and Modern and other Hymnals. An answer to this query will greatly oblige M. C. W.

E. J. M. asks the authors of the hymns—

*'While shepherds watched their flocks.'
'JESU, meek and lowly.'
'For man the Saviour shed.'
'What our Father does is well.'*

D. M.—Several Correspondents refer for—

'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

to Pope's Essay on Criticism, Part III., l. 626.

Isabella C.—*Correspondents answer that—*

'Fast by the oracle of God,'

occurs in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, Book I., l. 12.

E. H. asks where to find the lines—

'Be the day weary or be it long,
At length it ringeth to evensong.'

We have always heard of it as a proverbial saying.

Wilfrid and Richard.—*The line—*

'On some his vigorous judgments light,'

occurs in *Professor Anstice's translations of the Choric Poetry of the Greek Plays*. It is from the *Choephore* of *Æschylus*.—*Margaret Roper* has been always understood to be intended in the verse of *The Legend of Fair Women* referred to.

Buttercup asks if there is not a book called *Morning Thoughts on the Second Morning Lesson Throughout the Year*, by a *Clergyman*. Does she mean *Daily Readings Throughout the Year*, by the *Rev. Peter Young*. (Bell and Daldy.)

B. C. G. is informed by *Filix-Fœmina* that Nos. 2, 4, 6, and probably 8, of the morsels of ferns sent for her inspection, are the sweet-scented fern, *Lastrea montana*, which will be spoken of in *Ferndom* at Chapter V. Nos. 1, 5, and 7, are also *Lastreas*, probably *L. dilatata*; but from the small portions sent, it is difficult to decide positively: Nos. 1 and 5 might be portions of a frond of *L. spinulosa*, in which case, B. C. G. will find the scales of the stipes to be broad, ovate, and pallid, without the dark centre peculiar to the species *Dilatata*.—*Filix-Fœmina* also informs *Newton Hall* that her fern is *Peris Serrulata*, introduced from India in 1770.

R. L. C. asks if any Correspondent will give a receipt for the old-fashioned art of drawing transparencies.

Mr. Editor,

I venture to send you a few lines in answer to D. R.'s question, 'Whether in hymn-singing unison or harmony be considered the most fitting expression of praise? Also, whether there be any rule to guide the change from one to the other in different verses of the same hymn? I am sorry to say that I know of no answer to the second part of your Correspondent's inquiry; but there seem to me to be three principal reasons why harmony is in the highest sense adapted to sacred music of all descriptions.

First. Without harmony music loses much of its power of expression. Were it not for their minor harmony, the music of our Lent hymns would not differ widely from that of our hymns of praise and thanksgiving.

Second. Harmony is fuller and more beautiful than a simple succession of well-arranged notes, and is therefore more suitable for the praise of the Creator of all good and beautiful things.

Third. The laws of harmony were not framed by man, but by God Himself; and I think all who are even slightly acquainted with their nature, will agree with me in considering them a work in which God has been pleased to express in types some of His own Mind and Purposes. Perfect freedom combined with the working out of

fixed laws, and the resolution of all dissonances into perfect order and beauty, are instances of this; and this latter reason appears to me an important argument in favour of the use of harmony in the Service of God.

I know it may be said that in hymn-singing 'we should with one mind and with one mouth glorify God, and that unison expresses this. But is the Unity of the Church best set forth by such uniformity? Are not the different parts and voices, various, yet working out one grand and beautiful plan, a truer type of that Body which is composed of individuals, one indeed in purpose, and united in spirit, yet differing widely both in themselves and in the part of the One grand Work given them to perform.

Of course, unison singing is more easily learnt, and therefore preferable where a good choir is unattainable; but to those who are able to choose between both, I believe I cannot be wrong in recommending harmony.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

S. E. L. A.

Mr. Editor,

Perhaps the following extract from the life of William Smith, 'The Father of English Geology,' by his nephew, the present Professor of Geology at Oxford, may be interesting to those of your readers who are curious about the Divining Rod.

'Being consulted by a land-owner on the dry Mendip Hills as to the best means of procuring supplies of water for his farm, Smith found that he had been anticipated in delivering an opinion on this very difficult subject by a miner, who proposed to solve the problem by divination, that is to say, by the divining or jowling (chowling?) rod. Unwilling that his worthy employer should be at the mercy of this superstition, he filled his pockets with some small stones, not commonly found on the Mendips, and proceeded to witness the trial of the "forked stick." Accordingly, the miner exercised in presence of the owner and the geologist the "mystery" of the rod, and wherever the point of the twig turned downward, declared that water was to be found by digging. At these points Smith quietly dropped the stones, and when several places had been thus pitched upon, asked the miner if he could re-discover the points indicated. Unaware of the stratagem, the man readily agreed to repeat the trials on the way home. In his progress he unluckily passed the spots where the stones lay, and stopped at several other localities to which the faithless rod directed attention: on which Smith remarked, that as the water had in so short a time changed its situation at all the points, it would be imprudent to spend money in following it.'

Perhaps the 'diviners' would have said that water really could be found at all the points indicated. No doubt it could, or ore either—if you only dig deep enough. The explanation of the 'divining rod' seems too much like Professor Faraday's explanation of 'table-turning,' viz., involuntary muscular action. Only hold the rod in a certain position, and after a time, the firmer you grasp it, the more difficult it is to prevent its turning.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

H. H. W.

THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 17.

MAY, 1867.

PRICE 1s.

SONNETS FROM THE COLLECTS.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

PRAYER THAT WE MAY FOLLOW CHRIST WITH A FIRM PURPOSE.

ALMIGHTY FATHER ! whom, in time, to know
Is life eternal—whom the natural mind
Hath long by wisdom sought in vain to show :
Lord, on our senses, thus by nature blind,

The light of thy 'infused grace' bestow ;—
And rule our hearts, to every ill inclined.
That we—no longer carried to and fro,
Like autumn leaves that flutter in the wind—

May follow Christ, the path of death forsaking ;
Nor yet with wavering will, or doubting choice,
Or steps that lingering, halt, and bosom aching ;

But let us ever on our way rejoice,
Against the Cross, all gain all glory staking—
Deaf to the scorner's sneer, the siren's voice !

ASCENSION DAY.

**PRAYER FOR FAITH AND HOPE, THROUGH THE GLORIOUS RESURRECTION
AND ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.**

CHRIST, who of yore, with sin and death contending,
Didst o'er the tomb, through love, triumphant rise
In substance changed, before thy servants' eyes,
To God's right hand, thy seat of old, ascending ;—

O Jesus ! grant that we, earth's fetters rending,
 May, thus in spirit mounting to the skies,
 The carnal terrors of the grave despise,
 To rest with Thee, in joy all thought transcending ;—

That so, through life remembering Thee who trod
 The road to glory through the vale of tears,
 We, still unmoved by doubt or thankless fears,

May speed rejoicing, leaning on thy rod,
 As travellers whom the distant watch-light cheers,
 Until we reach the mansion of our God.

‘ A MAN’S VOICE.’

‘ I heard a man’s voice between the banks of Ulai, which called and said, Gabriel, make this man to understand the vision.’—*Daniel*, viii. 16.

LORD, if I walk close with Thee,
 In Thy Prophet’s company,
 I shall hear a voice, I ween,
 Call, Ulai’s banks between,
 I shall hear ‘ a Man’s voice,’
 O’er each river and each sea,
 Speak as never man spake,
 ‘ Comfortable words’ to me.

When ‘ the storms of life’ shall rise,
 And black midnight veil the skies,
 Hide my chart : till tempest-tost,
 I believe that all is lost ;—
 Let me hear ‘ a Man’s voice’
 From the Lake of Galilee,
 ‘ It is I, be not afraid :’
 Lord, increase my faith in Thee.

When I lavish on Thy Feet
 Flowers soft and odours sweet,
 And they blame the seeming waste,
 And they blame the useless haste,—
 Let me hear ‘ a Man’s voice’
 From the house in Bethany,
 Saying, ‘ Blame her not, for she
 Hath a good work wrought on Me.’

When my God presents a cup,
And I will not drink it up,
And I shrink from His decrees,
And I love to be at ease,—
Let me hear 'a Man's voice'
From thy shade, Gethsemane:—
'Not my will, but Thine be done.'
Let His will be done in me!

When I tread the gloomy vale,
And my heart begins to fail,
And my spirit dies with fear,
And I cannot see Thee near,—
Let me hear 'a Man's voice'
Crying from the shameful Tree,
Crying loud, 'My God, my God,
Why hast Thou forsaken Me!'

When the great white Throne is raised,
And, confounded and amazed,
All the tribes of earth shall mourn,
Dreading Him they used to scorn,—
Let me hear 'a Man's voice,'
Find my God and Judge in *Thee*,
Hear the gracious sentence, 'Come,
Come ye blessed unto Me!'

E. W.

THE CANTICLES IN MATINS AND EVENSONG.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL PLAN OF THE CANTICLES, AND THEIR PLACE IN THE DAILY SERVICES.

PERHAPS there is no department of our Church Services which bears traces of a more delicate adaptation to its special purpose than that of the Canticles in Morning and Evening Prayer. And this we say, viewing them both collectively as a connected system, and viewing them also individually in reference to the special place which each of them occupies in the system of which it forms a part. Regarded separately, we have no doubt that almost everyone feels their beauty and is glad to join in singing them: but we are disposed to fear that even their individual fitness for the places where they occur is very much lost sight of, for want of understanding the general plan and purpose of their

use. *Why* the Te Deum should be so perfectly adapted to the morning, and yet so utterly *unsuited* to the evening Service, *why* it is exactly in its place where it is, and *why* it would lose nearly all its appropriateness if it came in place—say—of the Jubilate :—these are questions which we fear a good many, even of those who profess to be very zealous for our Prayer Book, might be at fault in answering. And yet these Canticles form a very considerable portion of our service; and even if merely read, they form a very *prominent* part of it; while, now that they are—as they ought to be—so generally sung or chanted, they have come back not only into their original prominence, but also into their original position as the *people's* part of the service after the reading of GOD's Word is finished. For both these reasons we think it will be quite worth while to give our readers a review both of the general plan on which the Cantic System is constructed, and of the particular function which each Psalm or Cantic discharges. For it must not be forgotten that the Canticles are the *people's*, or popular part of the Service, and are intended to be joined in by everybody. We *sit* and listen while we hear GOD's Word in Lessons, and we *kneel* in silence as we receive the daily absolution, or follow silently the one voice which offers up our *collected* prayers in the Church's Collects. But at the Canticles and Psalms we stand in the attitude of energy, and all with united voices join—or ought to join—in the loud voice of praise and thanksgiving for what GOD has given us and done for us. This part of the Service then is just the very one which everybody ought to understand most fully; and in these following chapters we shall propose to give something like an explanatory commentary on each with such brevity as we can.

In the first place then, it is to be observed that all the Canticles occur in one portion of the Service. We presume that our readers will be acquainted with the three-fold division of our Matins and Evensong :—*First*, the Penitential portion, the Confession and Absolution, without which we do not venture upon coming into GOD's House at all ;—*Next*, the portion given to Praise and Instruction, in which we hear GOD's Word in Scripture Lessons, and praise His Name in Psalms and Canticles ;—and *Thirdly*, the Precatory department, in which we seek supplies for our temporal and spiritual wants in prayer and Collects. These three portions are sharply divided the one from the other, and are totally distinct in their character. The first of the three ends with the Absolution, after which we are free to enter upon our Worship. The second begins with the LORD's Prayer, the pattern of all Christian Worship, and ends with the Creed, which sums up GOD's revelation of Himself. The third begins with the Lesser Litany, and is the concluding member of the Service. Thus our Daily Service follows the order of the LORD's Prayer, and has regard *first* to GOD's Will and GOD's Word, GOD's Honour and GOD's Praise, and does not presume to speak of *our* wants until it has first considered *His* glory. Just as we pray, 'Thy

kingdom come,' so we hear of the beginning of the kingdom, its history, its laws and its principles, in Lessons from the Old Testament Histories and Prophecies, and from the New Testament Gospels and Epistles. Just as we pray 'Hallowed be Thy Name,' so we 'hallow' that Name in Psalms and Canticles. Just as we pray 'Thy Will be done,' so we hear that 'Will' in Lessons at once from the Old and the New Testaments. The Creed, *itself a hymn to be sung*, sums up the whole, and possesses the twofold character (1) of an Instruction in God's Will, and (2) of a hymn of praise on our part to celebrate His revelation. When this is finished—then, and not till then, does the Church go on to approach the throne of Grace with petitions for Her self and Her members.

Accordingly, what we have to observe in the first place is simply this;—that the middle portion of our Daily Service, that which *begins the Worship* and comes first after the preparatory Office of Penitence and Absolution is accomplished—that *this*, by far the largest portion of our Daily Service, is composed entirely of Lessons and of Praises:—God's Word and Will;—Man's Praises and Thanksgivings. And we observe next, that the two do not stand separate and apart, but are interwoven; Lessons and Canticles are alternated; a Lesson from the Old Testament and then a Canticle, then a Lesson from the New Testament and then a Canticle. After this the interwoven lines unite or are bracketed together again, in the 'Creed'; just as they set out from one point in the LORD's Prayer. They were introduced by the LORD's Prayer, in which 'Hallowed be, &c.' is in close union with 'Thy Will' and 'Thy Kingdom.' They follow this pattern by interweaving the two things—the 'hallowing' of God's 'Name' in Psalms, the setting forth of God's Will and God's 'Kingdom' in Lessons. Thus the intermingling streams of God's Word and Man's Praise start from one fountain in the LORD's Prayer, and then re-unite themselves at the end in the unity of the Apostles' Creed:—and it is our selection of Canticles in which the element of Praise has its expression.

From what has now been said, certain consequences must follow as to the character of 'Praise-element,' as we may call it, of this part of our Service. Praise itself may be of different kinds, and will wear a different complexion according as it takes its origin from one thing or another. All thanksgiving is not the same thanksgiving. All mercies are not the same mercies. All praise is not the same praise. The Canticles are *selected* Canticles, and are selected with a purpose, and to suit their situation. So far as praise in general is concerned—praise for all manner of mercies—so far as the great broad stream of universal Song is concerned, *that* is provided for in the singing of the Psalter straight through without omission or selection. The Canticles on the other hand are a separate system, a selected body of praise consistent with the source from whence they flow, the end towards which they converge, and the company in which they move. That 'source' as we have seen is the first part of the LORD's Prayer, that 'end' is the

Creed, and they accompany the Gift of God's Holy Word as read in Lessons, first from the Old and secondly from the New Testament. The 'praise' therefore which is sung in our Canticles is that *particular kind of praise* which has to do with God's Word and with CHRIST's kingdom. In other language, the Canticles are chosen so as to express the Church's gratitude for the gift of God's Word, for the revelation of Christ's Gospel, and for the founding of Christ's Church or Kingdom. They start from the Lord's Prayer, they lead up to the Creed, they accompany the Bible Lessons. And thus it will be seen that each Canticle is so chosen as to fit into its particular place in the order of the Scripture Lessons. The same Canticle which does excellently well to introduce a Lesson from the Gospels, would be altogether out of place if it preceded a Lesson from the Epistles. The Canticle which is appropriate when it follows an Old Testament Lesson, would be most unmeaning if it were to come next after one from the New Testament. And thus, seeing that we read the Epistles in the evening and the Gospel in the morning, you cannot transpose a morning Canticle to the Evening Service without shattering the harmony of the structure.

Thus much then for the general idea of the plan on which our Canticles are chosen. They accompany the reading of God's Word, and they express the Church's thanksgivings (1) for the gift of that Word; (2) for the revealing of God's 'Will' in Christ; (3) for the foundation of God's 'Kingdom' as seen in the Church of Christ.

Now we must go a step further. God's Word is given to us in three great divisions, each of which is divided from the others by a strongly marked difference of subject. There is first of all the Old Testament, the primary revelation of God's Law and Government, and the prophetic preparation for the Gospel and the Church of Christ. Next comes the book of the Gospels and the Acts, in which the prophecies of the Old Testament are fulfilled so far as concerns Christ's coming and the foundation of the Christian Church. Lastly comes the book of the Epistles, in which the main subject is the complete extension of Christ's Church to the Gentile world, and the fuller setting forth of Christian principles and Christian privileges and Christian duties, now that God's Kingdom includes not Jews alone but all mankind. These marked distinctions between the various departments of the volume of the New Testament must always be borne in mind. The New Testament as a whole is the fulfilment of the Old Testament as a whole. But the whole is composed of parts: and the Old Testament bears witness to the coming Kingdom of Messiah in two different aspects. There is, first, its witness to the coming of Christ Himself, and the prophecies of His Life and Death, His teaching, and His being at once a new Prophet and a new King. There is, secondly, its pervading witness that His teaching and His Kingdom should embrace not one nation only but 'all nations,' not Jews only but Gentiles, the heathen and all the earth. There are

two different branches into which the stream of prophecy is parted, and the two divisions of the New Testament in the main are parted so as to correspond to them. The Gospels and the Acts relate the fulfilment of God's ancient Testament in the coming of Christ—His Life, His Death, His Resurrection—in the new law as taught by Christ, in the manifestation of the second and third Persons of the Trinity, and in the foundation of the Church. So much for the Gospels and the Acts. Then the Epistles go further, and *discuss* and *explain* the principles of this new Church, *not* as a mere Jewish body, but as a universal Church, fitted for Jew and Gentile alike, and in which the prophecies of Christ's *Universal* Kingdom find their fulfilment. Thus the Epistles take up the strain just where the Acts has laid it down: and as the Acts *begins* the story of the Gentile Christendom, so the Epistles work out the uncompleted history, and *discuss and explain* the transition from Judaism to Catholicism—from a Jewish to a universal Church—in every variety of view and aspect. Anyone who will read the Epistles to the Corinthians will see how much attention is devoted to settling questions which arose in a mixed Church of Jews and Gentiles;—*e. g.* a whole chapter or two is given to explaining the ground of the decrees of the Apostolic Council at Jerusalem;—while the Epistle to the Galatians is occupied with nothing else. Thus again the Epistle to the Romans settles the *principle* of the disputed question of the spiritual equality of Jew and Gentile. The Epistle to the Galatians shews the inconsistency of a Christian observing the Mosaic Law. The Epistle to the Hebrews shews the *universal* Priesthood of Christ, and the consequent needlessness of the Jewish priesthood. It follows therefore that our morning and our evening readings of Holy Scripture take up separate departments both of the Old and of the New Testaments. In the morning we read of the coming of Christ, of the facts of the Incarnation, of the new teaching of Christ, and of the coming of the Holy Ghost. In the evening our minds are fixed on the consequences of these facts, on the universal extension of these blessings, and on the practical duties of Christian people.

Now it is on the recognition of this principle that our Canticale system is based. We have already pointed out that our Canticles *accompany* the reading of God's Word, that they are *interwoven* with the Lessons, that they *introduce* them, and that they *follow* them. The Canticles are allotted each to the neighbourhood of its appropriate Lesson, in such a way as to bring out the connection of the Old and New Testaments, in these two chief departments. The Morning Canticles are chosen as the appropriate links between the Old Testament and the historical facts related in the Gospels and the Acts, the revelation of the Son and of the Spirit, and the doctrine of the Trinity. The Evening Canticles celebrate the extension of God's revelation to mankind at large, and remind us that if the Old Testament was given to Jews, it nevertheless predicted the calling of the Gentiles. Thus the two sets taken together give thanks to God for His whole work of revelation and redemption, for His

Word and for His Church. But they do it in two departments. The Morning Canticles refer mainly to GOD and to the Trinity, to GOD as in Three Persons—Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier—*i. e.* to the facts and the doctrines which His Word sets before us to believe. In the Evening Canticles our eyes are turned also upon ourselves, and we give thanks for that *universal* extension of Christ's Gospel which has admitted us Gentiles within the pale of the Church, breaking down the wall of partition and making no difference between Jew and Greek. They are the Church's song of thanksgiving that *we* have been admitted into Christ's Church, and then there is also the added thought of the multitude of Christian counsels with which the Evening Lessons are laden for our Christian conduct. In no part of Holy Scripture is there shed a more abundant 'light to lighten' the path of 'the Gentiles' than in those Epistles which not only explain the equal privileges of the universal Church of Christ, but are full of practical directions as to Christian duties.

One remark only we must add before we close this introductory chapter to our comments on the Canticle system of the Church. It is that they apply more particularly to the sets of Canticles which *follow* the reading of the Lessons. There is one Canticle which does not fall under either of the two great heads which we have been describing; and that, of course, is the Invitatory Psalm of the Morning Service. We shall not, however, think fit to omit it from the explanatory commentary which follows; inasmuch as its extraordinary fitness for the position which it holds—that, namely, of *inviting* us alike to praise, to prayer, and the reading of God's Word, is such a remarkable example of the delicate accuracy with which every ancient portion of our Service-book is fitted into its appropriate position, that it would be a pity indeed to omit it. Besides which, as the introductory member of the whole Canticle system, our exposition would not be complete without it. We may add too, that just as the Canticle system is one of the most ancient elements in our Matins and Evensong, so the use of the Venite in public worship is probably the most ancient element of them all. In all probability it was used as an Invitatory in the Jewish Temple Service. It is certain that it has been used (literally) time out of mind in the Christian Church. St. Paul himself expounds it in his Epistle to the Hebrews, drawing out its Christian signification, and stamping it as the common property both of Jew and Gentile. In our next following chapter, therefore, we will commence with the VENITE, as introductory to the whole Service of Praise, of Reading of God's Word, and of Supplication.

(To be continued.)

A. R. A.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO LXXXIII.

THE MISSION OF THE MAIDEN.

THE shrine of St. Catherine at Fierbois was, at the time of the misery of France, the most popular with all the persons who clung to the interests of Valois rather than of Plantagenet.

Thither had the Duke of Brittany sent his votive offerings when he was released from his horrible captivity at Clisson; thither had the Scottish Hamilton bent his thoughts when the halter was about his neck; thither had he repaired with his thanks upon his recovery.

A long register of the miracles attributed to St. Catherine's intercession was kept by the clergy of her church; and to these there was destined to be added one of the most wonderful revivals on record of the spirit of an almost conquered nation.

On the borders of Lorraine, almost beyond the confines of France, on the river Meuse, lay the village of Domremy, a place belonging to the Sieur Pierre de Bourlemont, a simple-minded place, where the peasants, with a single exception, believed that the Armagnacs were loyal, and the Burgundians traitors. Their neighbours at Marcey, on the other hand, held with the Burgundians; and the combats in the streets at Paris were emulated by the boys of the two parishes, who never met without coming to blows with fists, sticks, and stones.

Three boys, Jaquemin, Jean, and Pierre d' Arc, were often so forward in these conflicts on the Domremy side, that they used to return bruised and bleeding to their homes; but though pitied and caressed, they were always cheered on to their battles by their dreamy though high-spirited sister, Jeanne.

Domremy was a place to encourage dreams. The pride of the village was an immense beech tree, which stood alone in advance of the Bois Chenu, the great Druidical forest on the hill side. It was called the Beautiful May, the Fairies' Tree, or the Ladies' Tree; and the ancient village dames professed to have heard the fairies whispering beneath it; but it was now a hallowed tree, exorcised by the priest, who in the solemn procession at Rogationtide always came to chant the Gospel beneath it, and bless the pure spring that flowed close to its root. The fairies had ceased to haunt the place; but on May morning the village children there decked their flowery image; on the Sunday of the Fountains they there came to eat little cakes and drink from the spring; and in the summer, the ladies of Bourlemont would gather the little ones in this favoured spot, and feast them with white bread and wine. On every holiday it was hung with garlands, and encircled with merry dances; and the children loved it beyond all other places.

There did Jeanne of Arc, the peasant's daughter, love to sit while tending her flock. She was a girl of deep earnest thought, and of strong active limbs. None of the other children could approach her swiftness of foot: she was leader in all their games; and though thoughtful at other times, any strong exercise made her face light up with the wildest excitement; and yet she had that remarkable power of stillness that belongs to deep strong natures, so that when she sat on the grass, she could win the wild birds to come at her call, and take crumbs from her bosom.

She was ten years old when the Treaty of Troyes gave France to Henry V.; twelve, when the two Kings died; and soon after, the effects of the war began to show themselves in the hitherto peaceful Domremy. Troops of English and Burgundians passed and re-passed; it was no longer safe for the children to watch their flocks on the hill side; but all the flocks and herds were kept in an enclosure; and Jeanne had to stay at home and sew and spin. The cruel sufferings she daily heard of, and the misery of her countrymen, dwelt constantly on her; and she remembered an old prophecy, that a maid should come out of the Bois Chenu, and be the deliverer of France. Suppose she should be that maid! Once conceived, the thought lived for ever with her. She does not seem to have thought of her real prototype, St. Geneviève, the shepherdess who twice saved Paris; indeed, she probably only knew the Saints of her own vicinage: the Blessed Virgin of Bermont, with St. Catherine the wise and triumphant, and St. Margaret breaking through the coils of the dragon in her innocence. At their shrines she constantly prayed; and one day, when she was about thirteen, when she was musing in the garden, a light broke on her, and she heard a voice, saying, 'Jeanne, be a good child, and constant at church, for the King of Heaven hath chosen thee to restore France.' Full of awe, she at once fell on her knees, and made a vow of perpetual virginity; but she kept her vision locked up in her own heart, and bided her time, only striving in every way to fulfil her duties, whether by prayer, toil, or charity.

In 1428, when she was sixteen, an army of English and Burgundians came to besiege Vaucouleurs, and the Domremy peasants fled in alarm. The Arc family took refuge at Neufchâteau, where Jeanne and her sister and brothers took their share in helping at the inn that had received them.

Jeanne, a fine nobly made girl, with eyes full of fire and inspiration, was greatly admired by a youth who here met her. He asked her in marriage, and her parents readily promised her; but when she struggled against this destruction of all her high aims, the lover actually cited her before the ecclesiastical court, to answer for her disobedience. However, when she pleaded her vow, the officer of the court could compel her no farther, and she was allowed her cherished freedom, though her father was now, as ever, very strict with her.

This eventful visit to Neufchâteau only lasted fifteen days: the enemy

quitted Vaucouleurs, and the peasants returned to Domremy, to see the path of war with their own eyes—the church burnt, their homes plundered, and what could not be carried away wantonly destroyed. The sight added fuel to the fire—Jeanne lived in a constant dream of future achievements. Her Voices, as she called them, were always in her ears, summoning her to save France. And one day, when she was alone on the hills, the light again shone on her, and in it the glorified forms of her two dear virgin martyr Saints, she of the wheel and she of the dragon; and with them a radiant *vray preud' homme*, as she described him, whom she looked on as St. Michael, the captain of the heavenly host. Face to face, as it seemed to her, did she behold these glorious beings, and heard St. Michael say, 'Why dost thou tarry? God has great pity on the people of France! The time is come that thou must go to their deliverance!' She was struck with terror, wept, and declared that she was a poor maiden, who knew nothing of war; but the Voice replied, 'What God commands, do fearlessly; St. Catherine and St. Margaret will help thee.'

Though, so far, 'her dreams were of the glory, but the cross she could not see,' yet the vision left her in tears and terror; and it was followed by another, when she had fallen asleep in the chapel at Bermont, while taking shelter from a storm. Again she was bidden to leave all, and become the rescuer of France: and she began to speak more openly to the neighbours. 'There is now between Colombey and Vaucouleurs a maid who will cause the King of France to be crowned,' she said to one friend; and her parents, fearing that some wandering soldier might work on the poor child's enthusiasm to induce her to follow him to the camp, kept her in closer subjection than ever. Her mother told her that her father had dreamt of her thus leaving home, and that he had said to one of his sons, 'I had sooner that you drowned her; and if you did not, I should do so with my own hands!'

Jeanne's 'Voices,' however, made her believe that she had a higher duty than home submission; and they advised her to apply to the Governor of Vaucouleurs, Robert de Baudricourt. She had an uncle, named Durand Laxart, in a neighbouring village, who listened favourably to her revelations, asked for her to pay a visit to his wife, and went to Baudricourt to beg him for a recommendation of her to the King. The Governor laughed, and said, 'Box your niece's ears well, and send her home to her father.' But on this Jeanne herself repaired to his presence in her best red dress; and standing before him and his gentlemen, announced to him that she was bidden to expel the enemies of France, and carry the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims. 'Tell him,' she said, 'not to give the English battle until God vouchsafes him succour, which he shall have before next Lent be out. The kingdom of France is not his, but my Lord's; nevertheless, my Lord wills that he shall be king, and hold the kingdom in trust. In spite of his enemies, he shall be king; and it is I who am to bring him to his crown.'

'Who is your Lord?' asked Baudricourt.

'The King of Heaven,' said the inspired maid.

Baudricourt laughed at her, and dismissed her; but her purpose remained fixed.

Once she set out with her uncle to walk the one hundred and fifty leagues to the King at Chinon; but when they had started, they felt that at least a letter from Baudricourt was needful; and returning to him, induced him at last to write to ask whether the King would receive her.

Her mission became talked of; and in the winter, a knight named Jean de Novilompont, came to see her, and was so struck by her words, that he united with another gentleman, named Bertrand de Poulengy, in persuading the governor to consent to her journey; and this Baudricourt at last did, though not till he had had her exorcised by a priest, who adjured her to manifest herself if she were an evil thing.

The Duke of Lorraine, who was sick of an incurable disease, fancied her supernatural gifts would avail him, and sent for her; but she modestly answered that this was no part of her call. He gave her four livres: and the people of Vaucouleurs, who now began to believe in her, contributed to present her with a horse, and the dress and accoutrements of a man-at-arms, since her Voices had enjoined the assumption of such a garb. It was a plain suit of steel, with leather straps, and a grey cloth jerkin.

Her father and mother came to see her, almost heart-broken; but they gave her a ring, engraven with the words, JHESUS MARIA, and did not deny her their blessing.

She spent her last days at Vaucouleurs chiefly in the church, and with more of sorrow than of joy; and Baudricourt, who had become really touched, made her escort—Novilompont and Poulengy, and a king's messenger named Colet de Vienne, with their squires and servants—swear to conduct her safely and honourably to the King's presence.

The Battle of the Herrings was fought on Ash Wednesday, 1429; it was on the first Sunday of that same Lent that Jeanne thus set forth on her dangerous difficult journey, through a despoiled and hostile country. Her hardy healthy nature and great activity made this, however, as nothing to her; she could sleep in her woollen coverlet wherever she halted, and complained of nothing but that the knights would not always give her time to hear Mass.

She reached the neighbourhood of Chinon about the same time as the tidings of the shameful loss at Rouvray, and of the offer of Orleans to surrender to Burgundy. It was assuredly man's extremity, and might well be God's opportunity. Her two knights repaired to the Council to announce her coming; and pending any decision respecting her, she was placed in the charge of a lady of rank, wife to the master of the royal household.

There was dissension respecting her in the Council. La Trimouille,

the King's master, suspected that it was all a trick of the Count de Richemont; and the pleasure-loving attendants of Charles heard the story of the inspired girl with scorn. But they heard that the populace were much excited; Dunois, lying wounded at Orleans, sent two knights to inquire about her; and it was judged right to send a commission to visit her. The report was favourable; and the King decided, after two days, on seeing her himself, resolving, however, to test her powers of insight.

He received her in the evening, in a hall lighted by fifty torches, with three hundred nobles splendidly arrayed, among whom he stood, apart from his throne, in plain attire.

Jeanne, however, came straight up to him, and bent the knee before him; and though he tried to divert her attention to the most splendid of his train, she repeated, 'In the name of God, Sire, you are the King, and none other. God give you good life, gentle Lord.'

'What is your name?' he asked.

'I am Jehanne la Pucelle,' she said in her old French. 'The King of Heaven has sent me to lead you to Rheims for your coronation.' And as an incredulous look arose on the faces of those who knew but too well—and thought her ignorant—that Rheims was in the very midst of the enemy's country, she added, 'Gentle Dauphin, why will you not believe me? God has pity on you and on your people; for St. Louis and Charlemagne are on their knees before Him, praying for you.'

Charles now bade his courtiers stand out of earshot, and held long converse with her; after which he confessed himself convinced that she was Heaven sent, since she had revealed what could be known to none but himself and God.

Years after, one of his intimates persuaded him to reveal this secret; and he avowed that shortly before he had been praying that a sign might be vouchsafed him whether France were his just right, as if not, he would yield the strife, and live a private knight in Spain or Scotland. The Maid had bidden him fear not, for he was the true heir of France; and this coincidence had satisfied him. In fact, her inspired eyes, her strong faith, impressed all who came in contact with her; and the only doubt was, whether her strange inspiration was from above or beneath. Resolved to be on the safe side, Charles took her to Poitiers, to be examined by the doctors of theology. 'I know not A or B,' she said to them; 'but I know that my Voices command me to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct the King to Rheims.'

A Limousin doctor, with a strong accent, asked her what language her Voices spoke; and she briskly answered, 'Better than yours.'

Doctors and monks answered for her orthodoxy, Queen Yolande of Sicily and her ladies for her innocence and modesty, every witness for her piety and good life; and the general result showed her a nobly-formed creature, perfect in health, high in spirit, resolutely bold and alert, and free from all weakness or timidity. The Council of Charles

still probably only half believed in her ; but their cause was desperate, and it was possible that she might raise an enthusiasm that might yet retrieve it ; so they determined to send her forth with the troops who were to be sent to the relief of Orleans.

Her brother Pierre joined her ; and her two original gentlemen remained attached to her service, together with two more knights, two pages, a chaplain, and secretary ; and she put on the equipments of a knight—bright armour, with a jerkin of white and scarlet. When not in armour, she wore a huque, or close-fitting gown, of green velvet, and a long loose white satin robe over it, with a blue velvet chaperon corded with gold, by no means an indecorous dress in itself ; and its masculine character she excused, by saying it was more modest to dress like men when among them. She caused a banner to be wrought with the French lilies in gold on a white ground, with a figure of the glorified Saviour on one side, and of His blessed Mother on the other, with the same holy names that she bore on her ring. All this was by the direction of her Voices ; and they farther bade her send to St. Catherine's Church at Fierbois, for an ancient sword, marked with five crosses. The clergy said they knew of no such weapon ; but she described the spot behind the altar, where it lay buried in the ground ; and there assuredly it was, very rusty and old ; but it was furbished up, and presented with two scabbards, one of crimson velvet, the other of cloth of gold, besides which Jeanne had one of stout leather made for use.

These preparations lasted so long, that it was Holy Week before she arrived at Blois, and took the command of the 6000 men there collected for the relief of Orleans, enforcing strict regularity and attendance on Mass, and issuing an order that no man should go on the expedition without confession and absolution. Before she set off, she dictated a curious summons to the King of England, Duke of Bedford, Earl of Suffolk, Sir John Talbot, and Lord Scales, to surrender the keys of all the good cities they had taken, to one Maid who was sent by God to restore the blood royal of France ; and she sent it to the English camp by her two heralds-at-arms.

Sad to say, the heralds were detained as captives, and threatened with death. In truth, the English did not regard the Maid as within the pale of the laws of warfare. Those whom she came to befriend, had barely, by strenuous proof and by her own presence, been forced into half trusting her claims ; and to the English, and even more to the Burgundians, they appeared absurd and ridiculous. Imposture and witchcraft seemed the only explanations of her assumptions ; and the English, while half scorning, half fearing her, contemned and hated the French the more for having recourse to such base and unchivalrous methods of warfare. Local party spirit is always bitterer than even national enmity ; and the Burgundians, Jeanne's near neighbours, circulated reports about her, as a great bouncing ill-famed girl, who had been used to do horse-boy's work at the inn at Neufchâteau, and now had been taken up, half

in love, half in policy, by Dunois and Richemont, to retrieve the cause they had not valour to defend. And when the wise Regent, Bedford, had actually imprisoned his father's widow for sorcery, no one was likely to doubt the probability of such an agency. And thus Monstrelet, the Burgundian chronicler, foully misrepresents Jeanne; Shakspeare has shown her like one of the abandoned heroines of the Revolution; and Carte's History calls her 'a lusty virago,' and deems her mission the merest trick. Tardy justice has been done to the pure and noble maiden; but it must not lead us into injustice to those stout countrymen of ours, who had no means of learning the real facts, and merely saw suspicious appearances.

The English were encamped on both sides of the Loire, and had eight bastiles surrounded with huts, and communicating with one another by deep trenches. Suffolk, Talbot, and Scales, were on the northern bank of the river; Sir William Gladsdale on the south. Both sides of the city of Orleans were thus invested; and the captains of the French were in much anxiety as to the means of passing through either camp with the large collection of cattle and other stores they had brought together. 'By St. Martin, we shall do it with ease!' said Jeanne; and she insisted that her convoy should march along the northern bank, where the city stood, through the district of Beauce; but the captains—knowing that on the southern side the bastiles were less strong, and the army less numerous, trusting the besieged to send barges to take the stores across, and believing their own convictions much more than her Voices, or Counsel, as she now called her whispers of Inspiration—deceived her, and took her three days' march along the southern side. She rode at the head of the troops on a beautiful white horse, her banner carried before her, and a choir of priests around, chanting the 'Veni Creator.'

Not till she rode over the last ridge, and came in sight of Orleans, did she perceive that she had been deceived, and that the broad river, with its broken bridge, was between her and the garrison. She was grieved and indignant; and the captains were obliged to confess that she had been right; for though Dunois had brought down a large number of empty barges to receive the provisions, the river was so low, and the weather so bad, that it was even more difficult and dangerous to load them than it would have been to fight their way through the camp.

However, the night was setting in, and the English captains would not risk confusion and panic by attacking the witch in the dark, and in such weather, so the convoy was safely brought into the city; and then it was that Jeanne found that the captains had decided to take the army back again to Blois, and bring another convoy when needed. She was much concerned, but the provisions would not have sufficed for such an addition to the garrison; and Dunois entreated her to remain behind, and keep up the spirits of the besieged. She was much afraid that without her the troops would relapse into their usual excesses, and lose that state of purity on which she relied for Divine protection; but she sent back her

chaplain to supply her place, and consented to remain with her brother Pierre and old La Hire. There was a curious friendship between the inspired maiden and the rough old soldier, whom she used to rebuke for his profanity of language, advising him to content himself with swearing by St. Martin as she did.

In Orleans, the weary famished people received her indeed as a messenger from Heaven, and flocked round her in ecstasy, as she rode to the Cathedral to hear *Te Deum* by torch-light. She was lodged in the house of the treasurer, Jacques Boucher, where, after partaking of a little toasted bread and wine and water, she went to bed, taking his little eight year old daughter to sleep with her. The house is believed to be still in existence.

Dunois was not governor of Orleans ; the real command belonged to the Sire de Gaucourt, who had no faith in the Maid, and was very jealous of her influence. She wished for an immediate assault on the bastiles, but he would not hear of it ; and she was only able to send an arrow into the camp of Gladsdale with a warning to be gone, which she afterwards followed up by coming out to the rampart, and exhorting the English in the Holy Name to be gone, or she would make them.

Gladsdale and his men replied to this summons by shouting out the grossest and foulest personal abuse, which covered Jeanne's cheeks with blushes, filled her eyes with passionate tears, and sent her to pour out her sorrows in church. One of her heralds came back, laden with scornful messages of the same tenour ; and it was reported that the other was detained while the University of Paris was consulted whether it was not fitting that the herald of a witch should die by fire.

She began to enter into the cost of her mission ; but her days of success were not over. Another convoy was safely brought by the northern bank ; she went out to meet it, and no attack was made. While she was resting and dining, the captains held a council of war, and decided on an attack on the English Bastile of St. Loup ; but they had no mind for her interference, and resolved to let her know nothing about it.

Dunois had told her that Fascot, as she called Sir John Fastolfe, the Herring victor, was coming with a supply of provisions ; and when she fell asleep after dinner, a whisper came from her 'Counsel' that there was war ; but she knew not whether it concerned 'Fascot' or the siege. Soon, however, she cried out, 'The blood of our people is running on the ground !' and leapt up, calling for her armour and horse. She mounted, her white banner was handed to her from the window, and she galloped off in the direction of the sounds of battle, meeting a wounded man carried in on her way. She joined herself to Dunois' company ; and Talbot's men, who were coming to the assistance of their countrymen in St. Loup, were panic-struck at the sight of her.

The men in St. Loup held out for three hours of desperate fighting, then prayed for terms of mercy ; but Jeanne was now terrible in her

mission as an avenger ; she did not shrink from their slaughter any more than if they had been wolves ; and only saved a few who had taken refuge in the church, and put on priests' garments.

However, she never struck : she always carried her standard instead of her sword in battle, that she might not have to slay ; and she never killed anyone in all her career. In truth, she wept for the slain, caused *Masses* to be sung for them, and made it her entreaty to the King that a chapel should be founded for the purpose.

Still Gaucourt's distrust prevailed. He could not bear to let the peasant girl into his counsels, or let himself be swayed by her. Indeed, with all her truth, holiness, and purity, there was nothing of the lady about her ; nothing of that grace and softness that chivalry yielded to. She was full of force and strength, scolded and stormed ; and, except to those whose religious temper accepted her deep sense of Divine guidance, she was little more than a rough virago. She was bright and animated : she spoke gaily and fearlessly, though always modestly, to all whom she encountered ; had a lively saying, or merry augury, for the soldiery ; a brisk retort, or hail-fellow well-met manner for the highest noble or mightiest prince—always within the strict limits of womanly decorum, but not with the tender refinements of chivalrous grace. In fact, she was not a poetical Britomart, nor a spiritual shadowy St. Margaret ; but a flesh and blood resolute young woman, as deeply and passionately devotional as a saint, as brave as a heroine of Ariosto, but a peasant all the time, and probably alienating the gentlemen who came in contact with her, alike by her superiority, her pretensions, and her power of taking care of herself.

On the 6th of May, there was an attack on the bastiles on the southern side of the river. Jeanne had wished it to be on those to the north, but she was over-ruled ; and Dunois was obliged gently to rebuke her for the hot temper she showed when she found that she was not trusted.

Gladsdale's troops abused Jeanne at the top of their voices, but they were mortally afraid of her ; and all the southern bastiles were taken from them, except the Tournelles, standing by the broken bridge. This, however, was exceedingly strong ; and Gaucourt and his council decided on waiting for reinforcements ; and early in the morning, they came to Boucher's, to forbid her to go and lead on the men whom she had left waiting for the morning's assault ; but Jeanne would not hear them. 'You have been to your council, and I have been to mine,' she said. 'The council of my Lord will hold good ; the council of man will perish.' And as a shad-fish was brought in, and her hosts begged her at least to break her fast on it before she went ; she answered that it should be kept for supper, when she would return by way of the bridge, and bring a prisoner with her, calling him after that national oath that Englishmen had made their name among the French.

Gaucourt stood at the gate, and would not let her pass ; but the

soldiery and the people forced him aside, and unbarred the door, and she swept on the enthusiastic people with her to the assault, so that the reluctant captains found themselves forced to bear their part.

Suffolk and Talbot would have come to the succour of the Tournelles, but could not induce their men to stir against the Witch. Eight hundred men, with Gladsdale, were therefore left to do their best ; and in ordinary circumstances, the French captains declared that a week at least would be needful for the reduction of such a place as the Tournelles. But Jeanne had filled the common soldiery, generally the weakest part of the French army, with her own dauntless spirit. The Tournelles was attacked both by water and land ; and about noon, she herself seized a ladder, planted it, and was about to mount, when an arrow pierced her neck and shoulder. She fell, and almost fainting, and her tears flowing freely, was carried out of the fight, and laid on the grass. Dunois, her chaplain, and many soldiers, crowded round ; but in her swoon she saw her two saints ; in a few moments she rallied her courage, and cheerfully endured the extraction of the arrow ; and when the wound had been stanchd with cotton and olive oil, she resumed her corslet, and returned to the assault.

Her re-appearance increased the terror of the English, who hoped they had killed her ; and after three hours more fighting, they were exhausted, and fancied they saw St. Michael, and St. Aignan, the patron of Orleans, fighting against them. Jeanne, standard in hand, rushed to the fosse, crying, 'Yield, Gladsdale, yield ! Thou didst call me witch ! Oh, I have great pity on thy soul, and all of thine !'

Receiving no answer, she gave the word, and the French poured over the rampart ; while Gladsdale and about thirty of his best knights tried to cross to the second fort on the bridge itself, but the remnant of the already shattered arch gave way under their weight, and with a sudden crash precipitated the entire load of brave men into the river. Jeanne was woman enough to give a loud scream, and weep bitterly at the piteous sight : and the remaining two hundred men in the garrison were spared, and led into Orleans.

Every bell in the city clashed forth its peal of victory ; and the echo of exulting shouts in the streets, and Te Deums in the churches, came to the ears of the English, hitherto used to hear such sounds only on their own side, and still horror-struck at the destruction of their brave comrades.

Sadly Suffolk, Talbot, and Fastolfe, met in council, and compared notes on the panic terrors of their men. The five hundred soldiers, who could fight all night against 2000 Frenchmen, would not stand a moment against the girl whom they deemed a sorceress. Besides, with the Tournelles gone—the Tournelles, which had cost the life of Salisbury and of Gladsdale—and all their works on the southern side swept away, they had little hope left of taking the city, which had lately seemed almost in their hands. The siege could only bring further disaster and

disgrace, and they resolved on marching away. So in the morning—it was Sunday, the 8th of May—they set fire to all their remaining bastiles, drew out their men in full array, marched up to the walls, defied the garrison to battle, and when the challenge was unnoticed, marched off in good order to Mehun sur Loire, leaving behind them their sick and their baggage.

Jeanne, in spite of her wound, was up and alert, hearing Mass in the cathedral, in preparation for battle. When she learnt that the enemy were gone, she said, 'Let them go; it is enough that they go;' and forbade the Sunday rest to be broken by pursuit.

It was the seventh day since Jeanne's arrival—the Sunday after Ascension; and even to the present time is the festival kept at Orleans; it was only omitted during those years of the Revolution, when the people of France had chosen to forget that they had any past; and still do the magistrates lead a procession round those rescued walls, repair to the cathedral for their *Te Deum*, and hear a sermon in honour of the Mission of La Pucelle.

On Monday, the unwearied Pucelle d'Orleans, as general acclamation called her, set forth with Dunois and La Hire, to return to the King, who came to meet her at Tours. She took her standard, and rode forward with it till she was near him, when she dismounted, knelt down, and clasped his feet; and as he bade her look up, she said, 'Gentle Dauphin, come and receive your noble crown at Rheims: I am greatly pressed that you should go there. Do not doubt that you will there be crowned as you ought.'

The people expected him to embrace her, but her low birth and breeding no doubt held him aloof; and indeed, except perhaps Alençon and Dunois, the princes and nobles always were half-hearted in their treatment of their deliverer, though the populace viewed her with enthusiastic admiration, and were wont to throng round her, trying to touch her as if she had been a holy relic, and kneeling before her. The Abbot of Falmont warned her against permitting such devotion, and she lamented it; but she said, 'In truth, I know not how to keep me, unless God will keep me.'

Trimouille and the other councillors would not hear of the King's advancing to Rheims, till the country about Orleans had been cleared of the English; in which they were probably quite right. She was much mortified, but threw herself into this new campaign with all her heart; and the Duke d'Alençon, who held the command, followed her lead readily.

On the 11th of June, she left Orleans, and invested Jargeau, where the Earl of Suffolk and his two brothers, with a considerable force, had taken refuge. A great power of artillery had gone with the army, and soon made a breach. Jeanne hurried on the assault, and it was completely successful.

Suffolk, finding himself obliged to yield, turned to the young Frenchman who was nearest to him, and asked if he were of gentle blood.

'I am, Sir. I am Guillaume Regnault of Auvergne.'

'Art thou a knight?'

'Not yet.'

'Then I make you one,' said Suffolk, striking him with his sword, and then yielding it to one whom he had thus made of sufficient rank to receive his submission.

Mehun surrendered on her appearance before their walls; and she next proceeded to Beaugency. Here, the Constable de Richemont, seeing something really stirring in the French cause, came marching up with a Breton reinforcement; but Jeanne had been so prejudiced against him at the court, that she wanted to give him battle.

'By St. Nicolas, Demoiselle!' said Dunois, 'you are worth a good deal: but most of us had rather fight under the Constable, than under all the Pucelles in the world. If you wish to do the King a service, you will reconcile them.'

Alençon had been forbidden by the King to coalesce with Richemont; but the tidings that Talbot and Fastolfe were marching to the relief of Beaugency, decided him not to reject good French swords; so Richemont was received by Jeanne. 'Ah Constable!' she said, 'I did not send for you; but since you are here, you will do good service.'

His address was even blunter: 'Whether you are of God or the devil, I know not. If you are of God I fear you not, for He knows my good will. If of the devil, I fear you still less; so do the best or worst you can.'

Fastolfe would have avoided the battle, knowing how dispirited the troops were; but Talbot was ashamed to retreat without fighting, and offered battle at Patay. He was trying to extend his division, so as to take advantage of the hedges that intercepted the country, but time was not left him.

Jeanne surveyed the English; and then suddenly inquired of her captains, 'Have you all good spurs?' It was not to flee; but to give chase with, and fight. Thundering on Talbot's division, La Hire and Xaintrailles slew 1200 men. Fastolfe saw the day hopeless, and without striking a blow, galloped off headlong at the first fire, and never halted till he was within the walls of Corbeil. It was the 18th of June, 1429,—a day that England well redeemed.

Talbot was made prisoner, with many more, and 2500 were slain. Jeanne pitied them even in her hour of victory; and one wounded English prisoner, at least, was lifted from the ground by her hands, and supported while he made his confession.

She went back to the King, and showed him the way open to Rheims; but still, though he complimented and thanked her, she perceived, and it cost her many bitter tears, that he had no real trust in her. He had, at her entreaty, granted Richemont a certain grudging permission to serve him; but Trimouille was still powerful enough to forbid him to come to court. And day after day passed before Charles was at last stirred up to set forth for Rheims. Indeed, the march was perilous; and

nothing less than Jeanne's wondrous influence could have rendered it so easily successful and triumphant as it was. Troyes, where the treaty with Henry V. had been made, was taken ; on the 16th of July, the royal train entered Rheims ; and Jeanne's father and uncle beheld her triumphal entrance, as she rode, standard in hand, beside the King himself.

Jeanne had sent one of her imperative letters to summon the Duke of Burgundy to the coronation ; but of course it was unheeded. Not one of the peers of France was present ; and the Constable de Richemont had been informed that the King had rather not be crowned at all, than have him present.

Still that 17th of July was to France a great and blessed day. The oil of the Sainte Ampoule, thought to have been brought from Heaven by a dove, gave its consecration to Charles VII. ; and Jeanne stood beside the altar, her standard in her hand. 'It had shared the danger,' she said ; 'it was meet that it should share the glory.'

The only reward Jeanne would accept, was exemption from taxes for Domremy ; and even down to the Revolution, the registry of sums paid down to the treasury always bore after the name of Domremy the words, '*Néant à cause de la Pucelle.*'

Thenceforth, Jeanne seems to have felt her mission ended. Some say that she entreated permission to return home with her father ; but this does not appear in the evidence given so minutely on the examination into her history. It only seems as if she knew her star had culminated. She told one of her village friends, who asked if she were ever frightened, that she dreaded nothing but treachery ; and a foreboding of death began to dwell on her, and to dim the buoyant brightness of her earlier course.

Perhaps no warrior or statesman could have been expected to surrender his own judgment to a being like her ; and yet those who hung back from treating her with confidence, or with common gratitude, were actuated by such mean and unworthy motives, that even in Jeanne's highest glory, there is a sense that her grand devotion was cruelly misunderstood and wasted.

(To be continued.)

MARLBOROUGH'S LIFE AND TIMES.

CHAPTER V.

'OUDENARDE.'

THE year 1707, upon which we now enter, and the sixth of this remarkable war, was as unsatisfactory in a military point of view as the previous year had been the reverse.

In studying the War of Succession, we are naturally struck by the

apparent inconsistencies and anomalies which occur in its course. At the very moment when we expect signal success to crown the efforts of the Allies, and a death-blow to be struck at the power of France, a lamentable lethargy paralyzes the former, whilst the latter acquires fresh life and vigour from the very decay of fortune.

It was the miserable jealousy and policy of the Dutch which caused disaster amidst the fairest prospects; it was the genius of Marlborough which restored confidence and hope in the midst of the most untoward circumstances.

The success of Ramillies was an earnest of victory yet to be achieved; but notwithstanding, never in the whole course of the war was there a less effective campaign than that of 1707. It seemed as if success were the cause of failure, whilst failure resulted in success. We discover in the petty jealousies and private interests of the various states concerned, the causes of these unnatural results in the War of Succession.

Freed by the victory of Ramillies from the immediate danger, which threatened their country, and alarmed at the success of the French arms in Spain and on the Rhine, the Dutch were unwilling to risk an engagement for the general cause, and Marlborough was unable to effect anything of importance.

The inactivity of the period, in a military point of view, was enlivened by several incidents of a domestic and public character, dissipating its dullness and exciting considerable interest.

Early in this year, Europe was awakened to a fresh danger which threatened its safety, and especially alarmed the Governments of those engaged in the war. A new character appeared on the stage of public events, one who commanded attention from his power to exact it, and the attitude which he assumed towards the belligerents.

Bursting from his wild well-bound country, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden had already flooded northern and eastern Europe with his hardy legions. He had crushed the power of Denmark, invaded Muscovy, defeated Peter the Great in several battles, and finally, conquering Poland, appeared in the heart of Germany at Alten Ransted, in the kingdom of Saxony.

This strange bold chivalrous young king caused the profoundest sensation; terrifying the Allies on the one hand, lest he should be gained over by Louis, and inducing that monarch on the other to employ all his arts of diplomacy to soothe his aspiring mind, and to gain him over to the side of France.

Marlborough, at the earnest entreaty of Austria and Hanover, hastened to the camp of the Swedish monarch, and in the course of a few days contrived to counteract the gold and flattery of France, and to promote, by his personal address and diplomatic skill, a feeling of good will in Charles's mind towards the Allied cause. Returning to Flanders early in May, the Duke assumed the command of the forces now collected at Anderlecht, in the immediate neighbourhood of Brussels.

The events of the campaign may be summed up in a few words.

In Spain, the Allies had been totally defeated by the Duke of Berwick at the great Battle of Almanza, and Philip possessed himself of the whole Peninsula, with the exception of Catalonia.

In Provence, Eugene, late in the season, attempted the siege of Toulon, but signally failed, owing to the dilatory manner of conducting it, and the arrival of reinforcements from Flanders for its relief.

On the Rhine, Villars had overrun the Palatinate, and carried all before him. The Margrave of Baden had died, and an incompetent commander appointed in his stead.

In Flanders, the Duke of Marlborough twice attempted to bring on a general engagement, but Vendôme and the Elector of Bavaria contrived by every means in their power to avoid it.

In May, the Duke had made an effort to advance upon his foe, but was hindered by the Dutch Deputies, though he himself was assured of success. In August, having obtained their sanction, he a second time endeavoured to force upon Vendôme a general engagement; the French, however, hastily retreated to their own country, and took up a strong position behind the fortifications of Lille.

These two attempts, in May and August, formed all the active operations of the campaign of 1707; and the Duke, visiting Frankfort and the Hague, returned to his own country in November. During a state of inactivity at Meldert, we find him addressing the Duchess in the same old affectionate strain, which nothing could chill in his loving and chivalrous heart. 'By the enclosed, which I received but yesterday, though it be of an old date, you will see the country takes notice that the work (of building Blenheim) does not go on as they expected. Say nothing, but burn the letter; for when it is half built, it may be enough for you and me; and I do from my heart assure you that I should be much better pleased to live with you in a cottage than in all the palaces the world has, without you.'

During the whole of this summer, home politics had been enlivened by Court intrigue and 'back-stairs' influence in the palace of Queen Anne. A desperate contest was taking place between Harley, St. John, and Abigail Hill on the one side, and the Whigs, virtually governors of the country, on the other.

In the zenith of the Duchess's ascendancy over the Queen's affections, a few years previously to the present time, the hitherto neglected and half-starved Abigail had been admitted by her powerful relation to some of the privileges which had up to this period been entirely monopolized by the Duchess.

Who would have expected in the humble instrument of her superior will, she would have found not only a rival, but a supplanter in the Queen's affection! And yet, so it came to pass.

Abigail Hill had played her cards well, was a sound Tory, understood the Queen's predilections, fostered her every inclination, and had proved

herself a well-trained courtier at the expense of the imperious Duchess. Moreover, at this time she married a Mr. Masham without the latter's consent, and widened by this act the breach already existing. Humble Abigail rose silently into favour, and finally dared her exalted relative to the combat.

With the private cabals and bickerings of Mrs. Masham and the Duchess were interwoven the gradual rise of one party and the gradual fall of the other. And this 'back-stairs' influence had an undoubted effect upon the great War of Succession, for it finally resulted in a change of Ministry, which was unfavourable to its prosecution. Harley took advantage of Mrs. Masham's influence, and made her a tool by which to advance his own interests. The Duchess, instead of bending to the storm, and endeavouring to reinstate herself in the Queen's favour, hardly realized her altered position, and only aggravated the evil by carrying on an angry correspondence with the Queen, which resulted in widening the breach between these former friends. It is curious to remark how that the Queen, Godolphin, and Marlborough, still adopted the old familiar style, the Queen writing herself Mrs. Morley, and addressing the Duke and Duchess as Mr. and Mrs. Freeman: and this throughout a period of real alienation.

In the midst of this political struggle the Duke returned to England.

Harley, during all the previous summer, was secretly endeavouring to undermine the influence of his patrons, Godolphin and Marlborough, declaring his innocence when accused of treachery, and yet creating all the discord he could amongst those who supported the Government.

But the Whigs finally giving their support to Marlborough and the Treasurer, which for a short time they had withheld, Harley, whose object had been ever to promote rather a Tory than a Whig ascendancy in the Cabinet, was forced by the firmness of the Duke to resign his seat in it, much to the indignation of the Queen, whose favour latterly had been shown more than ever to this minister. Thus Harley became bent on overthrowing the power of Godolphin and Marlborough.

In the spring of 1708, an ineffectual attempt was made by the son of King James to regain the throne of his ancestors, which was frustrated by the united energy of Marlborough and Godolphin. An expedition was formed by the French King, the object of which was the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, and by this means to produce a civil war in Great Britain. The fleet sailed for the Frith of Forth, was there intercepted by the British Admiral, avoided a collision, and, having circumnavigated England and Scotland, escaped with difficulty to its own shore.

It is now we enter on the brilliant campaign, in which the third great battle of the war occurred.

Late in March the Duke had departed to the Hague: there he had met with Prince Eugene, his old associate in the glories of Blenheim—there he had secretly arranged the movements of the ensuing contest.

The *avowed* arrangement was, that whilst he himself commanded in

the Netherlands, Eugene should be appointed to the Moselle, and the Elector of Hanover to the army on the Rhine.

But it was the *secret* intention of both generals, that before a month had elapsed from the commencement of the campaign, Eugene should suddenly unite his own forces to those of Marlborough, and fall with irresistible fury on the armies of France in the Netherlands. It was necessary for both generals to assist with advice the Governments, whose forces were collecting in the different scenes of the coming contest.

To Hanover they consequently hastened, and with difficulty persuaded the obstinate Elector (George the First of our country) to assume the command on the Rhine. And whilst Eugene, promising in a few weeks to rejoin his colleague, visited Vienna, Marlborough hastened to Ghent, where his forces were assembled awaiting his presence.

Vendôme, with the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis the Fourteenth, commanded in the Netherlands; Villars in the South of France; Berwick, nephew of Marlborough, on the Rhine.

The Duke of Marlborough no sooner arrived at Ghent, on the 9th of May, than he hastened with all his forces to the neighbourhood of Brussels, and encamped at Anderlecht, the village he had occupied the previous summer. The French, mustering 100,000 men, under Vendôme and a royal Duke, were collected in the neighbourhood of Mons, due south of the position occupied by the Allies.

Believing it was the intention of the French to advance northwards to Soignies, and earnestly desiring to force upon them a general and decisive engagement, Marlborough hastened to Halle in the direction of the enemy. Upon arriving, however, at the last-named place, not only did he ascertain that the French had advanced upon Soignies, but that they were also moving upon Braine la Leud, threatening by this movement both Brussels and Louvain. Marlborough, consequently fearing lest the former city might fall into their hands, retreated to his original position at Anderlecht. Soon, however, it became apparent that Louvain and not Brussels was the object of attack, and that it was needful for the Duke to use all the expedition possible to anticipate the design of the French.

Through a violent storm at night the allied troops traversed the intermediate country, and arrived at Parc, close to Louvain, early in the morning, and intervened between that city and the meditated attack. The French consequently remained at Braine la Leud, ready to take advantage of any opening which might occur.

Marlborough spent some weeks in the position he occupied at Louvain, in daily expectation of being reinforced by the army of the Moselle.

In the meantime, Vendôme was bent upon repossessing himself of the important towns of Flanders, lost after the disastrous defeat of Ramillies. A feeling of discontent prevailed amongst the inhabitants of Ghent, Bruges, and other important cities, in consequence of the mismanagement of the Dutch, whom the citizens heartily hated. Already

Marlborough had discovered, through a letter intercepted at the post-office at Brussels, the intention of Antwerp to open her gates to the enemy, and had by this timely information frustrated the design.

Suddenly breaking up from Braine la Leud, the whole French army hastily began their march in the direction of Bruges and Ghent, crossed the Senne at Tubise, and advanced towards the Dender; these two streams, together with the Scheldt, flow parallel to each other in a northerly direction. Already had they despatched expeditionary forces to seize upon Bruges and Ghent.

Marlborough, without a moment's hesitation, aware now of the object of the enemy, pursued them with all speed. Reaching Braine la Leud, he was only in time to see the rear-guard of the French crossing the Dender at Ninove, and was unable to arrest their progress. The expeditionary forces despatched by Vendôme to Bruges and Ghent occupied these cities almost simultaneously; and many other towns fell into the enemy's hands.

It was now apparent that Oudenarde, the key of the allied position on the Scheldt, would be invested by the enemy. Marlborough had encamped his forces at Asche, near Brussels—he had despatched orders to the Governor of Ath to reinforce the town of Oudenarde, when suddenly he ascertained the fact that Vendôme was directing his march south-east, towards the camp of Lessines, a position of the greatest importance, and the possession of which was absolutely needful for the effectual reduction of Oudenarde. Eugene had hastened without a single trooper to the quarters of the Duke, aware by an instinct for battle that a sanguinary engagement was close at hand. His army was hastily advancing, but he had preceded them by several days.

For the capture of Oudenarde, it was needful to occupy the camp of Lessines! The former had been invested by the French, their army was advancing upon the latter. Already their squadrons were within sight of the town of Lessines. Not a doubt had crossed the mind of Vendôme that the occupation of it would be practicable. Marlborough had twice the distance to traverse—nothing could be easier than for the French to arrive first.

When, to the unutterable astonishment of the enemy, they beheld from the higher ground surrounding the town Cadogan's advanced guard, already possessed of the bridges and passages of the river, and the allied army approaching the position.

The occupation was now impossible. The siege of Oudenarde was immediately abandoned, and the whole French army retreated in haste north-west to the Scheldt, in order to cross at Gavre, three miles below Oudenarde. This was on the 10th of July.

That very evening it was determined that Cadogan should at earliest dawn pursue the hostile forces, and that the main army should follow with all possible speed. It was considered by Marlborough a most favourable opportunity. He would attack, if possible, the French whilst

in the act of crossing the Scheldt, and before they could re-arrange themselves in order of battle on the opposite side.

The river Scheldt flows in a northerly direction, having Oudenarde and Gavre situated on its banks. The latter is about three miles to the north of the former. In the neighbourhood of Gavre another stream, named the Norken, flows from the south-west into the Scheldt, enclosing by its junction with that river an angle of ground, upon which the famous battle was fought. A mile to the north of Oudenarde lies the village of Eynes, then the plain of Huerne and village of the same name. All of which places are bounded again on the north by the Norken flowing into the Scheldt. The field of battle is surrounded on three sides by lofty undulating hills, the larger portion of the fourth side being skirted by the plain already named. The battle-field is intersected by two streams, which unite each other, and also flow into the Scheldt. All these streams were skirted by hedge-rows; the lowlands were cultivated, and abounding with corn; the uplands covered with copse and loftier trees. Such was the field upon which Oudenarde occurred.

By half-past ten, at the head of sixteen battalions of infantry and eight squadrons of cavalry, Cadogan had reached the bridges just below Oudenarde, and whilst the French were in the act of crossing the river below, he effected the passage unperceived by them two leagues above. Four battalions remained at the bridges to guard the passages of the river. Quickly did Cadogan's little army, facing the north, form on the hill's side in front of Bever, with their right opposite Eynes, and their left facing Schaerken.

Suddenly his advanced columns lighted on the French foraging parties, whom he immediately dispersed. But De Biron, the French Brigadier, who led the advance of the enemy, approaching with superior forces, drove back the assailants. At this critical and highly important moment, Marlborough and Eugene, who in their march to the river had heard that the French had already commenced the passage, and who consequently feared lest Cadogan would be overwhelmed by superior forces, at the head of the Prussian cavalry, galloped hastily to the support of their advanced guard. De Biron consequently retired, fearing in his turn the result of an engagement.

The French army had managed by this time to cross the Scheldt, and to form their line of battle on the opposite side, at a right angle to this river, and with their faces to the south, the Norken flowing along their front. Their left was commanded by Vendôme, their right by the Duke of Burgundy; the latter of whom was continually counter-ordering the movements directed by the former, and thus causing confusion in their ranks when order and unity of action were most essentially needful.

Vendôme was desirous of advancing the position of his line, and of attacking the Allies before they could fully effect the passage of the river; consequently, Pleffers, with seven battalions, had been ordered to advance as far as Huerne, to enable the General to effect this movement.

Suddenly, owing to the Duke of Burgundy counter-ordering the arrangements of Vendôme, and Pleffers himself advancing further than was intended, the latter found himself left in an isolated position, and cut off from the rest of the army.

The main body of the Allies having now effected the passage of the river, began at three o'clock to form their lines along the slopes stretching from Bevere to Moreghem. The left wing, however, was not in position till later in the afternoon. This fact enabled the French to attack with greater facility the right and centre of the Allies.

To Cadogan again belongs the honour of striking a blow, serious in its results to the hostile army.

Perceiving Pleffers's isolated position, he dashed forward, accompanied by the Electoral Prince of Hanover (George the Second of England) and other distinguished leaders. His attack was successful; Pleffers and three battalions were either killed or taken prisoners, and this too before any general engagement had commenced.

But fighting now began in real earnest. The Duke of Burgundy altered his tactics, and determined vigorously to attack his enemy; whilst Vendôme, perceiving the favourable opportunity had been lost, was as averse as a few hours before he had been favourable to so doing.

Along the allied line in advance lay the village of Eynes on their right; Schaercken in their centre, a mile in advance of which again was situated Groenvelde; Barlancy and Barwaen lay on their left. Diepenbeck was nearer to the enemy, just in advance of Barlancy, and on the opposite bank of the stream of the same name.

Grimaldi was ordered to lead forward a considerable detachment of cavalry, (all of which were placed in the French right,) and to attack the Allies near Barlancy. But upon reaching that spot, and discovering a strong body of Prussians and British, he withdrew without striking any effectual blow.

The lull was only temporary. The whole cavalry and infantry of the right and centre of the French were on the point of sweeping all before them, and of almost crushing up the allied left. Vendôme ordered his left to advance simultaneously with the right of the French; but the Duke of Burgundy again counter-ordered the movement, which resulted in his entire defeat.

Groenvelde, the village which lay in the advanced centre of the field of battle, was now the scene of a sanguinary contest. Thither the battalions left at the bridges hastened. Thither Cadogan was ordered with all his division; Marlborough himself advancing with the Prussian cavalry to the right of his position.

The enemy with loud shouts rushed forward: every hedge-row, says the historian, resounded with the murderous fire; hand to hand engagements, furious onsets of cavalry and infantry, intermingled with the shouts of the victor and the cries of the vanquished, resounded over the whole field of battle.

To the left of Cadogan, stretching back towards the south, the Duke of Argyle commanded the British. Vigorously, from Groenvelde to Schaerken, did the right wing of the allied army withstand the fury of Burgundy's charge.

But Burgundy was leading on his right wing, and overlapping the left of his foe as well. Count Lottum, at the head of twenty battalions of Prussians, had in that quarter already impeded the French attack, and driven them out of Barlancy. Marlborough now saw the necessity of his presence at the left of his line. Committing the right to Eugene, comprising as it did sixty battalions including the whole British contingent, he himself galloped to the threatened locality. Lottum was despatched with his Prussians to Eugene's assistance. Natzmer, the gallant Prussian cavalry officer, broke through the French lines, but his troops were cut to pieces and he himself with the utmost difficulty escaped; but yet Eugene gradually prevailed.

In the meantime, more battalions came up from the rear to the assistance of the left; and Marlborough, assuming its command, steadily at the bayonet point drove back his assailants. It was only just in time. The ringing cry of victory was rending the very air with triumph as Burgundy's squadron swept along the slopes of the Boser Couter, and seemed on the point of encircling the allied army. As far as Diepenbeck Marlborough's troops forced back with utmost difficulty their persevering antagonists. But further the Allies could not advance. Every hedge now covered an enemy, and blazed with a withering fire.

The critical moment had arrived in which Marlborough could exercise that profound instinct for battle which pervaded his very soul. Perceiving a weakness in the position of the enemy's right wing, notwithstanding their triumphant progress, he determined to surround and cut it off—the very feat which the Duke of Burgundy had desired to do for his foe. Marlborough ordered the gallant veteran Overkirk, at the head of vast squadrons of cavalry as well as the Dutch infantry, to effect this most difficult operation.

To the extreme left of the Allies lay, on the summit of the lofty Boser Couter, a wind-mill named Oycke; this had not been occupied by the French, and was beyond their position. To this point Overkirk directed his attack. With speed he encircled his foe, and passing beyond the extreme right of the French, suddenly, at Marlborough's desire, turned round to the right, and vigorously drove in the enemy's flank.

Led on by the fiery Prince of Orange, the Allies not only attacked the right wing of the French army, but cut it off from its own centre; and Eugene, advancing at the same moment from the other extremity of the allied line, and meeting the columns of the Prince of Orange, completely encircled in their iron embrace this fated portion of the French army.

This decided the action: in vain did Vendôme dismount and endeavour to lead on his infantry to the rescue, his generals would not listen to his threats or entreaties. All was over: darkness intervened, confusion

followed, and the French army, with the exception of the right wing, surrounded and cut off, fled for their very lives in utter confusion. Some to their own country, escaping in the darkness through the allied ranks; some northwards to Ghent; thousands were killed or taken: and the effects of this memorable battle were felt throughout the breadth of Europe. Many more were cut off in the morning light; and Marlborough and Eugene were enabled to congratulate themselves on a victory equal in importance to that of Blenheim, when last they had been united in arms against the common foe.

The Battle of Oudenarde forms another great epoch in the War of Succession, proving the extraordinary skill of Marlborough. It was a victory gained by the promptitude and generalship of the leader, under circumstances of the most trying character; and perhaps displays the powers of Marlborough more than any other battle in which he has ever engaged.

Notwithstanding so great a defeat, Vendôme was enabled to throw his troops behind the strong lines of Bruges and Ghent, in the vicinity of the latter town. Berwick hastening from the Moselle, the French forces in Flanders amounted after every reduction to 120,000 men, and these under leaders of the greatest renown. Eugene's army arrived likewise at the same time, and the Allies were thus in a position to follow up their victory with further successes. Marlborough desired at once to pierce the heart of France, and to march upon Paris. Eugene was averse to a scheme which left 120,000 French in their rear.

Lille, the chief town of French Flanders, stood in their path; and to the siege of this important place the generals vigorously applied themselves. It was the strongest city in the world: Vauban had recently fortified it with the utmost skill; the gallant Boufflers, with 15,000 men, defended its ramparts; nothing that art or courage could effect was wanting in its defence. The difficulties of even undertaking the siege were perfectly superhuman. The water communication through Flanders was shut off from the Allies by the presence of the French at Ghent. The ammunition of war, the enormous material requisite for the conduct of the siege, had to be brought from Holland, through Brussels by land. Thousands on thousands rounds of ammunition, hundreds of guns and mortars, all the provisions needful, were transported by a convoy, which required for its transit 16,000 horses, and which stretched fifteen miles as it wended its slow course along. This was actually effected in the presence of an enemy mustering 120,000 men.

Eugene, with 40,000 troops, undertook the siege; Marlborough at Menin commanded the covering army—60,000 strong.

The siege began on the 13th of August, and lasted till October the 22nd. The citadel was not taken until December the 9th. Berwick and Vendôme united their forces and marched upon Lille, either to raise the siege, or to impede its operations. A great battle was imminent. Marlborough marched in a parallel line to his enemy, and arrived two

hours before them at the walls of Lille. The French never dared to attack the Allies, though the latter were undertaking a siege, and they themselves had such an enormous force.

On the 10th of September, great progress was made by a vigorous assault. On the 20th, urged on by Marlborough, who complained of the delay in the operations, another furious attempt was made, a breach effected, and an advanced position seized; but Eugene was wounded. Marlborough for a fortnight undertook the sole command of both armies, riding backwards and forwards, and urging on the work with the utmost vigour.

It was impossible to obtain any further supplies by Brussels, owing to the enemy's position. A convoy of seven hundred wagons was therefore despatched under General Webb's protection from Ostend. Count Motte from Ghent, where he had been left by Vendôme in command, with 20,000 troops, attacked it at Wynandals on its passage to Lille. A furious fight ensued; the Allies, with half the number of the enemy, completely routed them, and the convoy arrived in the camp on the 30th of September, amidst the cheers of the soldiers. Cadogan on this occasion behaved with the utmost bravery.

Overkirk, the gallant Dutch veteran, died during the progress of the siege.

On October the 22nd, Boufflers surrendered, after the most superhuman efforts to defend the place. He retired with all the honours of war to the citadel, which likewise was forced to open its gates in December; and thus terminated, after five months, the most memorable siege on record.*

As late as December, Marlborough determined on attacking Ghent and Bruges; the former, after a short defence, yielded on January the 2nd; and every town in Flanders followed its example, and surrendered to the conqueror.

At the commencement of the campaign of 1708 every future prospect had been gloomy; quickly the important cities of Flanders fell into the hands of the enemy; and the great success of Ramillies had been neutralized by the skill of Vendôme and the supineness of the Dutch.

The victory of Oudenarde and the capture of Lille reversed the whole: every city fell before the presence of the Allies; France itself had been invaded, and their chief frontier town taken; and all that Vendôme had effected in the spring had proved of no avail. Never before had Marlborough risen to such a pinnacle of greatness and power as during this remarkable period, and never had greater success attended his arms than in this campaign.

He returned to England in January, 1709.

During the previous month of May, we find Marlborough in constant communication with Godolphin, the Queen, and Duchess, regarding

* After the citadel had surrendered, Marshal Boufflers entertained Eugene and his staff at supper, having previously made it a condition that the supper should be such as would have been provided for the garrison had the citadel still held out: consequently, the gallant Marshal gave the Prince and his staff a piece of roast horse.

domestic and party politics. A great contest ensued upon Marlborough's leaving for the Continent, between the Whigs and the unfortunate Queen: the former demanding the admittance of Somers (the old Whig Chancellor) into power; the latter appealing to Godolphin, and when he only sided with her enemies, to Marlborough himself, for assistance against this additional insult to her feelings. But Marlborough, though respectful in his answers to his royal mistress, yet refused her any assistance, and only reiterated the necessity of yielding to the desire of the Whigs.

It was the fashion in those days for Godolphin and Marlborough frequently to send in their resignation to the Queen whenever they found her obstinately disposed, and bent upon following her own views; and this Godolphin did on the present occasion. Marlborough shortly afterwards followed his old friend's example. However, though these resignations were rejected, Anne for some time refused to admit Somers into office; and the Whigs, who for the most part seem to have been a miserably unconscientious and depraved set, leagued themselves with even the Jacobites to force their Sovereign to conciliate and appease their wrath, by permitting them to taste the sweets of office.

It must be borne in mind that the Duchess of Marlborough had for some time past supported by her unbounded influence the Whigs, having adopted their views, and continually urging the Queen to admit them and no others into office. The quarrels which occurred between her and the Queen on these political subjects, had been one great cause of the present estrangement between them; of this Mrs. Masham and Harley took ample advantage.

The Duchess of Marlborough at this period openly quarreled with Anne regarding her favourite, Mrs. Masham, who took care to add fuel to the fire whenever opportunity offered.

On one occasion, the Duchess had the effrontery to bid the Queen hold her tongue, 'lest they should be overheard.'

The Queen was tormented by the Whigs generally, treated insolently by the Duchess, quietly kept in order and snubbed by Godolphin and Marlborough, and naturally was disgusted at the conduct of her enemies and the want of consideration shown her by her friends. It may however be remarked, that though Marlborough acted in an unsympathizing way, he still loved his Sovereign, and expressed that love and devotion frequently in his letters to his wife.

In October of this year, the Prince of Denmark, husband to the Queen, died, and this produced a temporary reconciliation between the Duchess and Anne; for the former went immediately to sympathize with and comfort one who had been in former times a loving and kind mistress; but this was of short duration.

The thanks of both Houses of Parliament, the thanksgiving in St. Paul's Cathedral, and triumphant processions, testified to the popular rejoicings at the triumph of Oudenarde and the capture of Lille.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER V.

It is not our purpose to follow Damaris Brockensha on her travels. It is enough to say that Lady Maynard never showed the slightest intention of expiring on a foreign shore, nor of confiding her daughter to her faithful friend. Jane, indeed, did now and then have sad fits of depression, in which she believed she should never live to get home; but, strange to say, these always had a contrary effect on Damaris, and the more Jane fancied herself dying, the less she believed it. Indeed, she was very valuable in her power of cheering and encouraging the delicate girl, and Lady Maynard often felt that her companionship had been most fortunate for them both. The summer was spent at Dieppe, the early autumn in Switzerland, the winter at Sorrento, the spring at Rome; and the party then returned through Switzerland up the Rhine, and came to England in time to meet Walter in London, and fit him out for his first voyage.

Damaris would willingly have taken herself out of her friends' way during this time of parting, and have gone to make a visit to the Foleys; but they had been obliged to leave home just then for some months, and she necessarily continued with the Maynards, to whom, indeed, she was like a daughter and sister. At least, she was so to the ladies. Young Sir Walter was not at all a hero of hers. He was not at all like his mother and sister, but was a stout, stocky, uninteresting boy, good and steady, but so dull that his examinations were a matter of alarm to all his family; and he was apt to tease his sister, and treat her as fanciful—a deep offence in the eyes of Damaris, who thought Jane's devoted love for him wasted and ill requited. The distaste was of course mutual; Walter grudged the presence of an interloper to spoil his brief holiday; and though Miss Brockensha's antecedents were carefully concealed from him, he had shrewdness enough in those first holidays to detect that she was not a lady, and on this declaration rendering it needful that the whole truth should be told him, he conceived an aversion to her as a sort of degradation to his mother; so, though he durst not be actually uncivil, he was surly, and ungraciously rejected her attempts at being friends. Even when they met again at the year's end, and a really critical observer, far better qualified to judge than Walter, would have perhaps thought Damaris's manner prettily foreign, but certainly not plebeian, he was so much aggrieved by her presence and by Jane's attachment to her, that he grew cross whenever he was in the same room with her, and spent the time of her absence in tormenting his sister about her. And in spite of Jane's tears, Damaris could not be greatly distressed that he was gone for at least three years.

Immediately after his departure, Lady Maynard was to take her two

young ladies to Priors Torwood, where her niece, Eleanor Maynard, had been fitting up a cottage for her, and entreating her so warmly to return thither, that she no longer resisted her solicitations. Jane had pined for 'home' in every fit of illness or weakness, and she confided to Damaris that now poor dear Walter was gone Mamma did not object. 'The real truth,' as Jane added, 'was that Mamma thought it bad for Walter to be about at Torwood; it did not signify for Willie and Baldwin, but Walter might fancy he was to be master there, and Mamma thought that might never happen—though Eleanor is quite old, you know. That is the reason I am so glad to have you for a friend, dear dear Damaris; I never could make a friend of Eleanor, she is so old, and so—so—'

Jane did not finish her 'so,' but it was very expressive, and Damaris had heard the like many times before.

The friendship between the two girls was one of those all the stronger and the fonder because the result of circumstance rather than of choice. Lady Maynard, once convinced that Damaris was a safe companion for her daughter, had laid no restrictions in the way; indeed, she hailed it as a beneficial compensation to her daughter. On the one side, then, Damaris viewed Jane as a tender younger sister, to be shielded and protected from every rough blast, kept ignorant of all that could vex or pain her, saved all trouble, and petted in every possible way, till she was ready to become the reigning heroine of some grand novel, in which Damaris would be the beneficent genius. For this sense of protection was tempered by an infinite respect for Jane's innate knowledge of the 'correct thing,' and for that general cultivation of knowledge and taste, that made her enjoy and understand where Damaris could only wonder, or wonder what was to be wondered at. And Jane, clinging, confiding, consulting, delighting in the tender petting she received, the bright appreciation that her little bits of instruction would meet, could imagine no elder sister more charming than her Damaris, and felt an infinite pride in all admiration excited by the girl's fine lithe form and beautiful eyes, which had assuredly improved, both in grace and in expression.

The disappointing part of Damaris was that she did not seem to have the power of caring for the past and historical. It was curious in so intelligent a person, and might have been taken for the effect of want of early association with cultivated people, were not the like sometimes observable in educated persons who seem unable to project their mind into any past age of the world. Damaris was in ecstasy with scenery. The Swiss mountains, the Corniche, the Mediterranean, the lovely Rhine banks, were most charming to her, and seemed perceptibly to raise her whole tone of thought; but she quite offended Jane by calling the remains at Pompeii ugly and queer; Rome would have been an utter weariness to her but for the music lessons she took, and the operas she went to; a picture gallery was absolutely her dread, and though religious associations aroused her so that she cared for the Coliseum and the Catacombs, it was as a kind of relic. The Roman

Consuls, Emperors, and Popes, William Tell, and the robber Barons, even St. Louis and Marie Antoinette, seemed all shadows without any perspective in her memory. She had discovered that a violent anachronism was a shocking vulgarism, and she had learnt a long catalogue of dates, to which, by a painful effort of remembrance, she used to recur; but she did not seem to have any more perception of the inherent impossibility that Domitian should have been the tyrant who directed William Tell's arrow, than the famous national scholar had of the Bishop of Oxford being the Prophet Samuel, on whose date B. C. he had just enlightened his admiring parson. To avoid such bevvues was her fatiguing effort, and it was very hard to be required to enter into the awe-struck enthusiasm with which Jane looked at 'the very place' where some event happened that was past and gone and mattered to nobody. She would diligently and dutifully read a chapter of history with Jane, because Lady Maynard wished it and thought it good for both; but the romance or historical novel was entirely uninteresting to her, and quite as great a task as the history itself—nay, even greater, because it made more demand on her imagination. She might read Goldsmith as a duty, but she could not read *The Last Days of Pompeii* as a pleasure; and yet she devoured modern tales with great eagerness, and had such a collection of Tauchnitz editions picked up in her wanderings that her payment at the Custom House was severe.

Lady Maynard's own line was more good sense than imagination. She had come abroad for her daughter's health, not for sight-seeing; and she would gladly have been at home the whole time. She took the girls to whatever they ought to see, and herself gave the attention of a well educated intelligent woman; but though she resolutely kept her manner cheerful, she was too heavy-hearted and pre-occupied to care much about what she saw; and when the day's work was over, she was thankful that the two girls were sufficient companions for each other, and could dispense with her, while in her own room she wrote business letters, corresponded with her boys, settled her accounts, or tried to soothe the ache in her heart by devotional books and thoughts.

So had the three companions travelled together; and at last, on a lovely August afternoon, they quitted the railway at a small country station in the midst of rocks and woods, and were met by a handsome barouche and servants, whom Lady Maynard and Jane greeted in friendly guise, and who told them that 'Miss Maynard would have come herself, but she thought there might not be room.'

The drive was very lovely, chiefly along the bank of a clear, rapid, brawling little stream, with a broken wall of rock on the other side, sometimes rising into precipices partly covered with ivy and traveller's joy, and with ferns feathering in every nook, sometimes blasted into red limestone quarries, sometimes sloping more smoothly back, and overgrown with copsewood. The side along which the road skirted was of irregular sloping fields, now of rich pasture, now of waving corn ripe

for the harvest, now in beauteous bending shocks. Damaris looked, but felt that she might not speak, for Lady Maynard's veil was down, and Jane, though sitting upright, gazing with avidity, was constantly dashing away the mists of tears that gathered over her eyes, and sometimes rolled down her cheeks.

A church tower, of a beautiful and peculiar octagonal shape, was seen for a moment in the distance, and then lost sight of. Then just as the river and the road together made a sudden bend, Damaris had a glimpse of a tall beautiful single-arched bridge; but at that moment the carriage stopped at a rustic door-way overhung with clematis and Virginia-creeper, and Lady Maynard, who was on that side, got out, and was evidently receiving a warm welcome from someone within. Then Jane followed; and Damaris, coming last, found herself passing through a fragrant little conservatory into a low matted entry, and while she paused a moment—hesitating to thrust herself upon those who were exchanging greetings in the French windowed drawing-room beyond—she heard Lady Maynard say 'Where's Damaris?' and Jane, springing back, led her in, so that she found herself before two more ladies, who both shook hands with her, while Lady Maynard kindly said, 'Our eldest!'

One of these ladies at once sank with a sigh into the corner of the sofa. She was pretty faced, with small features and clear skin, but white, pale, puffy, and unwieldy, and evidently an invalid; and she was besides tearful, gasping, and much shaken. This was of course Lady Isabella, the second wife of Sir Walter Maynard, elder brother to Sir William. The other, whom Lady Maynard was warmly thanking for her wonderful transformation of the Bridge Hut, was the heiress Eleanor Maynard, who always seemed to Damaris to have unjustly ousted her uncle and his son. She was very tall, and had the square brow and chin, the deeply set grey-black eyes, and dark glowing complexion, that Damaris had so often heard called the regular Maynard characteristics when observed on in Walter. She had not admired them in him; and though Miss Maynard was a handsome woman of five-and-thirty, they did not strike the new comer as much more pleasing in her. She shook hands courteously, but Damaris thought coldly, and a sense of repulsion made itself felt; while Miss Maynard went on talking to her aunt, about the arrangements she had made for her convenience, the numerous little incidents of village chronicle, which made Jane light up and become full of eager interest, and about the boys, Willie and Baldwin. There was the slightest degree of stiffness in manner, when, to Lady Maynard's hopes that they had not been troublesome or oppressive to Lady Isabella, Eleanor answered, 'Far from it; all we wished was that Walter had been there too. It would have been much better than having him out to you. Such an expense.'

'Yes, my dear; but—poor Walter! We could not but see as much of him as possible.'

'Yes, if he was to be banished—but you know I have never been convinced of the necessity.'

‘There his mother must be the judge.’

Something cold had certainly crept in. There was some latent offence between the aunt and niece, and Damaris understood enough to gather that Miss Maynard was hurt both at Walter’s having been put into a profession without her consent, and at his not having been allowed to visit Torwood Priory. Very haughty and insolent—thought Damaris—to try to interfere between a mother and her son. No doubt, Miss Maynard is used to tyrannize over everybody, and is affronted at any resistance to her decrees; how lucky she has not her way, and cannot keep that disagreeable Walter to torment us all! No doubt his proud rudeness is fostered by her!

It was a relief when the two ladies took their departure; and then after resting and eating, the lovely May evening was spent first in exploring the garden, which Miss Maynard had transformed beyond recognition, and which was all fresh and promising with newly planted geraniums, verbenas, and annuals; and then Jane must needs go beyond, and visit older haunts. Lady Maynard turned back at the gate, she said there was much to do. No doubt there was much that she could not face on that night of arrival, nor except in solitude; and Jane and Damaris went on together, leaving the river side, and entering upon a village street, all irregular and picturesque, with stone built cottages large and roomy, trained over with roses and honeysuckle, standing in their gardens, and with that well-to-do comfortable appearance that betokens the careful landlord. Damaris had been reading some of the current literature that treats with scorn a model village as a selfish meddling fancy in the owner; therefore she set all this down as an additional weight against Miss Maynard. Jane meanwhile was absorbed in greetings and kind inquiries among the women and children, who were delighted to see her back again, and she made very slow progress to the rails of the Vicarage garden, where she looked over with tender wistfulness, and pointed out the windows of her dear old room; and then they went into the churchyard, looked up at the fine irregular tower, and the windows with their look of careful restoration, and then turned to Jane’s prime object—the Maynard graves. She held Damaris’s arm and drew her on, leaning on her as though glad of her sympathy, though perhaps it would have been too much for the young girl to have gone with the mother, whose feelings so far surpassed her own. It was quite a quarter of the churchyard that was occupied by the graves, with monuments ranging from the ugly square tomb-like erection covered by a heavy slab, down to the *dos de l’ane*, bearing the name of Sir William Maynard, for ‘twelve years vicar of this parish.’ Fresh flowers lay upon it, a wreath from the choicest of the garden, and two or three of moss and wild hyacinths. Jane gazed tenderly, with clasped hands and swimming eyes; but Damaris, after the first, became occupied in reading the other names upon the stones. Those of Eleanor Matilda, wife of Sir Walter Maynard, and of Sir Walter Maynard himself, both had been likewise

decorated, and so was a cross of grey limestone veined with pink, on whose foot was an inscription recording the names of Walter, aged five years, and Baldwin, aged twenty months, sons of Sir Walter Maynard and Lady Isabella his wife. The elder died February 20th, the younger May the 12th of the same year, sixteen years ago, and seven before their father's death.

Jane saw what she was looking at; and when they turned away, she began to explain. 'Those are my two poor little cousins. Did you never hear about them?'

'Never! Both in one year!' said Damaris.

'Yes, it was very terrible—not that I remember it, of course, for I was only a year old; besides, we had not come to live here then. The eldest was out with his governess, one fine spring day, just after the break up of a frost, when the river was very full, tearing along as it sometimes does after the winter snow. Eleanor was on the opposite side of the river, in the road, when she saw poor little Walter come running out of the wood at the top of a very steep cliff, that goes sheer down to the water like a wall. He was running after a butterfly, and it flew over the edge. I suppose he could not stop himself, for he went straight over after it—down, down into the river in full flood, and was swept—whirled away before Eleanor could do anything. She ran on to the lodge, and everybody was doing what they could, but the river was a perfect torrent, and they never even recovered his poor little body!'

'How very dreadful! So it was swept down to the sea. But what was the governess about?'

'I believe she was a very careless person, and that a horrible steward, who cheated Uncle Walter frightfully, and was imprisoned for a forgery, was making love to her; but I never knew much about that. Mamma never liked to tell me.'

'Perhaps the steward threw him down,' said Damaris, thinking of some incidents in the tales she loved.

'I don't know why he should have done that,' said Jane. 'It would have been so horrible.'

'Out of revenge, you know.'

'But he had not got anything to revenge, if Uncle Walter had not found him out. Besides, there was Baldwin still alive.'

'And how was he killed?'

'He was not killed at all, but he had croup. Aunt Isabella had been obliged to go in a great hurry to Nice, where her father was very ill; and while she and Uncle Walter were away, little Baldwin had the croup, and died in Eleanor's arms. Eleanor had a cross made out of marble, and put both their names on it. And she has never let anyone know the exact place where it happened, for fear my aunt should hear or think of it when she passes near.'

'And was that all the children that Lady Isabella ever had, poor lady!'

'Yes, and it broke down her health; she was very ill before she could come home, and never has been well since, quite shattered, and always nervous and never talking, and altogether upset by having several people together in a room. And Eleanor—everybody says—is the very best daughter in the world; she is always waiting on Aunt Isabella, and hardly ever goes out.'

'No, but she is so old,' said Damaris.

'Thirty-five—yes, that is dreadfully old, but it was just the same when she was younger, and Mamma could have taken her out. She only went out in the evening when she was quite obliged to dine out with her father, and Mamma could come up to take care of my aunt; and she used to go about the fields and ride about with Uncle Walter, people said, as if she wanted to be his son as well as his daughter.'

'And that was the way she came to have all the estate,' said Damaris. 'I wonder she is not ashamed to keep it when your Papa had so much better a right to it.'

'No,' said Jane decidedly; 'she could not help having it, unless my uncle had left it away from her, and that of course he could not have done. Dear Papa was once quite angry with Walter, for asking why Eleanor lived up at the Priory when Papa was Sir William; and she does—oh! ever so much good with it.'

'Well,' said Damaris decidedly, 'I could not bear to have anything come to me by the deaths of two dear little innocents like that, nor to keep my uncle out of his right.'

'She can't help it,' said Jane, with a most dutiful but half grudging sound in her voice.

'And they were not her own brothers,' further added Damaris meditatively; 'she would have been sure of it before, if her father had not married again. Was she fond of her little half-brothers?'

'I am sure I don't know. I suppose so,' said Jane. 'I know they would have the old names over again for our little boys. But there was another sorrow of my uncle's. He lost another son—older than Eleanor, but I don't know much about that. I believe he was a soldier, and died in Canada. Really, our family seems marked for trouble. May it only not fall on dear Walter!'

Therewith they found themselves at the cottage; and after an hour of sleepy candle-light, they separated for the night; and Damaris was undressed by the little Swiss maid, to whose attendance she had now become accustomed; and meanwhile she decided within herself that her lot had been cast in a pleasant place, and that the only flaw in it was that haughty and cold-hearted Miss Maynard, who had profited by her brothers' death and her uncle's disinheritance, as Damaris was perversely determined to regard it.

(To be continued.)

WARFARE AND REST.

THE DIARY OF GERTRUDE SCHAFFER.

October 4th.—I will now continue my history from where I left off yesterday. As soon as the Admiral landed, the first thought that filled all minds, was to hasten to the Church and send up thanksgiving to Him Who by a miracle had saved us. A long procession was formed: everyone joined in it—magistrates, citizens, the wild Zealanders who had fought so bravely for us, burghers, guards, soldiers, sailors, poor weak starving men, and women, and little sickly children who had been spared to us. We all entered the Church; and from one and all arose a deep earnest thanksgiving—many who perhaps had never really prayed before prayed then. Then a hymn was given out to be sung, and a few faltering voices began it: but no, our feelings were far too deep for utterance; and in one long deep sob the strain died away, while the multitudes wept as children. The very remembrance of that scene, even now makes the tears rush into my eyes: but they are tears of joy, not those tears of sorrow which have filled them often in the weary weeks that are past. Food is given now in regular portions to all: it was given too liberally at first, and some deaths were occasioned by people taking too much; after having had *no* food for two months, can it be wondered at?

The great event to-day has been the arrival of our beloved Prince: but I must write about his visit to-morrow, as I am still very weak, and soon tired.

5th.—The Prince was in church at Delft, when the joyful news of the flight of the Spaniards was brought him. As soon as the sermon was ended, he had the letter containing the history of the retreat handed to the minister, who read it to the congregation, that all might rejoice with us in our joy. Yesterday, in spite of his friends' earnest wishes that he should not run the risk, weak and ill as he is, of venturing into our plague-stricken city, he came riding in: our joy then was complete; thanks and blessings were poured on him and Admiral Boisot as they passed through the streets.

Rose was propped up at the window to see the heroes; and I held Baby up, that in years to come I might tell her that her baby eyes had looked on Father William when he came into Leyden. The Commandant and Van der Werf were with him; and as he came near our door I saw Van der Werf say something to him, and, to my great surprise, he stopped, and spoke to one of his soldiers, who immediately rode up to our door, and asked for John, saying the Prince wanted him. Never was a boy prouder than John, as with a blushing face he went to the Prince, who told him he had just heard of his courage in going over to Lammen, and thanked him for what he had done! He went on to

inquire what he could do for John in return; his answer may be easily guessed. 'Let me serve under you, my Prince.' The Prince smiled, and turning to one of his officers, told him to take all the necessary steps that John might join his army; and shaking John warmly by the hand, he rode on, leaving him one of the happiest of mortals. Yesterday afternoon the wind changed to the north-east, blowing the waters back, and slowly leaving the land, dry once more. Surely there never was a clearer proof that He Who once on the Sea of Capernaum bade the winds and sea be still, has, in this our day, made them servants of His who do His pleasure. Karl, Rose, and I, never weary of talking over the wonderful events of the last few days; sometimes we can hardly believe that it is all true, and that we are once more free people.

Last evening, just before sunset, my husband and I went up to our favourite old tower; with what different hearts we went, to those sad ones burdened with care and doubt, which had gone with us in past months! While we were standing there, looking far away over the sea, Karl broke our silence at last by saying to me in his clear, sweet voice the ninety-first Psalm; each word seemed to come wonderfully home to us: we were then dwelling under the defence of the Most High, and abiding under the shadow of the ALMIGHTY; we had been delivered from the snare of the hunter, and our home had been mercifully spared from the pestilence that walketh in darkness. His angels had guarded us; we had called on Him, and He had heard us. We then went on to speak of the way in which the Siege had brought out people's characters, and how many had shewn such thorough unselfishness, while those from whom we expected great things had disappointed us sadly. We then spoke of courage, and Karl said he had once heard a brave man described as 'one who knew how and when to fear.' I said our Prince was a brave man, and must have a good conscience, to face danger as calmly as he did. Karl did not answer; and when I asked him what he was thinking of, and why he did not say he agreed with me, he sighed and said, much as he admired the Prince, and grateful as we must all be to him, there was much in his character he could not understand; he was more like an ancient Greek or Roman than a Christian, his country, and his country only, seemed the thing he cared for: neither the Reformed nor the Catholic faith had ever been the object on which his affections had been fixed. I did not like to hear my hero so spoken of, and said it was time to go home; and *perhaps* I felt I could not with truth contradict what my husband said.

15th.—I asked Karl to-day if he wished my diary to be continued, as we have now so little of interest to write about; each day passes, bringing fresh health and strength to us, I am thankful to say. He said he thought it would be a good plan for me to keep my little book as a family chronicle, and just to mention in it from time to time any events of importance which may happen either in our country or in our own family. The city is quietly falling into its old ways again; Karl is full

of business, seeing to the reconstructing of the dykes; John soon leaves us to join the Prince's army; Rose is rapidly growing strong, and dear little Johanna is quite a fine child, full of life and spirit. It may be many months before I write in this little book again. I can but trust that I may never have to recount such sad heart-breaking events as it has fallen to my lot to narrate during the past months; our warfare being ended, we may humbly look forward to rest.

1st May, 1575.—I said I should not write in my book again until I had some important event to record. I have now a most important one, that is the birth of my little son! I can hardly believe that it is but a year ago when we were all in such utter woe and misery; and with what weary fingers I wrote the history of each day of suspense. Now my cup seems overflowing with happiness. I told Karl I thought I was too happy; he laughed at me for having such an heathenish thought, and asked me why I did not throw something in the river to appease the gods. He believed Christians were intended to enjoy fully all the happiness it might please their Almighty FATHER to send them. My baby boy looks so peaceful lying in his cradle; we have called him William. I have a good deal of time to myself just now, and thought it would be pleasant to write a little bit in the old book which was my constant companion last year.

I have been thinking much of poor Johanna, and how she was lying with her baby last year even as I am now. My goddaughter grows nicely, and is charmed with her brother, as she tries to call him. Leyden looks nearly as it did before the siege, and there is much talk afloat about the grand new University we are going to have built to commemorate our victory. I hear among the things to be placed in it are the bodies of the pigeons, who throughout the siege flew in and out the city, sometimes bringing us news as welcome as that which the dove carried into the Ark.

4th.—Karl met with an adventure to-day. I told him I should enter it in our chronicle, in case it ever lead to other things. He has never quite given up the thought of going to England; and he has several times brought home with him Englishmen who have been interested in watching his works. A gentleman of the name of Hesbreth has been here constantly, and we have learnt a little English from him; it seems, he has a great deal of property in a part of England which is rather like our country; and he thinks much might be done to improve his estate, if it could be drained, and dykes something like ours made. He came this morning to where Karl was, and brought another gentleman with him who spoke our language easily; he was a Dr. Cox, an English Bishop; he had been obliged to live abroad during Queen Mary's reign, but when she died he had gone back to England, and Elizabeth her sister had given him the Bishopric of Ely—at least, I think that was the name of the place, and that is near where Mr. Hesbreth lives. They

are both coming to us this evening. I am so anxious to see this Bishop, and ask him questions about the Church in England. Rose and I can think of nothing else; even Master William has been neglected just a little bit.

5th.—We were both greatly disappointed with our English Bishop; he was a grave cold man, and spoke far more of the errors of Popery, than even the Reformers here do; but still his conversation was amusing, and he told us several stories of Queen Elizabeth's young brother, who was King of England, and to whom he was tutor; he joined with Mr. Hesbreth in trying to persuade Karl to go over to England, and said if we did all go, we must stay with him in London. He said his palace was surrounded with a lovely garden, where thousands of roses grew; it is at a part of London called Holborn. I certainly should like to see the wonders of England, but going there to make it one's home is quite a different thing.

4th August.—For the last fortnight my time has been taken up in packing, and making arrangements for leaving my beloved Leyden; as at last Karl has quite decided to go to England, and to-morrow we start on our journey. I was turning out a drawer, and came on my old journal of the Siege, and thought I would hastily write a few lines in it on the last evening I shall ever perhaps spend in this my city. Karl and Rose are looking forward with delight to their journey, and to the new life which lies before them. I cling to the place where I was born, and where I have had so much happiness vouchsafed to me; but still my home must be where those I love are, and with Karl, my boy, and Rose. England, I am sure, will soon be as dear to me as Leyden. I have no time to write more to-night, but these few lines are meant as a farewell to Leyden, and just to express the earnest hope that HE WHO brought us safely through the fearful time of the Siege, will still be our Keeper and Guide in the new life which lies hid in the future.

1594, 18th July.—I have been married twenty years to-day; they have been to me years full of happiness, and have passed away so calmly and uneventfully that I have not thought it worth while to enter any account of them in my little book. But to-day we have had a family gathering to celebrate our wedding-day, and some of the children begged me to read to them the account of the Siege; and then Karl proposed I should write just a brief history of what we were all doing now, and how these twenty years had passed, and then let the book be kept by the head of the Schaffer family, that he, or she, may add to the history such things as they please as time goes on. I will begin to-morrow, but I liked to write these few lines to-night, as it fills my heart with gratitude to look back on what I wrote on our wedding-day, and to remember the trouble we were then in, and then compare it with the peaceful happy days we are spending now.

19th. I never could have believed, when I left Leyden, how soon I could learn to look upon England as my home, and love so dearly the country I had looked on as a cold dismal unknown land; but I quickly seemed to settle here, and now would not leave it to go back to Leyden again. If I write down of whom our party consisted yesterday, it will be about the best list of the family I can give. Of course, first of all, I must mention my Karl's name; he begins to look, as I often tell him, quite venerable; but he has altered in nothing but his looks; he is as tender, as brave, and as loving as he ever was; but I must not write more of him, lest I make him vain. A few years after we had lived at Ely, to our great surprise, Mr. Hesbreth asked Rose to be his wife. She shrank at first from taking a position, as she thought, so far above her; however, he persuaded her (and perhaps it was not a *very* hard task) that their positions were not so very different; and showed her how much she would be able to help him in looking after his people here. So they were married in the grand old Cathedral which Rose and I have learned to love so dearly. She, her husband, and their four children, were with us yesterday. It was a double wedding-day, for on that day last year my eldest daughter (as I have ever called her) Johanna was married to a young Englishman who works with Karl; and they, with a baby daughter, of course were here: the little one's name is Gertrude; Johanna would have it, and made me be its Godmother, though I tried to persuade her being grandmother was enough, and asked her to have my Gertrude for Sponsor, who was born the year after we came over here. I have had three sons given me since—fine strong boys; the only fault I find with them is they will look on themselves as Englishmen, and care so little for my country; but perhaps it is natural. So different from our first-born, my dear son William; the only drawback to yesterday was not having him. But since he was quite a child his ambition has always been to go and fight beside his Uncle John; so two years ago we gave our consent, and he has been with him ever since. I shall never forget the boy's intense sorrow and indignation when the sad news came over of the dreadful murder of our Prince. I had talked to him over and over again of him, and he had so longed some day to go and fight under him. The news of his death was the heaviest grief we have known since we left Leyden. He died bravely, as he lived; and though the sins and offences of his youth might have been, and I fear were, many, yet may we not trust his penitence was accepted, and that he is now resting in peace! It is ten years ago since he died; but the 10th June is a day never forgotten by any of us here, who revere his memory.

Karl says I must record one more event, that is the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The day that brought us that glorious news was one ever to be remembered; our old enemy, Philip, must then indeed have felt his pride brought low; however, this portion of my book is not to be about warfare; it is only to be a record of rest, and now the years

have rolled on, I can feel charitably even for King Philip, and wish he knew what it was to be as happy as we are.

Our house is a large rambling one, with a garden full of all kinds of flowers and trees, some of them cut into fantastic shapes; in front of the house is a deep porch, where of an evening Karl and I delight to sit watching the sun slowly sinking in the west, and lighting up the beautiful Cathedral, which is at the end of our garden. We talk of many things: he often tells me wonderful histories of the Cathedral, of Saints who have lived and died there. I love to hear of St. Etheldreda, who gave up all the pleasures and vanities of the world, and lived among the nuns here; she and her sister, St. Sexburga, were both buried here. Then he tells me about the fierce battles that have been fought all round this low flat country; of the Camp of Refuge, and of brave Hereward and his wife Torfrida—though the end of that story makes me sad.

Still perhaps more often we talk of the 'mercies that have followed us all the days of our life;' and watching the setting sun, brings back to our memories those weary days when we watched it from the old Tower in Leyden with such heavy hearts; and it makes our heart rise up in thanksgiving to think how all is changed now. Then we hear our children's voices in the garden, talking and playing with their cousins; and presently all our quiet talk and sweet musing is stopped by them coming in full of life and spirit, telling us supper is ready; and few happier families than ours could be found as we sit round the table; then comes the evening prayer, and then rest!

G. F. G.

THE THIRD WIFE.*

BY MADAME ROMANOFF.

'If all that were written in a story-book, people would say that it was an exaggeration.'

Such was the remark that my friend L—— made when she heard the leading facts of the tale I am about to tell. I agreed with her entirely, yet I am willing to run the risk of being accused of over-drawing a character, just to prove that truth is indeed, very often, much 'stranger than fiction.'

I was quite unsophisticated when I first became acquainted with a lady whom I will call Natalia Borisovna F——. I had always been surrounded by such dear, good, well-meaning people, that I verily believe I should have shrunk from any intercourse with the lady in question had I been at all prepared to understand her real character, just simply from inability to battle with it. I had been told, by one or two persons whom

* A Russian cannot marry more than three times.

I did not know very intimately, that she was 'a nice woman;' and, as I make it a rule to believe people are worthy of esteem until I find them the contrary, I paid the first visit of ceremony to Natalia Borisovna with the notion that I was about to make a very agreeable acquaintance.

But first, it is necessary to explain that when a person arrives at a place in Russia, it is his duty to call first on the inhabitants, and not wait to be called on, as it is in England. We had just come to live in a strange little town, and circumstances connected with the service compelled us to be on good terms with Natalia Borisovna's husband, and consequently with Natalia Borisovna herself. Captain F—— was intendant of the government works at Sh——.

She received me in the kindest manner, and quite charmed me with her lively, good natured, unaffected manners. She talked admirably, in the most grammatical flowing Russ, now and then throwing in a word or two of French very *à propos*. We talked of music, books, translations from English, of needlework, little children, travelling, and country excursions; she showed three of her children to me, and seemed greatly interested in hearing of mine. I went home feeling cheered and comfortable; and immediately set about translating some recipes from Dr. Kitchener's Cook's Oracle, for plum-pudding and beef-steaks, which Natalia Borisovna had asked me for; unpacked some volumes of music, and sent all to her without delay, anxious to please my new acquaintance, and to show that I wished to be obliging and friendly.

She was a very good looking woman of about thirty; tall, with a fine figure, and a very good face; she had beautiful chestnut hair and a clear healthy complexion. She dressed well, always 'the very thing;' never did I see her either slovenly in the morning or over-dressed in the evening, so common a fault among the Russian ladies in the interior. Her house and family, as well as her own person, were models of cleanliness and order.

Soon after my visit to Natalia Borisovna, and before she had returned it, a young officer sauntered into my saloon one morning, to have a grumble, and seek for consolation; we had known him before, and in the strange place he seemed quite an old friend. At last he addressed me—

'Well, have you seen Natalia Borisovna?'

'Yes. What a delightful person she seems!'

'Oh, yes! a delightful person! Did you see Vasili Pavlovitch?'

'Yes, he came out of his cabinet and showed himself; but he seems a very quiet shy sort of man; he did not speak much.'

'Never does. And Vera Pavlovna?'

'Who is she?'

'F——'s sister; a young lady. Did you see a young lady?'

'No, I only saw three little boys.'

'Of course not,' said Victor Alexandrovitch; 'of course not,' he added mysteriously.

‘Why of course? what is the matter with her? Is she an invalid, or—’ singular, or maddish? I concluded, mentally.

‘There is nothing the matter with her,’ replied he, smiling; ‘she is never ill nor ailing, but somehow she is always so much occupied with the housekeeping and the children’s lessons, that she never has time to show herself; which, looking on her in an artistic point of view only, is depriving her fellow-creatures of much enjoyment.’

‘She is pretty, then?’

‘Yes, yes; but you’ll see her some of these days, and then we will compare notes.’ He began to look for his cap, and kept mumbling in an old-womanish manner, ‘Och, I have sinned—a sinner! Och, I have sinned!’ bowed abruptly, and left the room.

I could not help wondering why Natalia Borisovna had not mentioned this Vera; she was evidently an inmate of the house, she must be more or less educated if she taught the children, and Victor Alexandrovitch had implied that she was more than pretty. When Natalia Borisovna returned my visit, she looked over some crochet patterns, and one in particular pleased her; so much so, that she asked me to lend it to her. I asked her if she did much of that sort of work, observing that with so many children, I supposed she had plenty to do without crochet.

‘It is not for myself,’ she replied: ‘it is for Verotchka, my husband’s sister, who is an indefatigable worker, and, I am sure, will be delighted with this pattern if you will be so kind as to lend it to us.’

‘With pleasure. But how is it I did not see Mdlle. F—— when I was at your house? and why does she not do me the honour to accompany you to mine?’

Natalia Borisovna coloured slightly, and replied that Vera was so occupied with the children, and such a sit-at-home, that it was next to impossible to drag her out; that she seldom went farther than the garden, to Matins and to early Mass. ‘In fact,’ she concluded, ‘she is quite an original, quite unlike other girls; but what is to be done? one can’t change nature!’ She then began to praise the plum-pudding made from my recipe, and the *Lieder ohne Worte* that I had sent her; in a word, *managed* me so cleverly, that I had forgotten all about Vera when she rose to take her leave, with reiterated invitations to her house whenever I liked, at whatever time of day I pleased.

Several times I availed myself of her hospitality, but neither during my morning calls nor evening visits, did I see the strange and mysteriously interesting sister-in-law; and the repeated disappointments only served to heighten my curiosity. At last, early one morning, I dropped in to ask if the post had come, for the intendant always received the post-bag, and distributed the letters himself. The outer door was not fastened inside, I opened it and walked straight into the saloon, without any announcement; and there, watering some plants, stood a young girl, in a dark print dress and a little frill-collar, with her back towards me.

'I presume I have the pleasure of seeing Vera Pavlovna at last,' I said, adding an introduction of myself.

As I spoke, Vera turned, and approached me with a bright smile that did my heart good.

'How do you do?' she said. 'I am very glad. What have you come for so early? To see *her*? Natalia Borisovna?'

'I came to see if the post has arrived, and if there is anything for me. Of course I shall be happy to see your sister.'

'There is a letter from abroad for you, all over stamps! I will fetch it for you. How glad you look!' she observed, gazing at me.

'Bring it, doushinka!' And away she ran to her brother's cabinet for the letter.

She was prettier, far, than I had expected: she looked eighteen or twenty, was what is called rather above the middle height, but was not tall. Never, till I saw her, had I fully understood the expression 'fair as a lily,' and this fairness was enhanced by a lovely colour, which seemed of a different shade every time one looked at her, and set off by the blackest hair imaginable, and brown shy eyes, with long black lashes and brows. I cannot describe her features; the mouth was too large and the nose too Russian to be strictly beautiful, but oh! what teeth she had, and what dimples in her cheeks!

'Here it is! there, sit down and enjoy yourself!' she said, returning with the well-known blueish envelope. 'I will go and make the coffee—and do not go, please, till I come back; I want to shew you my work; I want to boast a little of my handiwork!'

I nodded to her, and soon forgot Vera and Madame F——, and everything else, in the perusal of my letter, when in came Natalia Borisovna, with a rather put-out expression of countenance, and a thousand excuses and apologies for Vera's toilet, her wildness, queerness—and so on.

'Oh, Natalia Borisovna!' I said, 'what a darling she is! what a lovely girl!'

Never did I make a more unfortunate mistake! The change of the lady's countenance was so great, that I felt my own alter as well; I felt ridiculously puzzled, and am quite sure I looked so. Natalia Borisovna gazed on the floor in a melancholy manner, shook her head, and sighed.

'Why does she hide herself so?' I asked, by way of breaking the awkward silence; 'she does not seem the least shy; on the contrary, she appeared quite at ease with me, a perfect stranger; she appears such a bright cheerful little creature.'

'She is sometimes too bright,' said Natalia Borisovna dolefully; 'the trouble and unpleasantnesses that I have endured on that girl's account are past all description! Ah, my dear! thank the Almighty that you have no such relations in your house; and the worst of it is, she being an orphan, of course we cannot do otherwise but keep her. She receives a little pension, but it all goes for her clothing.'

I could not at all understand the nature of Natalia Borisovna's complaint against Vera, and tried to change the conversation by referring to the post; and this being one of the most enlivening subjects in the interior, we enlarged on it until Vera suddenly darted into the room—and with the single word 'Coffee!' disappeared.

'Now, did you ever?' said Madame F—— in a tone of displeasure; 'that is the way she always behaves! She knows I cannot bear to be startled, that I detest such countrified manners, (Natalia Borisovna was originally from Petersburg, and considered that she had the right to criticize everything in the interior,) and yet she is constantly vexing me with such outbreaks. If you will kindly excuse her ignorance and rusticity, I will ask you to come and take coffee with us in our sitting-room down-stairs.'

Down-stairs we went, and found ourselves in a large but very low room—half nursery, half morning-room. Natalia Borisovna was the mother of six lovely children; the three boys before alluded to, named Sasha, Pasha, and Jasha, came first—they were nine, eight, and seven years old; then came a little girl, whom her mother called 'Nastassie, intending to Frenchify the Russian name, but no one could persuade her that the *s* in the French name should be pronounced like *z*, nor that the *A*, usually dropped in the Russian name, should be heard in Anastasie. The poor little girl was just as fond of a good game of play as her noisy trio of brothers, and this annoyed Natalia Borisovna extremely. 'Nastassie' was in constant disgrace for joining in the storming of Sevastopol, for riding *en dada* on Sasha's back, or representing in her own person Gnedkó, the bay horse. Her little sisters, who were twins, and not more than a year old, were too young to be companions for her; and so she passed the first six years of her life, in alternate romps and arrests, until she herself begged to be taught reading and writing.

Vera was busy cutting the bread and arranging the table; the children playing and shouting noisily. 'To your places!' cried Natalia Borisovna awfully. The children slipped into their chairs and became silent instantly. The whole time that we sat there, Vera preserved a staid and solemn demeanour, which became her just as well as her lively moods. I invited her to see me, found out that she was very fond of field flowers, and that she knew a plant which the doctor had prescribed to one of my babies for herb baths. Under pretext of showing me this plant—which I did not know, it is true, but any of my servants or the forest-guards could have procured it—I gained Natalia Borisovna's consent to Vera's accompanying me on an outing in the fields. It was arranged that the F——a, with one or two young officers, were to join us in the evening; we were to have a pic-nic tea, and to take *les graces* with us to play at in the meadows.

Natalia Borisovna left the room for a moment; and Vera whispered—'Take Pasha with you,' in such an earnest tone, and with such imploring eyes, that I instantly nodded consent.

'Let us take the children with us, Natalia Borisovna,' I said, when she returned. 'I shall take mine, by all means.'

'The idea! spoil all one's pleasure by dragging a parcel of noisy brats with you! besides, there will be no room in the droshky; do as you like, but I shall have mine at home.'

The children surrounded their mother, and begged very hard to be taken: Pasha, the liveliest of the lively trio, jumped on his mother's knee, hugged her round the neck, kissing her like a pop-gun, and calling her his milotchka, doushitchka and lapotchka—for which he was immediately banished into the corner.

'A rude ill-mannered rustic!' growled Natalia Borisovna, settling her beautifully ironed collar and smoothing her glossy hair. 'He knows I detest such caresses, and he is always giving way to such outbreaks.'

'I will take Pashinka with me, if you will allow him to go,' I said, feeling very sorry for the culprit. 'We shall have room for him: do let him go!'

'It appears most extraordinary to me, that you cannot understand that I dislike taking the children with me on all occasions,' she replied, with a degree of hauteur that I did not exactly like; 'besides, *Poll* (that was the way she pronounced Paul in French) is so extremely lively and mischievous, that I am sure you would repent fifty times, if I were to trouble you with him.'

Pavel was weeping distractedly in the corner.

'Hold your tongue, sir, this moment!' cried Natalia Borisovna, turning pale, and rising from her seat, 'unless you wish to go without your dinner to-day. Never, never, have I an hour's peace for those tiresome boys! The Lord has sent me a punishment in them.'

I wished myself at home!

'Beg Mamasha's pardon, Pashinka,' I said, 'and promise to be very good and quiet in fields, if she allows you to go with me—you will, won't you?'

'Yes,' said Pasha, convulsively.

'Well, there—there—for *her* sake, mind, for our dear guest's sake, I will forgive you,' said the mother, pressing the back of her hand to her son's lips to be kissed; 'but if she complains of you, Pavel Vasilevitch, you will please to consider yourself under arrest for a whole week.'

I made up my mind that no complaints should come from me.

Pasha and the other children ran away into the garden immediately after this scene; and I took my leave soon after. When I came out at the hall door, Pasha was sitting on the cast-iron steps, evidently waiting for me.

'When are we going to the meadows?' he said.

'On Tuesday, my little friend.'

'Don't forget to take me,' he continued, catching my cloak; 'and may I take my kite?'

'Certainly. I will send the droshky for you and your aunt at eight o'clock.'

His eyes sparkled. 'Oh, Mamasha is always asleep at that time!' he said exultingly.

'An revoir, Pavel Vasilevitch!'

'An revoir,' answered the child, taking off his cap, and bringing his feet together side by side.

Lesson the first! I found that there was room in the droshky for the young officers, (each of whom had a horse and droshky of his own,) but none for the dear little children, who would have enjoyed an outing in the fields so much. Also that I must avoid praising Vera in general, and her good looks in particular; and finally, that Natalia Borisovna must be an indifferent sort of mother, if she looked on those lovely boys as 'a punishment.'

They certainly were extremely mischievous and noisy; but I think much of that might have been avoided if lawful playthings had been provided for them, such as spades and rakes, hoops, and reins, for out-of-doors; bricks, paper, pencils, and water-colours, and many other amusements, which in point of cost are mere trifles, but which are very long-lived, and descend from brother to brother for many years. They had a few tawdry painted toys—drums, pistols, musical rabbits, barking cocks, and squeaking bears; but they were not sufficient for the demands of three remarkably intelligent and healthy little lads. From sheer dullness they invented games which often ended with misfortunes, and it was seldom that one or the other, and even poor little 'Nastassie,' was not under arrest. This consisted of complete exile from the upper storey, and deprivation of pudding or pie at dinner.

On Tuesday morning I sent for Vera and Pasha, as I had promised; and by the time we had arrived at the meadow where the plant abounded, we had become excellent friends. Pasha talked incessantly with the nurse and children; he was in the wildest spirits, and enjoyed every breeze, jolt, and brook; jumped off the droshky every time we came to a hill, and ran briskly up it. It made me happy to see him.

'Ekhl!' he exclaimed, 'what a pity the brothers are not with us!'

I had sent a country cart on before, with the provisions and the urn, pillows for the little children to go to sleep on, and sacks for the herb. Agrafena, the maid to whom was entrusted the care of all these things, had chosen a delightful shady spot for our breakfast-room, and the urn was already steaming. Our twelve versts' drive had given us keen appetites, and we were all glad to get a good breakfast. Vera, Groosha (Agrafena) and I set to work, gathering the herb; the coachman and forest-guard lighted their pipes, and took off their kaftans, and retreated to the other end of the field at a respectful distance. But the stooping position was very fatiguing, and at about noon when the sun began to burn a little, Vera and I gave up, and went to lie down on the carpet under the trees. It was early summer, and neither berries nor mushrooms were yet to be found, which was the only circumstance Pavel could find fault with. The sacks were soon filled, and the servants sat down to

their simple meal—lumps of black bread, green onions, and hard boiled eggs. When we had rested a little, Vera took out some tatting, and I sent the coachman for a number of the 'Contemporary,' a very favourite monthly periodical, which I had hidden beneath the cushion of the droshky.

'I will read something to you,' I said; 'are you fond of reading, Vera Pavlovna?'

She waved her hand. 'I have very little time for reading,' she said, 'and what is worse, have seldom anything to read. Victor Alexandrovitch lent me his journal, but Natalia Borisovna thought that it would take off my attention from my duties, and gave him to understand that he had better not lend me any more.'

'She seems very strict, your Natalia Borisovna?'

The girl shook her head, and one by one the tears fell so fast, that I heartily repented of my hasty observation.

'She is indeed! so dreadfully strict that she will seldom let me have any intercourse with society. I get up every morning with the firm intention of throwing off this yoke, for I have done nothing to deserve such treatment, Heaven knows I have not! But I lose courage as soon as she glances at me!'

'Does not your brother take your part at all?' I asked; 'he seems such a kind-hearted man. And what right has Natalia Borisovna to tyrannize over you?' Sympathy had quite got the better of prudence.

'I will tell you. She has me in her power, and makes use of it in the meanest manner. I dare not stir, for fear of her ruining me for life. Oh, Maminka, Maminka!' and she wept again. 'Listen,' she said, grasping the hand I had laid on hers; 'listen, and if you can, advise me what to do. When Maminka died, I am sure Natalia Borisovna was glad, although she had such hysterics.'

'My dear Vera!'

'Yes, yes, it is the truth! I saw it all. When Maminka was alive she dared not illuse me, for Maminka understood her, and saw her through and through; and often used to—not scold her—but, reproach her for living so worldly minded, and so neglectful of the children, and for making a fool of Vasinka, (for she can persuade him into anything;) and I know very well that she is revenging herself on me. She hates everybody who loved Maminka.'

'How long has your mother been dead?'

'Nearly two years; and when Maminka was ill, our old nurse used to attend her, and come to sit up all night with her. Natalia Borisovna used to give her her medicine sometimes, and was always there when the doctor came, but she used to go to parties just the same. Nurse did not live in the house, she only came when she had time, because she had a family of her own. And Maminka liked "him" very much, I know; and she said to me a day or two before she died, "Never mind if he is poor; you will be independent; and I bless you both beforehand."'

‘And who was *he*?’

‘Fedia Volkhine—Feodor Athanasiévitch. He was such a good fellow, and so fond of me. After the funeral there was a fuss of some kind, I could not make out exactly what it was; but Natalia Borisovna said that Fedia was going to another zavod, and that it was all nonsense to think of him any more. And soon after I heard that he had married a rich merchant’s daughter! Did you ever? Do you know, I cried all night! Well; then all I thought of was, how to get fond of somebody else—just out of spite, you know—but I could not! One or two elderly employés paid me attentions, but I did not like them. At last a landed proprietor came to G——, (we lived at G—— then;) he used to come to our house every day, and one morning he made me an offer. I did not care a pin for him, but I did not dislike him, as I did the others; so I accepted him.’

‘You don’t mean to say so, Vera?’

‘Yes, I did. I told him all about Fedia, and I said that if Maminka had been alive I would never have married anybody but him, but that now I was thankful to have a home and a friend who would take care of me. He was so kind. I am sure he *would* have taken care of me. He would not be refused, so I accepted him.’

‘Then why did not you marry him?’

‘It was not my fault! Just then, Nurse’s son, a clerk, got into a scrape, and was to be reduced to the rank of a workman for giving a false certificate to a sailor: he served at the ‘police office. He did not know to whom to apply, so he wrote me an immense long petition, asking me to plead in his favour. I did not like to promise, but it was so hard to refuse Nurse, who brought the petition. At last I consented; and then she ran into the kitchen, and returned with Alexis, her son, and he fell down on his knees to thank me. Just at that moment Natalia Borisovna came in; she stood still for a moment, and then said, ‘What is the meaning of this comedy?’ rushed up to me, and seized my arm, shaking me, and screaming, quite out of breath—‘Oh, you hypocrite! oh, you horrid deceitful girl! oh, you hypocrite!’ Then she scolded Nurse in the most violent manner, and called her all sorts of names. I had not the slightest notion of what she meant, until, little by little, I found out that she wanted to accuse me of being in love with Alexis! with my nurse’s son! I say “wanted to accuse me,” because I am sure she did not suspect it, or think it, herself. I protested, I even swore, I conjured her to let me go to church and take an oath that it was nonsense, that he was only thanking me for promising to intercede for him; so did Nurse, and so did Alexis, who cried like a great baby. I shewed her the petition, but she closed her eyes and turned away her head, saying that she would not be so dishonourable as to pry into our correspondence, and advised me to burn that, as well as any other “letters” I might have from him. Then she told my brother the whole history, in her own way, and represented it so cleverly that he of course

believed it, and would not speak to me for several days. When the proprietor came to ask my hand of Vasinka, Natalia Borisovna met him, and certainly must have told him this horrid tale, for he made his bow and never came near us again. Since that time she rules over me like I don't know what; she never speaks of the circumstance openly, frankly; but at times lets hints fall which convince me that if I were to offend her, all the Oural would be informed of this imaginary attachment. How long will this last? What shall I do? what *can* I do?

'Nothing, dear, at present,' I replied, utterly shocked, and unable to gather my thoughts. 'Nothing, but to seek comfort where you can always find it.'

'I always do find it,' said Vera, crossing herself; 'thank God, I cannot be deprived of *that*.'

We were silent for some minutes, and then I looked at my watch and found that it was nearly three o'clock. I proposed dinner; and after our fried patties and poached eggs, I opened the book to find something exciting or amusing, in order to divert the attention of both from the disagreeable impression that Vera's story had left on our minds.

'What shall I read?' I said; 'here is a tale by Pisemsky, and translations from the English by Michaeloff—O Vera! it is Hood's "Song of the Shirt," so beautifully done, even the very same metre—and a sketch of the convent life of the Tzaritzza Evdokia, Peter the Great's first wife, whom he divorced and shut up in the convent; and a comedy by Ostroffsky, with real live merchants and merchantesses;' and I read a line or two, which decided us in favour of the comedy.

I read until I could go no farther for laughing, and then handed the book to Vera, who continued until she was in the same predicament, when we found it more convenient to read together, in a sort of duet, while tears of laughter rolled down our cheeks; and, thanks to clever Mr. Ostroffsky, we were in excellent spirits when the evening party arrived. We finished the day very pleasantly, and I taught them the game of 'I love my love,' which amused them all extremely, and gave Vera an opportunity of showing off her pupils, (Natalia Borisovna brought the other two boys.)

I said before, that circumstances connected with the service compelled us to be on good terms—outwardly, at any rate—with Vasili Pavlovitch and his family. For our own sakes as well as Vera's, I endeavoured to keep as distant as possible from the poor girl, as I felt quite sure that if Natalia Borisovna suspected anything like a confidence, Vera would suffer severely, and we should feel her displeasure in some little way. Notwithstanding that I avoided, in every manner possible without being absolutely rude, anything that might awaken Madame F——'s jealous suspicions, and seldom exchanged more than half a dozen phrases with Vera, the poor lonely girl attached herself strongly to me, a stranger; to me, a foreigner! and one's heart must be stone if one can resist such advances.

When I became more intimate with the F——s, I often found myself witness of scenes which deeply grieved and annoyed me—the more, because I was totally unable to help the weak party. Vera was always very quiet, never answered again, never cried—at least, before Natalia Borisovna.

‘Ah, you Persian idol! ah, you Chinese pagoda! ah, you Egyptian mummy!’ cried Natalia Borisovna one evening when Vera sent up the wrong jam for dessert. ‘When you know that I wanted that pot for Vasili Pavlovitch’s name’s-day. Ah! you pea-scarecrow! Get along with you!’

Had the tone been less insulting, this scolding would have been only absurd. Vera observed, ‘I can put it back again.’

‘Put it back again? oh, how sharp we are, all of a sudden! How can you put it back when the guests have eaten it all up, you idiot?’

Vera burst out laughing. ‘I did not think that they had eaten it all,’ she said.

Besides Natalia Borisovna’s treatment of Vera and her own children, there were many little traits, which discovered themselves little by little, and which did not please me at all. She was extremely vain of her good looks, and her favourite topic of conversation was the attentions and compliments that gentlemen were in the habit of paying her. She also had a great desire to shine as an educated person, and, thanks to her immense tact, made one suppose, on first acquaintance with her, that she knew the French language, although she complained of being dreadfully out of practice, in consequence, she said, of having no one to speak to. She could introduce such words as ‘*mille pardons!*’ ‘*à la bonneheure,*’ ‘*par exemple!*’ ‘*merci,*’ very *à propos*; but one day, when one of the children made a bright remark, and I observed, ‘*Il a de l’esprit, ce petit,*’ she replied, ‘*Non, merci,*’—which rather puzzled me; and another time, when describing her sister (who, she said, was extremely like her)—who was so elegant and beautiful that everybody who did not know her thought she must be lady of honour to the Empress, she wound up thus, ‘In fact, she is, as the French say, quite *à la renommée.*’

‘I understand,’ I replied, with an heroic effort not to scream with laughter.

If I happened to be particularly anxious to please Natalia Borisovna, I made a point of dressing myself as badly as I possibly could. A certain green and brown dress, with a many-coloured shawl and a sun-bonnet, had the effect of making her most amiable and charming; whereas a black *poult de soie*, with a crimson ribbon at the neck, or a blue cashmere with a black velvet jacket, made her dull, absent, almost rude. I only got one cup of tea in those dresses; and was sure to hear some anecdote of the English to their disadvantage, or be otherwise rendered uncomfortable.

Several months had passed since our outing in the fields, when a change took place which promised to be advantageous for us. Our Chief, or commanding officer, was removed to a higher situation; and the officer

appointed in his place happened to be a very old friend of ours. We loved and respected our old Chief, but we could not help feeling glad that this friend of ours was to occupy his place. Natalia Borisovna all of a sudden began to be extremely attentive and affectionate to us, and I felt a sort of childish delight in being perfectly indifferent to all her advances, and thwarting her in the most innocent manner. I do not think the feeling that prompted this teasing was exactly an amiable one, but I did not consider it absolutely wrong to tease her, and therefore went on enjoying myself intensely.

In a few weeks after his appointment, Dmitri Alexéivitch, the new chief, came to inspect our zavod. He stopped at our house, as if we were his relatives, and behaved exactly the same as ever. We had no favours to ask, all was quite right and correct as far as the service was concerned; we saw in Dmitri Alexéivitch an old friend, and quite forgot that he was that important personage—'the Chief.'

Can you imagine Natalia Borisovna's wrath when we went out riding or driving without her? We mildly suggested the propriety of inviting the F——s to accompany us, but Dmitri Alexéivitch remarked that we could do so after he was gone—that the few hours he had to spare to his old friends were too valuable to be shared by strangers. But he dined and spent the evening with them once or twice, and they came to our house once, (without Vera, of course.) The Chief was just as familiar and 'at home' with us before other people as when we were alone.

We found poor Dmitri Alexéivitch much altered since we last saw him. He had lost his wife in the interval; and his only child, a boy of about twelve, had been dangerously ill at the Foresters' Institution, near Petersburg, at a time when his father could not possibly leave his dying wife. He complained bitterly of his loneliness, and repeatedly declared that there was nothing to be done but to marry again. Half in joke, half in earnest, he asked us to look out for a wife for him; and we told him to go to O——, and look at the Miss Filins, the rich merchant's daughters—recommended Nadinka Komaroff, the beauty of L——, and Glashinka Shadrine, a first-rate housekeeper; but none seemed to suit his ideas.

In five weeks time he came again; and one day, while walking up and down the room, puffing at his long cherry-stick pipe, he suddenly stopped before me, and said,

'Listen!'

I listened—that is, I left off working, and looked at him.

'Listen! I want you to help me. I want to see Vasili Pavlovitch's sister again. I have heard all sorts of queer things about her, and about her sister-in-law—who, by the way, does not please me. Will you be open with me?'

'What do you want to know?'

'Ah, there you are, with your woman's diplomacy! (everywhere the same, be she Russian, English, or South Sea Islander.) What do I want to know? Everything! all that you know.'

'Well, don't liken me to a savage, and I will tell you. You seem rather solemn—rather in earnest.'

'Not solemn, but in earnest. Now do you understand?'

'Yea. She is a dear darling good girl; and her sister-in-law is a horrible wicked tyrant!' and I began to cry.

'I thought as much,' said Dmitri Alexéivitch: 'but pray do not cry. Did you ever hear of Alexis Feklistoff?'

'Feklistoff! No, I do not remember that name. Alexis—Alexis—ah yes—the nurse's son!'

'What nurse's son?'

'Vera Pavlovna's nurse's son.'

'A clerk at G——, in the police office!'

'Yes, yes.'

'Then it was her nurse's son! Good heavens! what scandal, what lies, people are capable of getting up! Then you know for certain that it was her nurse's son? perhaps her foster-brother?'

'Vera Pavlovna made use of the word *nurse*.'*

'You had it, then, from Vera Pavlovna herself? Well, this same Alexis Feklistoff got out of the scrape somehow; and happened to come to our place last year with Koloboff, to see our Nasmith's hammer. It seems that he is a capital draughtsman, and occupied the police place only until a vacation should occur in the drawing room. Well, he saw our Luba—you remember Luba, my wife's favourite maid—and made her an offer. Emilia was very glad to get Luba comfortably settled; and we married her a few weeks before my dear Mila died. He told Luba all this history of Vasili Pavlovitch's sister, and swore over and over again that it was completely without foundation. He seemed, however, to pity himself a great deal more than he did the young lady, and said that it had done him immense injury. Luba told her mistress of it; and Emilia, who knew all the F——s in her youth, especially the old lady, was extremely sorry about it. She remembered the young lady in question when a little girl.'

'She is a very pretty modest little creature. Is she accomplished?'

'Not exactly; but she is a true lady, though she has a few rather original notions.'

'Well, how can we manage it, ah?'

'You will never be able to speak to her alone, for Natalia Borisovna guards her like a duenna. She is very useful in the house; she attends to the housekeeping, and teaches the children, and makes and mends their clothes. She is absolutely necessary to Natalia Borisovna; and does not cost anything. I do not know how to set about it. I must think.'

'Think! Is it possible that that vixen of a woman has any influence over you? Do not you know and see that Vera is miserable in that house? Has not Victor Alexandrovitch told me all sorts of things, that

* In Russ, a wet-nurse is called *kormilitza*—lit. *feeder*.

make my hair stand on end?" he said, lifting his hands about a quarter of a yard higher than his head, to show how his hair was supposed to stand on end. 'Are you frightened at her? what harm can she do you or yours? I have been under authority myself for seventeen years, and know how people feel towards me now.'

'Dmitri Alexéivitch, believe me that ~~we~~ feel towards you as an old friend,' I said, holding out my hand.

He took it, and kissed it, repeating, 'Merci, merci! my good one, my kind one! I see how it is: during the half year that you have been here, you have fallen into the error of all the good people of this place—everyone feels her power, and fears her. Young Taganoff told me frankly: "I hate and despise her; yet when I come into her presence she fascinates me, and I cannot leave her side." Victor also. Victor cried yesterday, and told me what a nasty scrape she got him into, because he did not give her a drawing which took her fancy, but which he had promised to old Mrs. Lahire—lost a wager, or something of the sort, to her. Then you will help me—*us*, it may be?'

'Yes, if you give me the power.' I trembled from head to foot; a similar affair had never been intrusted to me. I felt as if he had put a fiddle into my hands, and requested me to perform a fantasia on it.

'Full power. This is my plan. To-morrow I will go to Vasili Pavlovitch's, and propose going to look at the mine. You write a note to Natalia Borisovna, and ask her to coffee. When she comes, keep her as long as you can, and tell her—tell her downright—that Dmitri Alexéivitch intends to make Vera Pavlovna an offer. In the meantime, I will speak to F——. We will return to his house while his wife is still with you; and if F—— allows me, I will speak to his sister before Natalia Borisovna has had time to forbid her accepting me.'

I agreed; and we arranged other little matters about the horses and servants, so that there might be no impediment to our plan.

Our family father came home from the forest to dinner; and after dinner, we had the stove lighted, and sat down in the English way, in a half-circle. It was a raw sleety autumn afternoon. We chatted, and cracked little cedar-nuts, called in derision 'Siberian eloquence,' because people generally become so silent when they are eating them. Dmitri Alexéivitch's intention was then confided to the rest of the family, and each suggested some little improvement or alteration. In the midst of it, we heard the shuffling of goloshes in the porch, and in a second or two in walked the unfortunate Victor.

'Well, Brother,' said our family father, 'you have just come in time to join in our conspiracy. There sits the chief traitor, and there is his accomplice; we fill up the back-ground: all we require is Victor Alexandrovitch, in a Spanish hat and long cloak, to complete the group.'

He ran into the entrance, and returned in a few seconds, wrapped in an old travelling-cloak, inside out; on his head he had placed little A——'s straw gipsy hat, which fell off immediately.

'Speak, Chief,' he pronounced in a sepulchral voice, picking up the hat, and putting it on hind-side before; 'I am ready to do thy bidding.'

I cannot describe his transports when he heard the real story: he embraced Dmitri Alexéivitch, calling down blessings on him, and congratulating him beforehand.

'Wait till to-morrow, my soul,' said the bridegroom elect; 'perhaps she will refuse me—who knows? An old fellow like me?' (he was a good-looking man of five or six-and-thirty, wore gold spectacles, and was very gentlemanly and pleasing.) Perhaps she won't like the idea of being the third wife.'

'The third?' I said. 'Were you married before?'

'Why, did not you know that before? Yes, Emilia was my second wife.'

'She never told me so. Did she know?'

'Of course she did. My first wife was her bosom friend. But supposing they had been strangers, what necessity could there have been to conceal my first marriage? how could I account for my son's existence?'

'Was not Leonide Emilia Andréevna's child? who ever would have supposed it? No mother could have been more devoted and tender than she. I always thought, Dmitri Alexéivitch, that she began to wane when he went to Petersburg.'

'She was indeed an exemplary mother. I cannot call her step-mother. Leo was only a year old when we married. His mother died a few days after his birth; and her last request was, Emilia Andréevna should supply her place to the child and to me. I would not hear of it at first; but I was so dreadfully lonely after her death, that I determined to speak to Emilia Andréevna about it. She refused me.'

'She supposed, I dare say, that you only did it to fulfil the deceased's wishes,' said Victor, as if he had made a discovery.

'No, she preferred somebody else, and told me so; and that made me think the more of her; until at last I had no peace for her—made her another offer—she cried, and asked me to wait until the return of the caravan.* I consented; but before the term had expired, I met her at a party, and found that the "object" had engaged himself to somebody else at Moscow; and I had no difficulty in persuading her to give me her word. In six weeks we were married; and I do not think she repented any more than I did. Leo does not know to this day that she was not his mother. She had two little ones of her own, who died in their babyhood; and all the fervour of maternal affection was lavished on my little orphan. We never mentioned my first wife in your time, because Leo was old enough to understand; and I always used to be in a fright when strangers remarked that he was not the least like me or

* Twice a year, the gold that has been found in the Oural during the preceding six months, is sent to Petersburg, under the care of several officers. Such an expedition is called a caravan.

Emilia Andréevna. He is strikingly like his mother; only his hair is light, and hers was black. He was quite cast down when he heard of Emilia's death. They were afraid he would not be able to get through his examination at one time.'

Victor Alexandrovitch began to tell us the results of his various observations on Natalia Borisovna, which he gave with various clenchings and shakings of his fist, and grindings of his teeth.

'If she refuses you,' he continued, 'she certainly must be in love with me. I'll offer myself, if she refuses you—when the house is all in an uproar, you know. Let me come to coffee to-morrow,' he added in a coaxing voice; 'I should so enjoy to see Natalia Borisovna, when she hears that Vera Pavlovna is to be her Chiefess.' And he jumped from his seat, cut two or three capers, and screeching *à la Russe*, sat down to a game of *zwig* with the rest of us.

I did not consent to his coming to coffee; the very idea made me turn hot, and the presence of a third party would have been awkward at any time. Besides which, I told Victor Alexandrovitch that his imagination was quite strong enough to picture the whole affair.

The next day, after breakfast, Dmitri Alexéivitch set out with our family father, after making us bless him like parents.

Half an hour after they had gone, I wrote the following note to Natalia Borisovna.

Amiable Natalia Borisovna,'

If you will come to drink coffee with me this morning, I will communicate something to you which I think will interest you.

Your devoted

H. C. R.

'Amiable Natalia Borisovna' soon arrived, *delicieusement* dressed, (she expected to see Dmitri Alexéivitch on his return from the mine,) and really very amiable. To make her decidedly in a good humour, I arrayed myself in a washed-out *mousseline de laine*, with old-fashioned narrow sleeves, and the limpest of petticoats; and when I reviewed myself in the glass, I confessed that I might have stood for a '*Model Dandy*.'

'Excuse me, Natalia Borisovna, for receiving you in such dishabille; but I have been putting one or two things to rights during Dmitri Alexéivitch's absence.'

'Never mind, never mind; I beg of you to make no ceremony; what can be better than simplicity?'

'Ah, what indeed? and what can be dowdier than limp petticoats, washed-out gowns, and narrow sleeves?'

I began to converse on every-day topics, gave her an immense long history of little O——'s being supposed to have swallowed a five-kopeck piece, because she complained of pain, and pressing her hand to her chest, said that the money was there; and that when we undressed her, we found that the five-kopeck piece had dropped down her bosom, and

inconvenienced her by pressing on the breast bone. I was delighted to see Natalia Borisovna growing impatient.

'Is it anything about our removal?' she said; 'has he let any hints drop?'

'Wait a minute, and I will tell you,' I said. It was necessary to gain as much time as possible. 'I must run for my keys. I will come directly.'

I did not return for four or five minutes—till I heard the servants bringing the coffee-service, and self-boiling pot; and then I said—in answer to her 'Well!'—'Sh—sh!' and glanced mysteriously at the servants. When they had gone, I began: 'Dmitri Alexéivitch has not said a word about *your* removal from hence.'

She made a gesture of displeasure, turned pale, and said, 'I am astonished at you, and all your family, really, when you know (her favourite phrase) how we wish to leave V——. Dmitri Alexéivitch is an old acquaintance of yours: what would it cost you to put in a word for us?'

'We made up our minds, when we heard of Dmitri Alexéivitch's appointment as our chief, not to ask any favours of him, either for ourselves or others, unless in a case of extreme necessity,' I replied, as grandly as I could.

'That is a great pity! By so doing, you may lose the good will and friendship of other people who may be useful to you in their turn.'

'I trust that other people will not exact from us such a sacrifice as to make us on ill-terms with our Chief.'

'Chief! Chief!' said Natalia Borisovna rudely. 'I only wish that we had never seen his face. I wish the wolves may eat him! I wish Frantz Ivanovitch had remained, with all my heart. That was a Chief, if you like! And this upstart—who is no older than my Vasili Pavlovitch, and used to be called Mopsey at the Mining Institution when they were comrades—he, *he* is to command *us*, and leave us in this hole, just because we have no kind friend to put in a kind word for us!'

'You are unjust, Natalia Borisovna,' I replied warmly. 'This place, you know, and I know, is one of the most lucrative in the Oural; one that brings profit to the intendant without injury to Government. You have a large family; and here you can save money for their future education, because society is so small, and you have no demands on your purse, save actual housekeeping for the family and their clothing. As intendant, you have a house too, fuel, and illumination, (that is tallow candles,) and many other advantages, which, as assistant to the Chief—which is your next step—you would be deprived of. Think of your dear little children, Natalia Borisovna.'

She was crying.

'I do not want my children to grow up perfect rustics, thank you. I do not want to get stale here myself, and never see a human face! But there is luck for fools—everyone knows that!' she concluded, using her

handkerchief violently, and rapidly spooning the hot coffee I had handed to her.

'If that rule holds good,' I replied, laughing, 'and you consider yourself unlucky, you must behave like a wise woman, and look on the bright side of things.'

'Tell me now, candidly—do you like Videneoffka?'

'You know I do not; but we can live here without getting into debt: the situation is not a trifling one in point of importance for us small folks. I am willing to remain until Dmitri Alexévitch, or His Excellency, thinks proper to remove our family father. But none of us intend to bother him.'

'Well, then, what have you to tell me?' she said, after a pause.

'First of all, that it will only be prudent if you try to look on poor Dmitri Alexévitch as a friend, and not as a foe.'

'That is Vasili Pavlovitch's business,' she said, in her '*dual manner*,' (as M—— used to say.) 'Further—'

'Further—that if he does not intend to remove Vasili Pavlovitch, he intends to propose a removal to somebody else.'

'To Taganoff?'

'No; nor to Victor Alexandrovitch—to none that are in the service.'

'Have done with riddles,' she exclaimed impatiently. 'What does this woman mean?'

'Dmitri Alexévitch himself requested me to communicate his wishes to you, Natalia Borisovna,' I replied calmly; 'and I beg you will hear me patiently and politely.'

'Well!' she said, with crumpled-up forehead, compressed lips, and pallid cheek. She spoke very rudely. I felt extremely indignant.

'He wishes to marry Vera Pavlovna.'

'You are pleased to make a fool of me, Sudarina,' she said, rising; but she trembled too much to stand; she sank into her chair, and striking the table with her clenched fist, said, in a gasping voice, 'It is a lie! a lie! a lie! I tell you!'

I was shocked. 'Natalia Borisovna, it is the truth. Do not be so rude—calm yourself.'

'I will teach you, Sudarina, how to laugh at honest folks. I will teach you—' but she burst into hysterics; and I, cold with fright, was screaming for the nurse, when I heard Victor Alexandrovitch's shuffling goloshes moving very briskly; and before the nurse had time to put the child into its crib, he was standing at the door, with a triumphant but puzzled expression of face.

'Hang her!' he cried, pouring out a glass of water, and squirting a mouthful into her face. She opened her eyes, and groaned; when Victor shouted, 'I congratulate you, Natalia Borisovna, with the commencement of a business—with all my heart I congratulate you! Vasili Pavlovitch sent me here, to beg you will return home immediately.' And turning to me: 'You also, to drink a glass of champagne. There!'

'I cannot understand all this,' said Natalia Borisovna, with her old grandness. 'What champagne? what commencement of a business? Explain yourself, Victor Alexandrovitch.—I do not ask you, Sudarina, because I see that you have been making a fool of me!'

Victor Alexandrovitch stepped forward, and said very earnestly, 'Pray remember, Natalia Borisovna, that you are in this lady's house. Yesterday evening, in my presence, Dmitri Alexévitch—our mutual Chief, Natalia Borisovna—spoke of his wish to make your sister-in-law, Vera Pavlovna F——, his wife; and requested this lady to communicate the same to you. He in the meantime asked Vera Pavlovna's hand of Vasili Pavlovitch, while on the road to the mine; and on their return, they told us to join them in half an hour at your house. We went in to Feodora Petrovna's to spend the half hour; and when we joined them, Vera Pavlovna was sitting in the salle, with Dmitri Alexévitch and Vasili Pavlovitch talking to her very cheerfully. Vasili Pavlovitch begged me to go for the ladies—that's all. You owe an apology to this lady,' continued he, 'for speaking to her in such a tone.'

'It was the suddenness,' I remarked, for politeness' sake.

'It is really astonishing to me, that Vasili Pavlovitch consented to Dmitri Alexévitch speaking to Vera before he consulted *me*! But of course I shall not permit Vera to disgrace our chief! It shall never be said of us, that the F——s got their wild sister off their hands, and made a laughing-stock of their chief! No!'

'No one will ever say so of you,' said Victor Alexandrovitch drily.

'Won't they? oh! ah! I know the world better than you do! Who are you, most excellent Sir, I should like to know, that you adopt such a tone with *me*? with *me*? Upon my word!—I wish you good day, Sudarina; and again have the honour to inform you that I will teach you how to make a fool of *me*! Good day!'

I bowed.

In Russia, the hostess always conducts her guests almost to the hall-door. Habit impelled me to make a step forward.

Victor Alexandrovitch stopped me with a gesture. I felt grateful to him. He also remained in the room, boxing the air in the direction of Natalia Borisovna's retreating figure.

When the hall-door closed on her with a spiteful bang, he observed: 'And she will be my relation! Heaven have pity on me, a helpless orphan! It only just came into my head. How flushed you are! Has she been giving you much of that sort of thing before I came? Why do not you go?'

'She was very rude and disagreeable: I shall tell Dmitri Alexévitch of it. Poor dear man! I am sure he had not an idea of what a woman she is; but if she and Vasili Pavlovitch had met before the question was put to Vera, she would have contrived to make her refuse Dmitri Alexévitch.'

'Yes; and they would have made him believe that Vera detested him, or something of the sort. Oh, I knew her through and through!'

'Go, Victor Alexandrovitch, and say that I am waiting dinner for them,' I said, in a little time; 'and come and spend the day with us. I feel quite upset.'

Dmitri Alexéivitch afterwards told me, that when he spoke to Vasili Pavlovitch, he told him that he knew all about the Feklistoff affair; and that he said to him, 'Thou art too weak, brother of mine—too weak; dost thou not see that thy wife persecutes her? and yet thou standest in the place of her father.' And that Vasili Pavlovitch shed tears, and consented to Vera's being spoken to during Natalia Borisovna's absence. Vasili Pavlovitch went to Vera; and told her. She said, Let him speak for himself. Dmitri Alexéivitch, in so many words, asked her to do him the favour to become his wife; to which she replied, 'With great pleasure.' That he took her hand, led her to Vasili Pavlovitch's cabinet, and that there he blessed them.

When Natalia Borisovna returned, the priest was already there; and as soon as she entered the room, Dmitri Alexéivitch made a sign to begin the betrothal service. Before it was concluded, Natalia Borisovna was carried out in screaming hysterics, baffled—baffled in all her promised triumphs. The weak husband bent over her, murmuring, 'My soul, my little soul, my pigeon! open thy little eyes, my lapotchka!'

When she came to her senses, Dmitri Alexéivitch came into her boudoir with his bride, and said, 'Now congratulate us, Natalia Borisovna, or I shall be afraid you are not glad to have me for a brother. I can well imagine your grief at the prospect of losing so dear a sister; but you must not be selfish, Natalia Borisovna.'

Upon which she began to upbraid Vera with ingratitude, meanness—But Dmitri Alexéivitch did not allow her to proceed; and remarking that she would be pleased to remember, once for all, that Vera Pavlovna was his bride, and that he knew more than she supposed, left the room, dragging the bewildered bride after him. Victor Alexandrovitch was witness of this last scene.

When the gentlemen returned to dinner, I was having a good cry, and M—— was bathing my head with eau-de-Cologne. Poor Dmitri Alexéivitch was miserable and distracted, when he heard that Natalia Borisovna had been so rude, knelt down before me, (as if *he* were to blame,) and vowed he would have it out of her. Our family father expressed his surprise at my silliness in allowing the empty words of an ill-educated person to have any effect on me; but expressed his firm intention of never setting foot in Vasili Pavlovitch's house until she had made an apology. Dmitri Alexéivitch said he was perfectly right, and that she must have a lesson; and Victor Alexandrovitch undertook to communicate our sentiments to Vasili Pavlovitch himself, as well as to his *meek* wife.

'And thus it passed.' Simple submissive little Vera was to be the

wife of the chief of that large district—wife of her brother's commanding officer! Natalia Borisovna would be invited to her balls: Natalia Borisovna must never attempt to be more elegantly dressed than the chief's wife. People would show more attention to Vera than to her. The best cavaliers would hasten to engage her to dance. And then His Excellency would come and stay in the house with them for nearly a week every year. *He* would lead her into the dining-room before the face of all the officers of the surrounding zavods, decked in all *his* orders! For a woman of Natalia's worldly, selfish, and trifling mind, it was about the greatest misfortune that could befall her.

She wrote me a note, apologizing very prettily for her misunderstanding, trusting to my generosity to excuse what she might have said in a moment of surprise, &c. To which I replied, by begging her to forget all she had said, and to come and see me. This she did: and our gentlemen considered that I ought to be satisfied. But I used often to feel very cross when I thought of her.

Then I went, dressed in all my finery—the family father in full uniform—to congratulate Vera. She turned very red, sat silent nearly all the time; but became very talkative in the entrance-hall, and asked me in '*so*,' that is without invitation, to help her work of an evening.

Vasili Pavlovitch gave her a very nice dowry: she received a small pension, which, it seems, never came into her hands; and Vasili Pavlovitch, to prevent talking, (the Oural people are dreadful talkers,) did his best to make up for past neglect. Her best dress, (at that time,) poor girl! was a *mousseline-de-laine*, blue and brown. She had no bonnets: in the summer, she used to tie a black veil over her head to go to church; in the winter, a hood, made out of an old black satin shawl of her mother's; and yet she always looked nice, and even smart.

I dare say it required all the self-possession Natalia Borisovna could boast of, not to go into hysterics, when the great boxes from St. Petersburg arrived. Vera's sister, who was married to a German there, executed the commission admirably. The whole trousseau was perfect; things were of the best sort, the best taste, and very moderate prices. Dmitri Alexéivitch sent for her bridal attire, and begged to be allowed to give her the shouba (fur cloak) also. A beauty it was: the covering was dark maroon velvet, the lining of grey fox, the collar first-rate sable: a sable muff accompanied the gift, and an elegant ermine talma. The shouba must have cost four or five hundred silver rubles at least. Everything became her to perfection.

Poor Natalia Borisovna was doomed to undergo one more mortification. Of course, she had set her heart on being lady of honour, and had written for an elegant costume on purpose. The whole set-out was exactly the very thing that suited her, when—oh, horror! The day before the wedding, which took place in little less than three months after the hasty betrothal, she was suddenly attacked with a dreadful tooth-ache, which, on the wedding-day itself, turned into a frightful

swelled face; and notwithstanding all the fomentations and hot herb pillows that were applied, she was utterly unfit to figure in the ceremony. Little Lizavetta Michaelovna, the quiet wife of Vasili Pavlovitch's younger brother, was asked to conduct Vera to church; and as lady of honour, was invited to head-quarters, and made a great deal of.

Vera made a very nice Chiefess. Her excellent husband took immense pains with her; always spoke French to her, and wrote for French journals for her, in order to accustom her more to that language. She played very little; and never touched the splendid 'royale' before company. The ladies adored her, because she was so unceremonious, kind, and simple. Did a little child fall ill, Vera was the first to visit the mother; and as she had in very fact supplied Natalia Borisovna's place to her little nephews and nieces, she was not without some experience. Did a motherless young girl leave the institution, or become of age to enter into society, Vera Pavlovna was always ready to chaperone her; helped her make her gowns, and cut them out herself; gave her patterns for collars and cuffs, dressed her hair for balls, &c.; chatting all the time as to her bosom friend. She used to spend early evenings with old ladies, knit stockings, and talk of economy and the cow disease with them.

The husband and wife, thus strangely and hurriedly united, grew passionately attached to each other: and Leo, who came at Midsommer for the holidays, quite reconciled himself to the idea of a step-mother. Her amiability and politeness used to be sorely put to the test, when her sister-in-law came from her dull and distant home, to join in the Christmas or Carnival gaieties at the principal dépôt, where the Chief resided; for Natalia Borisovna always managed to annoy Vera or her husband in some way. In fact, the latter more than once declared that he really must decline the honour of her acquaintance; but was always persuaded by his gentle wife to invite the F——s at each returning season.

Thus passed two years, when a terrible and unexpected grief fell on the unamiable and thoughtless Natalia Borisovna. Her husband—whom she really did love, notwithstanding her flightiness and extravagance—died! Died suddenly one bright May morning, from an attack very like cholera.

When there appeared to be no hope for his recovery, Natalia Borisovna sent for Dmitri Alexéivitch, who came immediately on hearing of it, with his wife; and the dying man, with almost his last gasp, commended his wife and children to them. Vera took the four elder children home with her, and made their mourning at her own expense, for Vasili Pavlovitch's affairs were found to be in a very sad state. Strange to say, although he had money in the bank, he was deeply in debt to Government; a fact which it seems he must have concealed from his family, for when Natalia Borisovna heard of it, she at first insolently accused Dmitri Alexéivitch of inventing these debts; and then, when he indignantly, and justly jealous of his good name, ordered the great folios to be brought from

the Government counting-house, and showed her the receipts in Vasili Pavlovitch's own writing, she pitifully besought him to pay the debts, to save her husband's honour. It never occurred to her, (or if it did, she never proposed it,) that she might dispose of her own handsome jewels and furniture for the purpose. Dmitri Alexéivitch did help her, materially; but he was obliged to hint at the sale of the furniture and horses and equipages, and at last even to insist on it as a condition. Subsequently, when he settled the boys—at infinite trouble to himself, and to the extreme trial of his independent and rather proud spirit, (he detested asking favours,)—in the gymnasium, at government expense, and Vera, having no children of her own, adopted 'Nastassie'—Natalia Borisovna complained bitterly of being separated from her precious angels, her bright falcons, her red suns. Does my reader remember how she used to speak of and to them, when they were with her, and when she darkened that home, which might have been such a happy one, both to herself and to them?

* * * * *

'Well! of all the angelic souls I ever knew in my life,' said Anna Ivanovna to me, soon after poor *Vasili Pavlovitch's* death, sobbing, half from sorrow and sympathy, half from fondness of Vera,—'Vera Pavlovna is—'

And she and I wept in silence together.

Yes; Vera had no idea of it herself; but she was, in fact, leaving 'footsteps in the sands of time,' which, though very lightly trodden, may still prove guide-marks to the few who care to trace them.

H. C. ROMANOFF.

THE ENGLISH FAMILY IN GERMANY AGAIN.

THE STRAHLENHEIMS OF BURGSTALL.

'WHAT are we to do to-day?' inquired Clare of Frida, on the morning of the second Saturday she had spent at Burgstall.

'I have just heard Papa tell Mamma that he will drive us in the open carriage to Gauspach, to see the salt-works; and then into Cannstadt. This week the annual fair is held there.'

'It will be delightful seeing the salt-works; but how can you wish to go to the fair! you will see nothing but horses and all sorts of animals, merry-go-rounds, and trumpets, there!'

'Animals!' exclaimed Frida; 'who goes to a fair to buy animals? Ah! I see poor Clare is thinking of some of the strange ways of the outlandish people she belongs to, where all the men are mad, eat raw meat, and sell their wives with a halter round their neck in the market-place!—don't they, Clare?'

Clare had been with Frida to see an old nurse of the family, who lived in the village; and when she had been introduced as an English young lady, the old woman had expressed much surprise that so delicate and pretty a young lady could belong to a race where the men, she heard, were so dreadful! Clare and she quite made friends; and at last she ventured to implore her to seek a husband amongst the Germans. 'They are good and kind to their wives; and think! my pretty young lady, what it would be, the first time you offended your husband, or that he wearied of you, if a great halter were put round your neck, and you were sold in a market-place!'

Clare vainly endeavoured to assure her such was not the case, and she had not the least fear lest her own neck should be so roughly treated.

The old woman only pitied her, and thought she did not know the laws of her country. 'They conceal it from you now,' she would say.

In the heart of Germany, where the English have not penetrated much, those impressions are very general amongst the lower classes; we are to them what the Croats seem to be to us. And even where they are well known, the common term of reproach, 'ein verrückter Engländer,' or 'verrückt wie ein Engländer,' shows that we are not held in very high esteem: and it is to be feared their impressions are not without truth; for too many English, when they take hold of their passports, drop both their religion and their manners.

For one thing or another, poor Clare got desperately laughed at; however, she was tolerably able to hold her own. One great thing she endeavoured to achieve was, to convince all the Von Strahlenheims that it was the Duke of Wellington, and not Blucher, who won the Battle of Waterloo; and, strange to say, like most other Germans, they would not be convinced. That in their eyes 'the wish was father to the fact,' is all one can say.

At three o'clock the carriage came round, and they drove to Gauspach; the country through which they drove was pretty and varied, and the little village of Gauspach lay most picturesquely amongst the hills.

At Gauspach were some newly discovered salt-springs, which came bubbling hot and steaming out of the earth with a force which made them rise into the air like a natural fountain. Gauspach was on the Strahlenheim property; so they were most carefully shewn through every part of it, and saw the new salt-works which had just been opened. Clare enriched herself with all sorts of specimens of the different salts, and little cups and baskets into which the rock-salt had been converted; and then they continued their drive into Cannstadt, where they intended making what they called their fairings.

Fairs in Germany, Poland, and Hungary, still retain some of the character of the great Middle-age fairs, and are not yet dwindled down into the insignificance and coarseness of a common English fair. At Cannstadt there were travellers from all parts, who brought their wares

to be disposed of. Men from Saxony and Silesia, with their fine home-spun linens; Frenchmen, with their batistes and Valenciennes laces; Swiss, with their carvings and the produce of their own country; and above all the Tyrolese, in their high hats, velveteen suits, and valuable belts, ranking according to the wearer's means, with some motto or text written on them in steel letters, gave their ornamental presence, and sold the kid gloves and hawk and eagle feathers, which were their staple ware. It was a pretty and a busy sight. Each seller had a booth of his own; families and ladies from all the neighbourhood collected to make their yearly purchases; and the arguing and traffic which went on until the buyer had reduced the seller to one half of his original charge, and which when he could not help it, he always seemed to submit to contentedly, afforded the greatest amusement to Clare. Frau Gräffinn was soon lost among the linen booths; and the girls walked from booth to booth, each one selecting a present for the other, and that was what they called 'their fairings.' Graf von Strahlenheim, who was expected to make his fairings also, received hints as to what would be most acceptable to his different daughters; and the silk dress to one, the dozen best kid gloves to another, or the large album which fell to the portion of Lili, his 'intellectual daughter,' as he termed her; was repaid by them with little cigar cases, a purse, or smoking-cap, as the finances or taste of the donor might dictate. Clare received her full share of fairings, and drove home with five gifts, which long after graced her own bed-room, in England, and served to recall with a pleasant recollection, the friends and the hours she had so enjoyed at that time.

'You have not seen a single horse, or a cow,' said Frida, as they drove home, closely packed with their numerous purchases.

'I hope you will carry away a better opinion of the fairs we attend; you will see nothing like those in your dear England!'

'I wish I may,' returned Clare.

'You should ask your father to take you to the Frankfort fair; that is the most worth seeing of any in Germany. It is much the largest, and continues for a whole fortnight,' said the Graf.

'Mamma,' said Frida that evening, whilst they were sitting at supper, 'I have been trying to persuade Clare to go to Mass with us to-morrow; she has no church of her own to go to, and it is much better than remaining at home;—will you come, Clare?'

Clare looked undecided; she was anxious to go herself, especially as there was a celebrated Jesuit preacher expected to be there that day; and as the Roman Catholic services were quite strange to her, she thought she should like to see them; but she was debating in her own mind whether Mrs. Lealie would have given her consent to her going had she been there.

'How can you scruple, Clare?' said Frida, looking hurt; 'surely the faith which is to save your dearest and best friends, is worth your inquiring into a little!'

Clare replied, 'I think I should like to go this one Sunday, though I may not every Sunday.'

'That's my dear little Clare,' said Frida, pleased.

'What are you saying, Frida?' inquired Herr Graf, raising his eyes from the paper he was reading.

'Nothing, Papa, only Clare will go with us to Mass to-morrow morning. I want her so much to hear Father Beuzinger's sermon.'

'No, no,' said the Graf; 'I cannot have Clare go with us.'

'Oh, Papa! why not?' exclaimed Frida; 'there is plenty of room in the carriage.'

'Plenty, I have no doubt; but I would rather Clare did not go,' answered the Graf. 'You will not mind,' he said, turning to Clare.

'Oh no, not at all,' said Clare; but the heightened colour of her face rather belied her words. The truth was, that she was inclined to resent Graf von Strahlenheim's expressing any opinion about the matter. If she could satisfy her own conscience, was she not old enough to decide such a matter for herself? She thought of protesting, but the Herr Graf's very calm manner had rather awed her.

Graf von Strahlenheim soon perceived that Clare was offended with him; and as he opened the door for the ladies to leave the dining-room, after supper, he caught hold of Clare's hand, and drew her back.

'Clärerle must not be angry with me,' he said kindly; 'she must remember that her father and her mother trusted her to us for six weeks; and we should ill discharge our trust if we tampered with her faith.'

'I should not wish to go if I thought Mamma would have objected; but, Herr Graf, I am sure she would have given her consent.'

'She is not here to ask,' answered the Count. 'No, Clärerle, you must not go.'

'You think my faith has so little foundation that the very first sermon would shake it—indeed you are mistaken,' said Clare, looking annoyed.

'I hope,' he said gravely, 'your faith is firmly rooted; it is a sad thing to be unsettled and wavering. No, Clärerle, it is not for you that I fear; but when we leave you at the Grundenau station next month, I must be able to say, I have kept my promise, and your daughter has been as carefully guarded as I should have wished my Frida to have been, had she been with you. If I allow you to interest yourself about our churches, I shall not be able to say that.'

Clare was silenced if not convinced; so she laughed good-humouredly and said—

'I don't really care about going. Frida asked me to go; but I am quite content to remain at Burgstall.'

'You may change your religion and become one of us as soon as ever you like after you have left Burgstall, and I will gladly welcome you; but don't trouble your little head about such subjects whilst you stay with us.'

'Very well,' said Clare, laughing.

In that matter the Von Strahlenheims were strictly honourable; the subject of religious creeds was never brought before Clare. They pursued the even course of a religious-minded family. They never assembled for family prayer, as they would have done in an English family; but they had their little Oratory—a plain room, adorned with an Altar-table and a crucifix, and containing a few kneeling-stools, where usually each member of the family spent some little time the beginning of every day; there was no effort to them in retiring there, because it came as a daily habit. They spent more time there on Fridays; and it was in this little room they made their preparations for confession.

Frida and Lili were awaiting Clare in the passage, all anxiety to know what Papa could be saying to Clare.

‘It is very odd of Papa; I don’t understand it at all,’ commented Frida, when Clare repeated to her some of the conversation she had just held. ‘Don’t mind, Clare. I am very sorry you should not hear Father Beuzinger; and I cannot see why what is good for us is not good for you too. However, as you do remain at home, mind you are dressed by twelve o’clock, when we return, for we shall have a busy day; you know the Leoprechtings and the Berndorffs are coming to dine.’

‘Very well,’ said Clare. ‘I am sure people take so much care of my religion, that I ought to turn out a saint. You are almost as bad—as anxious that I should be devout—as the school-mistress was with whom Margaret and I spent a month, whilst Papa and Mamma were travelling. Regularly on Sunday mornings, when she went to her own church, she would lock us up in our bed-room until she returned; there was no escape, for she always put the key in her pocket, and gave strict orders to us. She said we were to pray until her return; she knew English people were very devout, especially on Sundays, so she was sure they made very long prayers. They were the longest three half hours I ever spent; it makes me yawn to think of them even now!’

‘What did you do?’ inquired Minna. ‘I could not, even in the church, give my attention all that time!’

‘Oh! we first said our morning prayers; then we read prayers out of the Prayer Book; and we used to hear each other our Church Catechism and our hymns; and even then we used to find time to preach each other a sermon. Only sometimes we were quarrelling over the sermon—as we did not like to listen to all the faults we had done during the week—by the time Fraulein Weiss came back. I was very angry with Margaret, because once, in preaching the sermon to me! she said she felt she must warn her dearly beloved brother against the sin of gluttony; that she had seen her dear brother choose off a plate the largest piece of cake, when it had been handed to her. That accusation offended the congregation very much, and we had a regular quarrel about it.’

‘We won’t be as bad as that,’ said Frida. ‘It seems that here you may be as irreligious as you choose; Papa only wishes to prevent your being too good!’

Next morning, Graf von Strahlenheim and his family went without Clare to their church; and she spent the morning alone in her room.

About one o'clock they all returned, and collected in the drawing-room to await their guests.

Freiherr von Leoprechting, his wife, his son Karl, a young man of about twenty, and two daughters, Helene and Alexandrina, companions of Frida and of Lili, were first announced; and then followed the Graf and Gräfinn von Berndorff, with their little daughter Ottilie, a beautiful child of about eleven.

The three families were nearly related to each other, and as they discussed their immediate neighbours, the conversation was not so interesting to Clare as it was to them. Young Baron Karl was attentive, and addressed a good deal of conversation to her.

Immediately after dessert, ladies and gentlemen alike went up-stairs into the salon opening upon the drawing-room; and there the gentlemen indulged in their pipes, and the ladies smoked elegant little scented cigarettes. They smoked them easily, and as a matter of course, at the same time sipping the strong *café noir* which was handed round.

'Clare, you must smoke one of my little cigarettes,' said Gräfinn von Strahlenheim. 'Look how Frida enjoys it!'

Clare shook her head, laughing. 'I would rather not, I am not accustomed,' she said.

'Clarerle, do,' said the Count; 'let it be the pipe of peace. I believe you are half angry with me yet,' he whispered.

'No, I am not,' she said; 'but I know I shall not like smoking.'

'Does the Count quarrel with that charming young English lady?' said Freiherr von Leoprechting. 'I wonder how he dares!'

'She quarrels with me,' said the Count.—'But we are friends now, are we not, Clärerle?'

'Yes,' said Clare; 'we never were enemies;' and she yielded her hand to the shake it received from the Count.

'Clare, do not talk so long with all the old people!' said Frida. 'We shall have no time for tableaux. Come quick, and let us begin.'

'What are we going to do?' said Clare.

'We are going to make some tableaux; and you will take an excellent part in them.'

It was an amusement they were well accustomed to. A part of the drawing-room was soon cleared; their costumes were at hand, and they soon formed themselves into some effective groups. 'Tableaux from Schiller's Works,' they announced their performance to be that night.

A scene from Wallenstein—in which Lili personated Thekla; and Frida, as the largest person present, with her hair drawn off, and a soldier's military cloak across her shoulder, stood for Max. It was not bad; but their favourite tableaux were always taken from Schiller's ballad, 'Polycrates' Ring.' The first scene opened, with Clare, dressed with turban and flowing cloak, to represent Polycrates, who was supposed to

be telling the Egyptian king, for whom young Baron Karl stood, of all his successes, and of all his prosperity. The Egyptian king expresses horror and alarm at so much prosperity: the gods can only heap so many favours upon Polycrates with the intention of destroying him. The curtain falls, and soon rises again: a herald kneels before Polycrates, holding the bloody head of his greatest enemy—the head was an arrangement of black masks and red bits of paper. The third scene is the same as the second, only loud voices behind the scenes call out, 'Victory! Hail, King Polycrates!' In the fourth tableau, the Egyptian king assumes a face of still greater horror; and Polycrates, to invite misfortune, so that he may not excite the jealousy of the gods, is throwing into some water intended to represent the sea, a ring, his most valuable possession. Then they represented the herald, the people in the distance as if rejoicing, and Lili, dressed as a man-cook, holding on a dish a split fish, in the inside of which comfortably lies the beautiful ring. A fish had been caught in the sea, and brought to Polycrates' palace, and when the cook began to prepare it for dressing, he is supposed to find his master's most valuable possession in it. The last scene of all shows the Egyptian king turning away to leave a prince, whom he believes to be doomed; and Polycrates slowly falling on his knees to deprecate the wrath of the gods, whose envy his prosperity must have excited.

The smoking audience in the salon soon discovered, as they were intended to do, what the tableaux were representing. In fact, to Graf and Frau Graffinn von Strahlenheim it was by no means the first Sunday afternoon that they had acted audience to the same performance. They were spiritedly and well done, and were really very pretty. Clare would infinitely have preferred their performances taking place on any other day, but she felt she must join in with them; for had she shown that she had scruples about assisting them, they would not have acted, and it would have been a great disappointment to the whole party assembled. They were much too courteous to their guest to have asked her to take a part in any amusement about which she might have had scruples.

Gouttée was announced, and interrupted their tableaux.

'We must not delay our gouttée,' said Frau Graffinn, 'for when it is cleared, we will have some dancing in this summer-house; it will be very pleasant this warm evening; we are quite a sufficient party, as I expect the two young von Settenüka, with three brother officers.—Clare, I hope you are ready to show our German officers how lightly and well an English girl can dance?'

'Clare must give me the honour of the first dance,' said the Count, making her a polite bow.

At which invitation Clare only blushed very red, and made a little bow. She knew there was nothing unusual in the von Strahlenheims having a dance on Sunday evenings; that it was the ordinary custom. The mornings were devoted to their religious duties, which were conscientiously performed; and the afternoons and evenings were spent

in any amusement which might offer. Public balls she had never heard of as being given on the Sunday night; but large dances at home, or attending the operas, were never a matter of scruple to anyone she mixed with.

Still Clare felt that, in her eyes, to dance on Sunday was decidedly wrong; and much as she disliked to judge others, especially people whom she loved and respected as much as she did the Von Strahlenheims, and still more as she disliked anyone to think her strait-laced, or wishing to attract notice to herself, she felt that in acting tableaux she had made her conscience as elastic as it could be made, and that in this matter she must quietly try to absent herself. But that was just the difficulty; quietly absent herself was what she knew that she could not do, she received too much attention for that; and she knew that there was not a single person there that evening who would not know that the little English girl would not dance because she did not think it right. She, the youngest, setting herself to judge her seniors in that manner! The very thought made her cheeks tingle, and brought the blood rushing to her face. Whom should she tell? Frida would be so surprised; she would argue and persuade, and perhaps be angry, and even make a scene. Her thoughts turned to the Herr Graf. She would tell him she thought her mother would not like her to dance; and she would rather remain in the garden, and not go into the summer-house, or go where she could hear that delightful music which, Sunday or no Sunday, would make her feet dance, in spite of herself.

'If this is suffering for righteousness' sake,' said Clare to herself, 'it is a very unpleasant thing. I am not good enough to like it; perhaps Margaret would, she always thought so much about the martyrs, and the inspirations, and the courage they had to bear anything, and to rejoice in difficulties. I only feel it is a duty, so it must be done. It is a pity one's duties are sometimes so disagreeable. I wish Margaret were here to feel heroic, and not frightened, as I do. Fancy me, little Clare, thinking of herself in the same breath as with a martyr!' and the thought made her laugh such a merry silvery laugh, that Baron Karl, who was sitting next to her, said, 'I am sure you are dreaming. What made you laugh? Your thoughts were far away?'

His addressing her recalled her thoughts to the disagreeable present, and to what was before her. As they rose to leave the summer-house, she managed to get near the Herr Graf, and whispered, 'I want to speak to you when I can.'

'Yes, my Schützerl!' he said. He thought she wanted to make up her quarrel with him, as he had jokingly described it.

The girls were preparing for their dance. Frida did notice that Clare was very silent, and questioned her; but Clare had not the courage to tell them she did not mean to dance. 'The Graf shall do it,' she thought.

They soon descended together into the garden. The bright light from

the summer-house which was thrown out by the coloured lamps with which it was lighted, and the tuning of the instruments that were going to play to their dancing, assured them all that they would not have much longer to restrain their impatience.

The gentlemen all came out of the hall together, and the Count, who was still sufficiently young and good-looking enough for any girl to choose him as a partner, came straight up to Clare, who was standing near Frida. Frida had just accepted Karl von Leoprechting for the first dance, and they moved away together.

'Well, Fraulein Clare!' said Herr Graf to her, 'shall we dance first, and talk afterwards? Will you come with me to join the dancing? The Frau Gräffinn opens the evening, and you and I will follow.'

'Let us talk first,' said Clare, to whom the need of the moment was giving courage. 'I think, Herr Graf, I would rather not dance to-night.'

'Not dance!' exclaimed Herr Graf, turning round to look at her; 'is Clarerle ill?'

'Oh no,' she said; 'I think Mamma would not like me to dance on Sundays,' she added simply. 'You know we English are never allowed to do those kind of things on Sunday. I am very sorry I may not have the fun of a dance with you, but please don't mind me; I will walk about the garden. Only please, Herr Graf, I thought you would tell Frida and the Frau Gräffinn; I was afraid they would not understand my reason, and be annoyed at me.'

'But, my dear Clarerle, if it were wrong, I would not allow Frida and Lili to join; but when they have been to church in the morning, heard a sermon, and been devout, why may they not have this innocent amusement in the evening?'

It was quite sufficient for Clare, that she was trying to do what she believed Mrs. Leslie would have wished her to do; she had no fancy for a discussion. 'If my sister Margaret were here,' she said, 'she would have a great many good reasons; I have only one,' she added, laughing; 'that is, I think I must not dance. So I would rather not go into temptation;' that was added as the band struck up the Sturm Galop, and she distinctly heard the slipping of feet. 'But do you go, Herr Graf; I like being here alone.'

'No, I shall stop here too, and finish my pipe, and Clarerle must talk to me,' he replied. 'Are you very sorry you may not dance?' he said, after watching her for a short time, as she stood a little in front of him, in her white muslin dress, without any ornament about her except the silver net which held her hair; her slight agile figure, bright merry face, and the little foot which kept beating the time involuntarily, looked so fitted for scenes of enjoyment and youth, and as though a grave thought could scarcely find a place there. The Graf knew much of life; and as he looked at her, he thought to himself he would not like to look again on that girlish face if sorrow or care ever made deep lines there, or if the

simple earnest sense of duty should be weakened by indifference or expediency. 'She is only made for sunshine,' he thought.

'Not now that I have told you, and that you don't say I am self-righteous,' she answered.

'Oh no; you only keep the Fifth Commandment,' he replied, 'and strain the Fourth one, I think.'

It was a beautiful evening. Clare thoroughly enjoyed sitting out with Herr Graf; she watched the fire-flies and glow-worms as they appeared with the twilight; a glow-worm she did possess herself of, and she could scarcely refrain from chasing the fire-flies as they flew from leaf to leaf about her. Graf von Strahlenheim made himself very pleasant, describing to her his childish days at Burgstall—the state of Germany just after the Battle of Waterloo—how he first met his beautiful Frau Gräffinn; and telling her all about his selige Frau Mutter, and what she had been to him in his childhood. In return, Clare had to describe her home life, and all her sisters, and she was delighted to find a really willing listener to the talents and perfections of Margaret. She chattered on in her broken German, quite forgetting how the time sped.

'Where can they be?' 'Papa!' 'Clare!' came from many voices.

Frida had been so concerned at their absence, that at last she had headed all the dancers in a search after them through the garden. 'Here they are! That idle Papa sits here, and smokes; and Clare with him! What a shame!'

'Clare and I don't care about dancing; we are not coming.'

'You must! you must!' exclaimed Frida.

'No, Frida; you shall see no more of us till supper-time.—Come along, Clare.—Adieu, Frau Gräffinn.' And they went into the house, amidst the laughter of all the party, except Frida, who was quite annoyed at Clare being so foolish. 'To think of her not dancing when she can!' she said to Karl, as they started for their fourth galop.

Clare went to bed quite charmed with Graf von Strahlenheim. 'So affectionate to his children, such a nice host, and so good to me—I believe the Germans won the Battle of Waterloo! that Austria is the best governed kingdom in Europe! and that all Freischärlers ought to be shot at once! if Herr Graf thinks so.' And with that womanly confession of faith she composed herself to sleep.

The term 'womanly' is used advisedly; for tell me the faith, political or religious, that the man holds whom a woman really likes, and you may be sure her faith will shortly become the same, supposing he is anxious it should be so.

Clare was not allowed to sleep; for Frida came to her room, sat on the edge of her bed, and began, 'Clare, I am so angry with you! you really are too bad. Why did you go with Papa, and lose all the pleasant dancing? I almost wish you were like Karen in Andersen's fairy tale, condemned perpetually to dance through the world without ever resting.'

'No, Frida; that ought to be your punishment, because you love dancing so much. I am not so devoted to it.'

'You always were,' answered Frida. 'Clare, if you don't tell me your real reason for staying away to-night, I will not speak one word to you for two days; as it is, I have no pleasure in you at all.'

'Well, Frida, sooner than you should be so cross to me, I will tell you that I should have liked the dancing very much, but I did not think it was right to amuse myself in that way on Sundays.'

'Why not?' exclaimed Frida, surprised. And then the two girls got into quite a long discussion.

Frida was a really religious-minded girl, and stated her view of the case well. Sunday to her mind was a holiday, and like any other Saint's-day; when their religious duties had been performed in the mornings, she could see no harm in any amusement which could add to the enjoyment of the day.

Clare maintained that the amusements should always partake of a religious and sober character, never forgetting that Sunday was the one day of rest—the one day out of the seven to be devoted to God's service.

'No,' argued Frida, 'we do not devote only one day. Friday is a day also set apart; and though we work on it, the grave and penitential part of religion is performed on that day. Sunday is the holiday, the day of praise and happiness.'

'If you have music, parties, and go to the opera, there must be many who, to give you chosen few those pleasures, toil all Fridays, and have no rest on the Sundays either.'

And so they parted very good friends, but still both convinced they had had the best of the argument.

(To be continued.)

FERNDOM.

(BY FILIX-FÆMINA.)

CHAPTER V.

DEBATEABLE GROUND.

AND now we arrive at the genus *Lastrea*, sometimes called Buckler Ferns, with its seven commonly recognized species—*Thelypteris montana*, *Filix-mas*, *rigida*, *cristata*, *dilatata*, and *æmula*, together with the debateable species *spinulosa*, (given by Mr. Moore as a variety of *L. cristata*,) *propinqua*, *pseudo-mas*, and *remota*; all of which are described as having globose sori, covered with a little shirt in the form

of a horse-shoe or kidney, attached at the notch on their indented side, which in appropriate wording is, having 'sori beneath reniform indusia.'

This cluster of ferns contains species composed of some of our grandest forms, and the localities in which one or the other may be found are scattered more or less over the whole face of the earth. The royal forest and the hazel copse claim some, which send down great roots into the strong rich earth. One trips lightly over the treacherous surface of bog-land; its black shiny caudex weaves itself, as it were, into a lace-work of ebony, and creeping along, stays not for bush or briar, but twisting in and out sends up its long stipes to bear aloft into the sunny air its fragile fronds of pale green, while the *Drosera*, *Pinguicula*, *Narthecium*, and other delicate denizens of bog-land, look up admiringly from their mossy home at its feet.

Another—the very name of which seems like a wafting of the heather's breath, or the sound of the blackcock's cry—makes its dwelling-place on the breezy moorland, which in many places it transforms into a carpet of golden-green verdure, which, when crushed beneath the foot emits a sweet lingering fragrance that recalls to the mind a lemon-grove in Italy. Some, of a more lowly turn, prefer before any other position, a dry ditch filled with the débris of a dozen years of rotting vegetable; while yet another confines itself alone to limestone districts in the north.

Two, out of the seven or eleven species, have a numerous court of varieties in their train: one lives in undisputed possession of its species-hood: three, or perhaps four, have a sweet aromatic fragrance which they emit on being crushed; and with one exception all are large, shapely, and robust.

Not only does this genus—in some one or other of its species—extend over the greater part of the explored globe, but it has been found at extremely varied elevations. This, however, if there be any truth in what is called 'geographical Botany' (which some botanists designate as a 'house upon sand'), would be expected; as a fern which could exist in the given temperature of a certain altitude might naturally be expected to thrive in a latitude of which the temperature would be the same, providing other requisite conditions were complied with.

It is very curious to note the changes that take place in the vegetation when ascending a mountain in the South of Europe; the more southerly the mountain, the more apparent will this change be. In a journey of only a few miles, you will, as it were, travel through many degrees of latitude. Down below, in the sheltered valley, I have left the tropical palm, and fruit-laden trees of citron and orange; then came the bushy aloe, with its formidable weapon-like thorns; olives, the gnarled trunks of which spoke of a century of time and change, and by their side were rocks fringed with *Adiantum Capillus-veneris*, followed presently by *Polystichum angulare*, *Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum*, and *Trichomanes*, with *Ceterach officinarum*, &c.; these gave place to myrtle, *Erica*, and *Arbutus*, with *Allosorus crispus* and *Cystopteris fragilis*; these again

changed to pines and heather, succeeded by the hardy Scotch fir, &c., till all vegetation ceased, and there was only the rugged hill and heaven.

What I have seen, and most imperfectly noted, in Italy and the Pyrenees has been made the subject of many pleasant volumes, as well as of much caviling and doubting; the experience of many scientific travellers over all parts of the world being added to the heap of accumulated facts (?), which seem at least difficult to disprove.

But the subject carries one away into a wide field of inquiry, which, however interesting, would hardly be in place here while my eleven (?) species of *Lastrea* are impatiently waiting to be discussed in turn.

First on the list comes *Lastrea Thelypteris*—the marsh or Female Buckler Fern. Is it a *Lastrea* at all? By Mr. Moore's book, it appears that Linnæus called it a *Polypodium*; Roth a *Polystichum*; and Sprengel an *Athyrium*. I myself believe it to be a poor outcast, without a 'local habitation or a name;' for its footing on the quaking bog is very precarious, and it seems to belong as much to the air as to the earth; at any rate, it is a *fern*, and I will be answerable for no more.

It has two distinct sets of fronds—fertile and barren; the barren fronds having very much the appearance of a pinna of *Pteris aquilina*, which it also resembles in its creeping rhizome. The fertile fronds, which appear later in the year than the barren ones, have 'the margins of their segments revolute, thus appearing narrower and more acute;' the sori are small, and from the peculiar formation of the edge of the frond, appear sub-marginal; they are sometimes confluent, and the indusium small and not very apparent.

Lastrea Thelypteris is chiefly remarkable for its exceedingly long stipes, which is generally too delicate to bear the weight of the frond, unless it can prop itself up against a briar or fern; and for an impertinent habit it has of intruding into all sorts of company where its presence is not desired. It is an essentially ill-bred fern; with a terrible pertinacity it is always leaving its own quarters, its rhizome creeping like a black serpent into its neighbour's house, destroying or blighting every tender thing that comes in its way; tenacious of life, it is yet most fragile, the fronds soon breaking with a strong wind, and looking untidy and dilapidated. I like it not, although I put up with it in my fernery—as in life I put up with characters, happily as rare as the fern, which it resembles.

I have only found this fern in Devonshire, and should speak of it as very rare. Many years since, it grew plentifully in a pit or bog in Warwickshire; but the land where it occurred was drained, and the fern disappeared. Mr. Moore gives it a wide range in England, Wales, and Ireland, but speaks of it as comparatively unknown in Scotland. The Irish specimens I have are of finer growth than any I have found in England.

In cultivation, it requires shade, moisture, and plenty of room.

Leaving *Thelypteris* in its quaggy solitude, and ascending the hill or

mountain side, we shall come on the second species given to *Lastrea*, viz. *montana*, or the Mountain Buckler Fern—sometimes called *oreopteris*, and known from every other fern by the delicious lemon-like fragrance which it gives out in no stinted measure from a number of ‘small sessile resinous glands,’ when crushed in the hand or beneath the feet.

Lastrea montana has given rise to a good deal of speculation and argument, and I myself find it difficult to avoid connecting this fern with the genus *Polypodium*; it has extremely circular sori—sparingly, if at all, furnished with indusia—which lie in neat little rows all round the margin of the pinnules, much in the same way in which they are distributed in *P. Robertianum*.

In 1843, writing in *The Phytologist*, Mr. Newman evidently had an inclination to connect this fern with the *Polypodium fragrans* of Linnæus; and in answer to his note he is reminded of a remark made by Rousseau in his ‘Lettres sur la Botanique,’ wherein the French writer says, ‘Je crois me rappeler, par exemple, qu’il s’y trouve quelques fougères, entre autres le *Polypodium fragrans*, que j’ai herborisées en Angleterre, et qui ne sont pas communes partout.’

Whatever may have been the scientific arguments which have at last assigned this fragrant polypody-looking fern amongst the *Lastreae*, with the simple specific name of *montana*, it is very certain that unscientific people find it hard to reconcile it to its present position.

Not long ago, seated on the stump of an old tree in a Hampshire ‘thicket,’ surrounded by beds of the lily of the valley, I tried to give a lesson in the rudiments of fern lore.

‘Now,’ said my friend, who I must own is at times a little difficult to convince, ‘let me clearly understand what a *Lastrea* is?’

I took up a *Filix-mas* and preached my sermon from that plain text; then we applied the lesson to a *dilatata*; and then taking up a *montana*, which unhappily for me abounded in the ‘thicket,’ my scholar became a questioner.

‘What is this?’

‘*Lastrea montana*.’

‘Why called *montana*?’

‘Because it grows on mountains.’

‘This is not a mountain, in the first place; and, in the second, this fern has no indusia.’

‘Ah, well, that is sometimes wanting in this particular species.’

‘Sometimes? then I will gather more.’

We gathered frond after frond, old and young; but in all alike we found the neat soldier-like rows of sori without the vestige of a shirt.

‘Don’t pretend to teach things you don’t understand,’ said my friend with greater spirit than politeness; ‘this is a Polypody; I know enough to tell that.’

‘At any rate,’ said I, laughing, ‘it is not called so, at least at present.’

So it will be seen that I feel as Mr. Newman felt in 1848, (I wonder how he feels now,) and my wilful pen, guided by wilful fingers, longs to say, 'Whether Linnæus meant this fern or not (I fear it has long been proved that he did *not*), if he had ever seen it he *would* have called it *Polypodium fragrans*, as I should like to do.'

The young fronds and the young plants of *Lastrea montana* are the prettiest things imaginable; they are rolled up into little balls, which appear as if they were fringed, and they have a soft yellow tinge which distinguishes them from young *Athyria*. I have seen hill sides in Scotland literally covered with *montana*. I have also found it on Corley Moor, in Warwickshire (a habitat from which it is fast disappearing); in the 'Devil's Punch-bowl,' near Chepstow; on Haldon and Dartmoor, in Devonshire, &c., &c.

Abundantly as this fern grows in localities of its own choosing, it is yet most difficult to cultivate. It is not an ill-natured fern; I am sure it tries to grow, and it keeps sending up one unhappy looking frond after another, that seem almost to ask one to give back to them the healthy breezes and the evening dew of their moor-land homes, without which their lives can be only a sickly, painful captivity.

I have succeeded better with my Devonshire than with my Warwickshire plants of *montana*. I plant them in shady spots, giving them a good depth of rich black peat, and water them very frequently; yet I cannot even now look upon them as a success.

Mr. Fraser gives a list of fourteen varieties as belonging to *L. montana*, but of these I have only found one (*crispa*) which has undulating pinnules, giving to the pinnæ the appearance of a frond of *Osterach officinarum*. One of the most characteristic varieties is *Novelliana*, the narrow pinnæ of this form being orenate and much abbreviated. There is also a crested and a forked variety.

There is no difficulty in recognizing *L. montana*; it differs from any other fern in its colouring, and in its peculiar growth. The deeply pinatifid pinnæ tapering down to the very caudex, till they appear no larger than little wings; the fringed-like ball of the young frond, and above all its delicious lemon scent, distinguish it from every other fern of mountain or hill. It dies down quickly at the approach of winter, and waits till the sun has heat and power before it re-appears in the spring. I should expect to find it at higher elevations in the north than in the south; for instance, I have only found it on the mountain side in Scotland, while in Devonshire I have seen it growing luxuriantly by the swampy side of a brook in a moor-land valley.

From the sweet, shy *L. montana*, we must pass to the bold handsome *L. Filix-mas*, or Common Buckler Fern, which appears to be sown broad-cast over the world (with one curious exception). It has already upwards of a hundred recognized British varieties, which vary in size from the tiny *parvula* (an exquisitely-crested variety of *Schofieldii*, an inch high at its full size) to the grand *paleacea*, throwing up its broad

lanceolate fronds—richly decked with scales of a golden hue—to the height of five or six feet.

According to Mr. Moore, it would seem that North America is not included in the list of the habitats of *Filix-mas*, and it is difficult to account for this geographical omission, for its deep-set roots and stout caudex, which is protected by a great-coat of brown scales, can bid defiance to frost and cold, as well as to a considerable amount of drought. It is found in South America—or perhaps I should say, as Mr. Moore does, that ‘forms resembling it are found,’—so that one would fancy it might have travelled safely across the isthmus of Panama, and that even had a misadventure cast it on the Gulf of Darien, it might have been thrown up like a waif on the northern shore with sufficient vitality left in the spores to germinate there, and so disseminate itself far and wide.

In a lecture, given at Nottingham, in August, 1866, Dr. Hooker mentions a curious instance of the vitality existing in seeds, after a long sea-voyage, as also of the apparent inability of the seeds to grow in certain localities: he says, ‘The large bean-like seeds of *Entada*, a West Indian climber, are thrown up abundantly on the islands (Azores) by the Gulf-stream, but never grow into plants, if indeed they ever germinate on their shores. Some years ago a box of these seeds from the Azores was sent to Kew, where many germinated and grew to be fine plants, showing that their immersion during a voyage of nearly three thousand miles had not affected their vitality.’

There are few subjects of greater interest than the history of species, or individual forms; and it will be found that this subject opens out before us, ever more and more, as our interest in any one part of Natural History increases and deepens.

How species are disseminated from the original centre of their creation?—how their dispersion is retarded?—how, in some cases, a species may become extinct, not from a gradual dying out, but by some quickly operating cause?—all these questions will arise in our minds and demand some sort of an answer, as we proceed in even what seems so simple a study or science as that of pteridology.

Dr. Hooker, in the lecture to which I have referred, shows how the natural features of both Madeira and St. Helena have changed within (comparatively speaking) a few years, through the direct agency of man, or of animals, and alien species of plants introduced by man; and when we have given to these quickly-operating causes the due weight which they demand, we shall find our seemingly simple question as to *why* the species *Filix-mas* should be absent from the Ferns of North America become more involved, and very much more interesting than at first sight we may have deemed possible.

Recent researches in North America may have been rewarded by the discovery of this missing fern—for scientific theories have often to be built on evidence which from its nature must be progressive, that is, perfect only *as far as it goes*; yet even granting *Filix-mas* may have

been found, the speculation will hold good (so far) of other ferns, and of many plants which will not always be absent or present in expected localities—thus upsetting the balance of many a beautifully imagined theory, and sending off the theorist on a fresh voyage of discovery.

As with the varieties of *P. angulare*, so with the varieties of *L. Filix-mas*: it seems necessary, to avoid confusion, to assort them by name, as they assort themselves in reality, into groups, each marked by some especial characteristic.

In many instances these characteristics will bear comparison with those pervading groups of the same name in other species; thus, in *L. Filix-mas* we have cristate, depauperate, foliose, and other forms, each marked by the peculiarity which pervades the like group in *P. angulare*. To these may be added others belonging only to *L. Filix-mas*, amongst them the beautiful group of Golden-scaled Male Ferns, of which *paleacea* (from *palea*, chaff,) would seem to be the typical form.

L. Filix-mas var. *cristata* (which is also golden-scaled) is the noblest form that is grown; it increases rapidly from root division, and—when planted in strong peat earth with moderate shade—throws up its splendidly-tasseled fronds in the exuberance of health and strength, the giant of the fernery. *Cristata-angustata* is a gardener's variety, raised from *cristata*; it is very pretty, but scarcely worthy of a place amidst the free children of the forest and field. To this latter class may, I believe, be referred a very curious variety called *crispa*—a decumbent-growing little fellow, with crisp stunted fronds, the pinnæ of which are densely imbricate.

And here I should like to enter a protest against gardeners' varieties being let loose on the world without a ticket, explaining their origin, being attached to them. Gardeners' varieties are the *lête noir* of my fern life; what, if they should be disseminated and scattered over—not only our gardens but—our woods? what, if they displace original species? I will not think of it; I will rather ignore their existence, as Mr. Dickens makes Mr. Podsnap ignore poverty and crime!

One of my favourite varieties of *Filix-mas* is *Barnesii*: it has narrow fronds with broad rounded pinnules, which are very distinctly veined. The crested varieties, *Jervisii* (found by the late Mr. Jervis in Staffordshire) and *digitata*, are both worthy of a good place in the fernery; the former has little ball-like tassels at the end of the pinnæ, while the latter spreads out like fingers. I have lately added to my collection the variety *Ingramii* (found by Mr. W. Ingram in Worcestershire). Mr. Moore, writing of this form, says 'It is one of the most striking varieties of *Filix-mas*, of normal development, which has come under my notice.' He describes it as having large fronds; as well as large pinnules, averaging an inch in length, the lowest of which are set on by a narrow base, the rest becoming decurrent and oblique, which gives the fern a very distinct and remarkable appearance. My purchased specimen being a young plant, I cannot speak of *Ingramii* from personal knowledge.

My own 'finds' in the species *Filix-mas* have not been very remarkable; the best is one that Mr. Wollaston designates as 'bad *crispata*;' it has imbricate pinnæ, with a wing which seems to flutter all up the rachis, giving a quaint pretty look which seems to beg me to leave out the disagreeable adjective in any future mention of the fern.

In a wood in Devonshire I have found good *elongata*, which makes up in grandeur of size for anything it may lack in beauty of form; it is known at once by the extreme length of pinnæ and pinnules—all its parts having the appearance of being overgrown and drawn out to fine points.

I have several others which are on probation, waiting for it to be seen how they will turn out in cultivation; one of these is triangular in form—the pinnæ gradually increasing in length from the apex, till the lowest pair attain an unusual size; should this form prove constant, I propose to call it *deltoides*.

When fern-hunting in Hampshire, I found a form of which Mr. Wollaston thus writes: 'The enclosed form of *Lastrea* is one that has puzzled me a great deal, and I have often in the Lake district gone up to it believing it to be an *Athyrium*, and then found out my mistake. Whether it is a species or a variety of *L. propinqua* (I think certainly not of *Filix-mas*), I cannot yet determine. It is deliciously hay-scented, which is different to the other forms.'

And this brings me to the *debateable* ground, in which I propose to place *Lastrea propinqua* and *Pseudo-mas* Woll., as well as *L. remota* M. (found in the neighbourhood of Windermere by Mr. Clowes), and designated by Mr. Wollaston as a hybrid), and *L. spinulosa* (sometimes given as one of the varieties belonging to *L. cristata*). For myself, I cannot see any specific difference between the three so-called species, *Filix-mas*, *pseudo-mas*, and *propinqua*; but as Mr. Wollaston—whose researches in Ferndom, extending over very many years, have been so varied and minute—has thought it necessary to divide *Filix-mas* into three species, I will mention a few points of difference which he has observed between them. 1. *Filix-mas* lies prostrate in winter, while *pseudo-mas* is not prostrate, and *propinqua* is deciduous. 2. The pinnules of *Filix-mas* are oval, serrate, and very slightly auricled; in *pseudo-mas* the pinnules are paralleloid or linear-obtuse, and not auricled; while in *propinqua* the pinnules are strongly auricled, biserrulate, and crisped. 3. The indusium in *Filix-mas* does not embrace the spore-cases, while both in *pseudo-mas* and *propinqua* it does.

These seem to be the principal points on which Mr. Wollaston founds his three-species argument; and although in writing they seem sufficiently important, I am bound to say that when I look at the ferns themselves, I only think of them as varieties, or, more properly speaking, as variations from the normal form—produced by certain causes, which may operate in the same manner and with probably the like results onwards to the end.

Lastrea remota M. is a free-growing noble form, but I cannot see in it any peculiar claims for its being raised into a species while the varieties

isotria, *elongata*, &c. remain varieties. *L. remota* is very rare, never as yet having been found excepting at the English Lakes and in Southern Germany.*

Of *L. spinulosa* I shall speak in a future chapter—when I write of the fern to which Mr. Moore gives *spinulosa* as a variety, and of the other fern to which indeed I believe it does belong.

(To be continued.)

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

(SUGGESTED BY A BOOK ON THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN,
BY MISS EMILY DAVIES.)

It is impossible to read a clever earnest volume like that of Miss Davies, comparing at the same time some of its statements with the facts we are daily seeing and hearing of, without some feelings of pity for the poor young ladies, whose cases are so much talked of and written about. We cannot help thinking, if they read them at all, there must be much of embarrassment in their minds respecting their position and their advisers, when they compare the over-ruling destiny prepared for them by parents and friends, with that which, *alone*, some of these advisers say, will really be for their greatest good.

Many girls may be indolent and supine. Some we are sure are ambitious—not at all pleased to be thought hazy and incorrect, but anxious to be praised for brightness and clearness. Some have a general feeling of uncomfortable distrust of their education—some are simply worried and worn, much more than they and their parents know, by great demands on their powers being made in a short space of time; after which comes a complete blank, and cessation of the outward pressure, leaving before them the whole enormous difficulty—of what to do with what has been put upon them. Some, again, have a real sense of the blessings of accurate knowledge, even when limited to but few things; and all their desire is, to be well-taught, well-tested, and to be helped on when school or college are over. Then there are some who know that they must work from other motives besides the love of working, and who cannot help speculating on what they must do and be. They do not, really, *want* to fight it out with men, or the world: it is no taste of theirs to be in antagonism with very respectable members of society, still less to think differently on the subject of their destiny from their own parents and friends; but strong facts come before them; they cannot help seeing that very feeble timid counsels are likely to impede their chances. Now and then, perhaps, some high-spirited imprudent

* Mr. Moore, in writing of this fern, speaks of it as a 'distinct plant,' but whether a true species or not he has not yet decided.

woman drops a few words before them, which fire a train of matter, ready enough to ignite, and persuade them to do anything rather than abide in quiet slothful contentment.

In slightly sketching out these various classes of young ladies, it would be most unjust to omit all mention of the happy lot of those—alas ! too few—who have the skilful and hearty guidance of a father's teaching and direction from an early period in life. *Necessarily* they are, as we say, few in proportion ; for when the father of a family is engaged in toilsome business all day long, it is surely too much to expect that he should return home to be the tutor of his daughters, instead of joining them in their walks and relaxations. Some fathers, however—clergymen, and gentlemen in easy circumstances—are eminent for the pains they take in home education : and all we can say is, that this—if the teaching be ruled by excellent temper, and a steady sense of what is good for the child's growing intelligence—is the very best lot to which a girl can be subjected, so far as the acquisition of accurate knowledge is concerned ; but it certainly needs the relief and variety of congenial companionship. We may be well content, however, to let this class of favoured girls alone : the habits of good sound learning, their thorough knowledge of a few things, will give them advantage in whatever other branches of knowledge they may desire to attack ; their *minds* will not be desultory, whatever they do with their time.

These, therefore, would not be the kind of cases to which Miss Davies, good and true as her general remarks are, would bend our attention principally. We thank her for her little summary of what the Church teaches respecting women. There is certainly no distinction made in the Catechism, or in the Confirmation Service, between the duties of men and women. The same spirit of love and obedience is inculcated on each sex—the same high yet practical tone is taken in Confirmation ; 'the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness, and the spirit of God's holy fear,' are invoked for all alike, male and female.

It is in the minute application of these beautiful and sound words that we fail so often. Of course, in the first place, it must be owned that the young often fail because their elders do so. Honestly, we must divide the blame : and there is very great truth in Miss Davies's remarks on the very imperfect manner in which many fathers understand their own daughters and their position. They fancy there is more home work to be done than can possibly, at the present time of day, be found for them, when they have left school ; or if the idea, that there really is very little household employment forthcoming, does visit their minds, they are rather prone to congratulate the girls on having so much leisure, and think, of course, they can read and study as much as they please. This, though outwardly true, is unfortunately the great personal difficulty. What we have said of over-cramming at one time, and stagnation at another, comes in as the great mental and moral enfeeblener of young girls

between seventeen and twenty. Guidance has ceased before the due time; and distaste for acquisition comes out of CRAM.

All sorts of helps have been devised to meet this very great difficulty: a continuation of stimulus, in the way of reading or writing societies, fancy magazines, set up for employment, &c. No bad things, perhaps, in their way; but seeing how widely spread is the fault of inaccuracy in women's teaching and learning, we cannot help thinking it would be very good for girls, generally, if a system of examinations by men were made a much more usual thing, wherever practicable; and if they could be followed up for any who desire them to a later period than now. The age of eighteen being now the limit of admission to the Cambridge examinations, fails to cover a period of two years, which is a very important one in a young woman's life; and however desirous she may be of pursuing the same branches of knowledge, she cannot follow out her past advantages with equal success, even if willing to go to far greater expense, because the public teaching has, for her, come to an end.

We certainly do, then, entirely agree with Miss Davies, that 'access to progressive examinations, (carried on farther than they are now carried,) of such a character as to test and attest advanced attainments, would, there is every reason to believe, at once begin to work in lengthening the period of study. It would probably tell first upon the ladies' colleges; but its influence would not be limited to college students. Where circumstances make it inconvenient for a girl to attend classes, it may still be practicable for her to pursue her studies at home, so long as there is some definite and intelligible object in view. . . . An increase in the number of the (higher schools and) colleges, and a higher standard of efficiency, would be the natural result of retaining the students under instruction for a longer time; and this, again, would improve the quality of teachers. Probably something more would still be required in the way of training for teachers. It seems to be the opinion of the persons best qualified to judge, that some technical instruction is required as a preparation for teaching, and that such instruction might be obtained, by taking a short course at a training-college at the end of a general education.'—pp. 149, 150.

These observations, so modestly put, are practically of great value. We do not suppose any very rapid result would ensue; but looking at the number of girls who applied for examination in London at the *last* examination, by Cambridge professors, we think the impulse given would be considerable, and the effect much better, if some means were devised for spreading them (or others emanating from the London University) farther; at all events, they would materially assist those intended for governesses.

It may be questioned whether Miss Davies's book would not have been a more useful one, had she limited herself to the direct educational subject, and forbore from entering on the much-disputed questions,

touching the after career of women—a great battle-field, on which we have no intention of trying our strength here; but a valued and intelligent co-temporary reviewer of the book before us,* has, we think with much sagacity, pointed out the need there is in society of ‘educated female energy; not so much,’ he says, ‘in definite *professions*, as in those *quasi*-professional positions, which require a ready and cultivated intelligence, and which want that peculiar adaptive power and attention to details, in which a *cultivated* woman, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, excels a man, but in which the *uncultivated* woman is the most inflexible piece of machinery in the world.’ And he points out the great value of a lady (‘retaining all the appliances and position of a lady’) taking the managership or matronship of any sort of charitable institution; or, again, superintending the female employées in many of our factories.’ Many are the gaps, we entirely agree with this writer, ‘which men cannot fill, and which cultivated women could.’

In the meanwhile, to return to our ‘girls at school and at home,’ the immediate subjects of our thought, we deeply feel the present difficulties under which many of those who return to their natural homes after a fair education labour. It seems to us most unwise to ignore them, most untrue to deny them. They may be for general purposes divided into two great classes: ‘what to do, and how to do it,’ for other people, is the trouble of one class; ‘what to do, and how to do it,’ for one’s self, is the trouble of the other: both may be truthful and conscientious—neither may be more than partially so; and it is every way best for practical purposes, to think a good deal of the average mind—it will both be the most unsettled, and the least able to express its wants. No doubt can exist, that under good sensible guidance a young lady may be very serviceable to her poor neighbours; and with common intelligence, she will desire information on the subjects, which some knowledge of the poor is sure to awaken interest in; but it seems to us that in almost every, perhaps we might say every, case, her own education should still be going on—that to throw herself into mere parish work, and let her own mind lie fallow, is very bad policy.

Then, again, we are thrown upon the second source of difficulty; and again we have no royal road out of it; but we believe the perception of a want is now so strong, that something will every year be added to the possibilities of satisfying it. There is much truth, no doubt, in the remarks quoted by Miss Davies, (p. 64,) from Miss Aikin, and from the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, on the dangers of mere desultory reading. Yet, for ourselves, we are rather disposed to stand up for more of reading, provided it be but good, rather than less. We fear that young women, generally speaking—what with modern languages, and with music and drawing, and certain specified historical courses—know far too little of the rich stores of English literature. They want a much enlarged acquaintance with the poets, the dramatists, the essayists, the complete

* In ‘The Literary Churchman,’ for February 19th, 1867.

works of our historians, the thinkers, and the best divines, who have written in our language. These are mines of wealth—deep and rich. Also, should the higher education of women proceed as we hope, having more light thrown upon it continually, we trust ample room will be given to the pursuit of natural science. It is a real loss to young ladies living in the country especially, if they know nothing of botany, nothing of the simplest chemical facts, the forces of nature, and the laws which should guide us in the preservation of health.

An excellent opening has been made by Mrs. Arnott, in the case of two ladies' colleges, in London, to which she has made the munificent presentation of scholarships, dependent on competitive examinations in physical science. This will, we trust, be followed up farther, and lead to greater consideration of the value of the subject itself, both to the mind of the learner, and also in its results as regard society.

In touching on this last subject—the advantage of some, at least, elementary scientific knowledge for young people—we cannot help recurring to the powerful and clear remarks of Sir Charles Lyell, in his examination before the Public Schools Inquiry Commission. Remarks, many of which apply with equal force to girls as to boys. We may also refer to the answers of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, when examined on similar points, and which dwell most strongly on the benefit of combining instruction on physical science with the ordinary school studies.

T.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A REFUGEE IN GEORGIA DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

October 20th. Your last letter, of August 23rd, was in Charleston September 30th. Our invalids are progressing; the Anglo-Louisianian has heard from his mother that the Yankees have desolated her property, stolen *everything*, so literally as to take even pins, needles, and thread. Her 'people' would not leave her willingly, so four of them were taken off to drive the stolen cattle and horses.

The New Orleans lawyer is a refined intellectual man, with polished manners, fastidious tastes, and great love of art. *All* the hardships of the war come with greater force on such a man, than on an ordinary private. He has been starved, frozen, living in dirt and misery indescribable; the pay, small as it is, a whole year in arrears, decent clothes quite unprocurable; and worst of all, suffering from continual illness. He felt great reluctance to come into the house, into the presence of ladies, being as dirty and shabby as a beggar. His destitution is only what is usual throughout the army; the materials for men's clothes are very difficult to obtain. The wool and cotton are produced on the

plantation, and spun, woven, dyed, and made up at home; the process is very tedious, and seems to take up time most unprofitably. But just now, there are no other means of obtaining the necessities of life, so that a great deal of time is taken up in producing food and clothes.

The women do all this voluntarily for the soldiers; even the negroes have caught the enthusiasm; our 'people' like to do anything they see the white people working at. One old woman, Mime, who has been considered for years far too much of an invalid to work, has roused herself, washes, cooks, nurses, in fact devotes herself entirely to this new interest, which has made her quite forget some of her ailments, and as they were half fancy, has really partly sent them away.

We have an excited life, not knowing what is really going on, because Hood will allow no telegrams to be published. General R—— writes very cheerfully.

We often hear exaggerated rumours; they are believed, alarm is felt, a general move is prepared; but twenty-four hours after, all have fallen back into the old routine, as if no fears had been excited.

You may perhaps think we must be gloomy; it will sound strange; but, excepting the three months after my arrival in America, February, March, April, 1861, I have never seen so much sociality and cheerfulness. The soldiers are always more hopeful than anyone else; every house contains three or four, who are able to leave the hospitals, but not sufficiently recovered to bear the journey of some hundreds—perhaps a thousand miles—to their homes, and so they are taken in by hospitable country people. They are invited out somewhere every evening; ladies also to meet them; the guests arrive after tea, have dancing, music, and singing; no supper is offered—indeed, suitable refreshments are almost unattainable; sometimes a beverage, composed of eggs beaten up and mixed with brandy, is handed round; the guests bring the eggs with them on these occasions. These innocent, harmless, pleasant evenings, doing great good in their way, are called 'Starvation parties,' or 'Egg-noggs.' The young boys soon make themselves at home, and are happy. Many of only eighteen, are to be seen with three or four bad wounds. At our last egg-nogg party, only one gentleman had the use of both hands, and he is quite an invalid. Edward Lowth came, enjoyed the evening very much, singing and dancing with the greatest glee; in the middle of the dance a little note arrived to say his company was ordered to the front; poor fellows, there is not one in it older than himself—seventeen; they have been drilled only three months; the parting was terrible for his mother, but it made no apparent difference to anyone else; things went on just as usual; these partings are too common now to provoke remark. I can now understand how the French prisoners, during the Reign of Terror, could go on with their charades after one of their number had been called out to the guillotine. The women look on it as a sacred duty not to depress the poor soldier guests. Truly does the President say, and I agree with him, 'It is the women who carry on the war.'

But do not imagine, because I speak of these amusements, and of this cheerfulness, that the tone of society is frivolous; there is the deepest seriousness and thoughtfulness at seasonable times, as I mentioned in my last letter. None but the very rich can wear mourning, so one cannot guess from externals those who have lost near relatives. General R—— told us last May, that his brigade, numbering four thousand at the beginning of the war, was then only one thousand, and now it is reduced to four hundred.

October 29th. The taking of Atlanta was a severe blow, the more so, because unexpected. The Confederates despise the enemy too much; they are far too sanguine, and too confident in thinking valour and determination are everything in warfare. So each reverse comes with a feeling of surprise. Sanguine people think Sherman will never advance further than Atlanta, and even the more anxious think it will be some months before he can attempt it; but I remember, at this time last year, we did not imagine he could ever penetrate so far into Georgia as he has done. Even at the time that the President was here, and removed General Johnston, the change was not approved of by any of the soldiers; at the Council of War, General Hardee and some other generals refused to supersede the man whom they, and the whole army, considered the only one fitted to be the commander of the western army. Now the feeling is universal that the act was an error of judgement. Johnston is idolized by the soldiers; his behaviour, as a general of division, is most noble and patriotic; he has no heart-burning rankling, shows no jealousy of Hood, and works just as well under him, as if he had never been over him.

Pine Lodge, Pulaski County.

November 21st. I came here, on Saturday, the 12th, by pressing invitation; I had not originally intended to come until December 1st. I am very thankful now to have come away, for there are good reasons to believe the rumours of Sherman's approach. When we heard the artillery in the direction of Macon yesterday, we thought it might be sustaining an attack. If this should be true, and the town should be taken, we should be liable here to raids; and so we have been spending the day in packing up everything of value, to be able to rush down the country. What a blessing I came away! for to get through Macon, while preparations are making to withstand a siege, would have been a formidable task to a lady, travelling alone. It was bad enough on the 12th. Women and children starting in haste, horses, carriages, &c., impressed for the use of the authorities; the refugees who have gone through several frights of moving in the last three years, are cool and collected; they pitch their tents in any place that seems tolerably safe, satisfied if they can but be sheltered from the torrents of rain; but the country people, in Bibb County, and places not hitherto reached by Yankees, and elsewhere, are like flocks of terrified sheep.

November 24th. Three days of suspense! Here, in the lonely pine

woods, we have no opportunity of hearing the real truth of what is going on. The daily visit to the railway station, five miles off, gives us the Macon news of twenty-four hours before. Yet it is but fifty miles off, and is the town of most importance in central Georgia—Milledgeville, the so-called capital, being a wretched little place, something like Royston. The bad news generally comes from Macon, and the good from Hawkinsville, which is but five miles off; by modifying both, we arrive at a decision for our own proceedings. Our movements depend on Sherman's, and of his we can get no authentic information. It does seem tolerably certain now, that he has passed Macon without attacking it. Last Sunday, the 20th, one column of his army was so near, that ten of his men took a battery within the line of fortifications; but it was recovered immediately.

I am writing very incoherently, for we live in a whirl; the place is so crowded that we are sleeping on the floor. The feeling that we may have to travel, we hardly know whither, makes us feel too unsettled to write collectedly. This letter is to be taken to Savannah by a gentleman who will have to travel nearly one hundred miles by private conveyance to reach the part of the railway not yet destroyed.

At five o'clock this morning, a gentleman, employed in the Government Dixie Iron Works, called, on his way from his plantation at the River Oconee to Americus. Hearing that the Yankees were but three miles from his house, he packed all his wagons as quickly as possible, and with one hundred and fifty negroes drove down a lane. Only fifteen minutes after, the Yankees passed the end of the lane! was not that a narrow escape! The day he left, a battle was expected at the Oconee railway bridge.

Monday, 28th. There was a battle last Thursday at Griswoldville, about twenty miles from Macon, two thousand engaged, entirely militia; owing to a mistake of the commanders, a mistake more hideous than that of Balaclava, six hundred and fourteen were laid upon the field, and that uselessly; nothing was effected by it. The men were nearly all from this neighbourhood; one was the fifth son killed in the war, of a family we know; another was a cousin of Janette Lowth's, a young married man, leaving three children.*

No description of mine can give you any idea of the disorganized state of the country. All the men from sixteen to sixty are called out, without any exemption. To look after plantations men are detailed by Government. Families are ruined; ladies, brought up in luxury, after losing all that makes life dear, are working for daily bread; yet they say they will not be conquered, and will never submit; their words are, 'If Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, and all the towns, are taken, it will make no difference.' Since Lincoln's re-election we have prepared our minds for another four years of war. What a frightful prospect it is! Under such circumstances as the present, it is no wonder that deserters, skulkers, and rogues, (some there must be in every army,) drive a good

* We had all particulars from an officer appointed to investigate the affair.

trade. These men go to plantations where only women are living, and show forged Government orders for forage, horses, &c.; or sometimes only say their orders are to take what is wanted. Governor Brown has issued a proclamation against these marauders, ordering that they shall be shot whenever caught in these offences. On the whole, when you consider how completely the women and children are at the mercy of the soldiers, and the dreadful privations these men have endured, it is wonderful there is so little crime, comparatively speaking.

Pine Lodge is unfortunate in being near to Gun Swamp, for many deserters are now harboured there. They steal half a dozen sheep at a time, and boldly offer the mutton here for sale before we have found out the loss of the sheep. They stole all the hides that were being tanned for shoes to supply the whole plantation; and all the contents of the blacksmith's shop—materials and tools now invaluable. The Georgians say, they are suffering now only the same that the Virginians have endured for so long, and that now it is their turn to bear all.

December 8rd. We are beginning to recover a little from the late excitement, and to feel more settled, for Sherman has quite passed us by and gone. Individual officers down the country have threatened to return and burn down houses, &c.; but let us hope they will not be able to do so. There is great uncertainty about the behaviour the Yankees may show; it varies very much, without any apparent reason; sometimes they only steal everything, which is thought quite moderate; at other times they have burnt down the whole premises, and tortured the men to make them reveal hidden valuables.

A respectable young woman has just paid us a visit, who was at home at Clinton, Jones County, when the Yankees passed. She says they stole all her silver, provisions, farming stock, &c.; forced away seven of her negroes, openly stating they wanted them for breast-works, to put in front, and be thus protected themselves. Four of the negroes escaped and returned; they confirmed the story, and said they had been closely watched. The Yankees brought to Clinton twenty-seven wounded Confederates from the field of Griswoldville; three of these unfortunate men were frozen to death in her yard, and nearly all of them died of the cold. I remember the night as one of intense frost: the thermometer down to 19°. Their own wounded they put into the houses; but would not let the inhabitants take in their fellow-countrymen. They grumbled very much at the cold, asking whether this could be the sunny south they had heard of.

The battle at the Oconee railway bridge was on the day on which it had been expected; the defenders of the bridge were out-flanked, and obliged to retire. They were boys of sixteen and under, from the military school at Marietta, and had bravely held it for two days; when relief was offered them, they answered they could hold on if they only could get some food. The convicts in the penitentiary at Milledgeville were formed into a corps; this will show the great want of men.

It was lucky we did not rush off in a panic on the 21st of November, for the place of refuge we fixed on was nearer to the Yankees than Pine Lodge. Many of the people have removed into the very most dangerous points.

December 10th. Yesterday news came at last of the Lowths' fate. The Thursday after I left them, November 17th, just as they were setting out to go to a Starvation party, Mr. Lowth came in with the news that the Yankees were coming, so they, of course, turned to packing. At mid-night, the friend at whose house they were to have met, arrived with more precise news, viz. the Yankees were two miles from his house, so five from Sewatha. The gentlemen, invalids, and all, went into the wood at once, taking all the arms and all the silver; but the river saved Sewatha a second time. No Yankees appeared. The next morning the whole family removed to the other plantation, where they have but one room for all purposes; a log-hut is being built. It is very spiteful to say 'I told you so' after the fact; but ever since the taking of Atlanta, I had been trying to persuade Mrs. Lowth to send away the valuable furniture and plate by degrees, for I have all along expected this movement of Sherman's southward, in spite of all the soldiers said.

(To be continued.)

THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION;

OR,

GREAT CAUSES HELPED BY SMALL MEANS.

BY THE EDITOR.

OUR elder readers, and perhaps some of our younger ones, may remember being greatly amused with a scene in the cleverest and first of 'tales for the young,' The Fairy Bower; where Constance, the 'consistently pious' young lady, hails the making of paper flowers as a 'great discovery for Missionary purposes,' almost equal to that of 'raisin chimney-sweepers.' This was in the days when a 'Missionary basket,' full of bazaar-like knick-knacks, used to be kept ready in the hope of beguiling a few shillings from visitors, to be spent on Missions. The arrangement, partly from its obtrusiveness and inconvenience to guests, partly from its having been first taken up on behalf of mission efforts unsanctioned by the Church, fell into much disesteem. In effect, the bazaar question has two sides. Those who buy carelessly, because they want amusement, or because they fear to seem disobliging or unwilling to spend, clearly have no motive that is likely to make their coins prosper or fructify; but there are others who really purchase for the sake of enabling their friends to earn and give, and to encourage the young in their earnest desire to do something; and these deserve all

honour, for their donations may be more humble and less self-seeking than those given direct.

As to the sellers, we put out of the question the dressing, flirting, cheating, disgusting display of young ladies at a fashionable bazaar, which may be nothing but a desecration. The notable one, where votes at a shilling a-piece were given to decide who was the beauty of the day, must surely have been the culmination of all that was unwomanly on such an occasion. In general, however, the selling is undesirable for anyone. Children may work in simple enjoyment to earn from kind aunts or grandmmas, but it is not well to accustom them to licensed beggary from casual acquaintance, and their simplicity will soon wear off in the operation. Only a winning child or a pretty young lady can so conduct such sales as not to be an absolute nuisance, and the conscious use of personal attraction is dangerous to all. Those bashful persons to whom it is pain and grief to make the proffer of their wares, may not be hurt by it till they get hardened, but it is much better it should be pain. Of course this does not refer to the many who excel in some special branch of work, take a quiet order and fulfil it, or who send their handiworks away for sale; for there is here none of that importunate element of beggary from uninterested persons.

It is the workers who merit our full sympathy. Multitudes of fingers earnestly bestow their skill, labour, and invention, because they have nothing else to give; and it would be an absolute boon to many lives to have such power of helping placed in their way.

We own that we think fit opportunity has been too long wanting to these zealous workers. Perhaps the class where they first were made available cast a shade of ridicule over the idea; perhaps, it must be confessed, our venerable S. P. G. was too mighty an elephant to pick up crumbs.

But a Handmaid to the S. P. G. has lately been brought forward under the title of the LADIES' ASSOCIATION, which will, we trust, be a real and substantial aid, and will enable many and many a hand to do its part in the great work of weaving and baiting (if we may so say) the Gospel Net.

The name is not the happiest that could have been found, as ladyhood is not at all a requisite for a member. The requisites are womanhood, a subscription of two shillings and sixpence per annum, and disposition to do one's best for God's Church. Two shillings and sixpence is the minimum of yearly subscription, but it is hoped that subscribers will by no means limit themselves to this amount, since that sum has been fixed only that none may be excluded.

The object of the Ladies' Association is the assistance of Missions in those lesser departments especially relating to children and women, which can hardly be carried out without female assistance.

Contributions in money are needed for the support and sending out of female teachers for schools, &c. In India these are specially required, because a woman can obtain admission to zenanas whence all men would be jealously excluded; and in the present condition of India,

there seems to be an especial opening for work of this description. An application has lately been made for two ladies as zenana teachers; but the annual amount of their maintenance (together) in such a climate, cannot be less than £287. Less would be death to them.

No one can read the life of Madame Allix, in Miss Parkes's Vignettes, or Miss Rogers's Palestine, without seeing how, even without distinctive Christian teaching, the very sight of a Christian disciplined woman may work on the poor toys of Eastern passion. And be it remembered that Mission work is a glory specially belonging to British born women. With the exception of St. Nona, the Christian slave who wrought the conversion of Georgia, no land shews such woman missionaries as St. Bega, or as St. Walburga, and St. Leobwina, and their companions, whom St. Boniface, our prime mission Saint, summoned to his aid in Germany—our grandest Mission victory of all.

Celt and English alike, our insular Church alone can shew its Missionary women in the roll of Saints; and the blood that further owns Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Robertson, and those glorious women, who, in the absence of their husbands, went down and saved the destined victims of a cannibal feast, may well seek to send out its Britomarts, conquering and to conquer.

Teachers then may be paid for. They can be trained in the college of St. Denys at Warminster, to the teaching and nursing departments most needed for missionary purposes; and funds may be raised by subscription for their maintenance when sent out.

Little native girls may also be maintained in such boarding-schools as the Missions possess. Such may be found at Miss Arthur's, at the Cape, where the cost is £6 per annum, and in South India, where the cost is £3,—in North India, £4; and the Ladies' Association will convey any yearly amount raised for the support of any one specified scholar: as, for instance, Anne Daoudna is maintained at the Cape by the amount due from the Answers to the Questions in the Monthly Paper for Sunday Reading. We believe, too, that it will also convey special presents to individual scholars from their English patronesses or sisters. Might not a young ladies' school, or the children of a family or parish, often combine for the support of some one little maiden, whom they might know by name, pray for, and work for, and who would obtain from them gifts that would make her realize that she had sisters in Christ, loving, though unseen?

Subscriptions are also needed for the freight and carriage of parcels sent to distant quarters; and these parcels, or rather their material, are our next subject.

Work—handiwork—needlework—is infinitely needed. Converts must be clothed, as the first step to improvement. 'Sitting and clothed, and in his right mind,' the Bishop of New Zealand has often said was the true sign of a convert. His friends have often smiled at the straits he was put to for the first two girls he brought to be educated as wives for the young Melanesian chiefs. With his own hands he made a petticoat

for each out of the counterpane of his bed, so narrow that they could hardly move. Over this was a shirt, and a species of loose boddice, with sleeves like a Cambridge bachelor's gown, and a little bit of scarlet ribbon at the neck, at which the black maidens looked with special pride.

Garments, then, are no small boon to missions; but the kind and pattern vary so much with different countries, that we prefer entering into no particulars, but leaving them to be ascertained by communication with head-quarters. We strongly recommend work of this sort, as an ostensible motive for those meetings, which many clerical ladies find most useful, of working parties of ladies of all degrees, or no degree at all, when some book, such as Bishop Mackenzie's or Mrs. Robertson's life, Bishop Heber's journals, the Life of Hans Egede, Maclear's Mediæval Missions, Mission Life, or the Net, could be read aloud, to the great enlargement of many minds.

Besides these clothes—the materials of which are often so expensive that they would have to be subscribed for by the members of the working party—our Missions need much that demands little but kind hands and heads. Dolls, pictures, scrap-books, housewives, pin-cushions—all that would please an English school-child, have their use in the more advanced Mission schools, such as those in India, Hawaii, and the Cape. Christmas trees and school prizes are needed there; and where anything English is valuable and costly, these trifles are real elements of civilization. Illuminations for the walls, either in English or in the native languages, (of which texts can be supplied) are valuable. Scripture pictures, if reverent, and telling their story clearly, greatly aid in obtaining the attention of the heathen; and in short, there is scarcely anything *well made and not rubbishy* that will not find its use in some department. Another means of assisting is to make up articles for sale to colonists—children's dresses, under-clothing, babies' frocks, hoods, or shoes, children's scrap-books, illuminated texts, collars, cuffs, slippers for ladies or gentlemen, cushions, garibaldi's, &c. Or MS. music-books with the newest songs; but all these must be of the best work and newest fashion, or they become a drug.

A few short prayers are supplied to the members of the Association, to hallow their exertions, and bring them into connection with both their fellow-workers and the objects of their work.

Many of our readers are, we doubt not, already enrolled as members; but we hope that if there be any who have not heard of this means of aiding in the Church's work, this may open to them a way of so doing.

Subscriptions and communications should be sent to the Honorary Secretary, Miss Bullock, 27, Dorset Square, London, N. W. Carriage-paid parcels should be addressed to the Secretaries of the Ladies' Association—

OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL,
5, PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S STREET,
LONDON. S. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE KENTON INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

February, 1867.

In her paper on orphan girls in this month's Monthly Packet, your correspondent, Ivanovna, opens up a subject of great interest and practical importance. We know well how many young girls there are around us, orphans, or in extreme poverty; we know, too, the general want of good servants. But how the girls are to be made available for the supply of that want; how the raw material is to be converted into the article required—a kitchen-maid, an under-nurse, or a little maid-of-all-work—here lies the difficulty. Probably it would best be met by every lady receiving into her house one poor child, and bringing her up for service; but the practice is not general, and is scarcely likely to become so. We must therefore look to Industrial Schools for the training of our friendless and orphan girls; and very successful some of them have proved, especially the smaller ones, which being less like public institutions and more like families, naturally supply the best training for family life. The Brockham Home seems indeed to have been the means of much good, and it is a subject of thankfulness that such Homes are scattered over our country. May I mention to you one which possesses at the present moment a peculiar and touching interest?—the Industrial School at Kenton, South Devon.

This school was founded about six years ago by one not long ago removed from us—the late Countess of Devon; and remarkable success has certainly attended the kind and thoughtful care she never failed to bestow on it. Eighteen girls are there sheltered, housed, and trained. Just now there is a little one of six years old for a pet and plaything, but they mostly range from ten to fifteen years of age. In addition to reading, writing, &c., which they are taught by an intelligent young school-mistress, they learn thoroughly the rudiments of every kind of work required in service. They make their own clothes, besides doing fine needle-work. They wash and iron, sweep and scrub, nay, they are taught the mysteries of the dairy, milking and butter-making. When they are grounded in all this useful knowledge, and have also been confirmed and received their First Communion, they are placed in service according to their character and ability; and so highly are Kenton Industrial girls valued, that there is no difficulty in finding situations for them. I believe application is made for more than the school could possibly furnish.

A few days ago I was permitted to see this school, and truly it might serve as a model for anyone desirous to begin such a good work. The children looked bright, fresh, and handy; and there was a general air of briskness and industry which was very pleasant. The matron seemed happy with her charge, and she spoke cheerfully of those who had passed from under her care, naming the families in which they were placed, and saying how well they were going on. Of those who had left her this year, one was in a laundry, one was kitchen-maid, and a third under-house-maid. She had heard from them all, as she constantly did from her old scholars, and very nice letters they wrote.

In estimating the good done by Industrial Schools, we must bear in mind not only that the orphan or friendless girl is there taught to earn her bread honestly, but that she is prepared for a course of life which permanently raises her whole tone and character. The young woman who marries from good service, commonly differs very widely from one who marries from her father's cottage, or again from a factory-girl. She carries with her to her new home habits of order, method, and self-control, which are rarely acquired elsewhere. Hence the exceeding value of schools such as the Kenton Home, in which the foundation is laid of so excellent a course of life. Such at least were my convictions as I turned away from that bright happy home of the orphan and the friendless; and though it was sad to think that the kind watchful eye of her who had founded it no longer looked upon it, I did not fear for its continued well-doing. Who could doubt that a work so begun would go on and prosper; that a blessing would still rest upon it for the sake of her who first gathered together these lambs of the Master's flock?

I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

S. W.

WITHIN THE CAMP.

LETTER V.

SCHOOL-ROOM WORK.—S. P. G.—LENDING-LIBRARY.— DECORATING, etc.

My dear Goddaughter,

The remembrance of my many happy hours in the Hartstoke school-room, which our correspondence about your school and choir work has vividly recalled to me, makes me think of the many other incidents, and bits of work, which seemed to grow out of those musical meetings.

First of all, there was the 'missionary money,' as the people used to call their contributions to the S. P. G. We had a house-to-house collection throughout the parish, with which at first I had not much to do, although in course of time it came to be merged into my other work. But the school and choir collection always rested with me: and I never saw more genuine interest and more cheerful giving than that of my subscribers. They were each engaged to pay a certain sum at a certain time; and the fixing both of amount and of time were entirely at their own option. Monthly payments, varying from a penny to sixpence, were, I think, most in vogue; though there were also some quarterly subscribers. We tried to keep up the interest by a large supply, and a regular distribution, of the Society's gratuitous publications. There are several excellent ones for beginners, with an account of missionary work, &c.; and these, judiciously given, brought many fresh members to our district association. Then everyone had a copy of the Society's quarterly paper; and every subscriber above a penny a month had a copy of the little 'Gospel Missionary' books, published monthly at a halfpenny; and I used to write the people's names on these before they left the vicarage, that there might be no omissions. And every year came the Society's annual return of money collected in the diocese, with every subscription of four shillings and upwards entered by name. This was a great pleasure; and the people were proud of the show Hartstoke made in the list.

Perhaps it seems as if all this visible return for money so bestowed would destroy the simplicity of the offering; but I do not think it does. Country people have great faith in a bit of print; and this floating literature was to them a link between the endeavour at home and the result abroad.

Next comes the thought of the lending-library, which was kept in the class-room of the school. Our rules were simple enough: that one book should be returned before another was taken: that there should be no passing on of a book from one reader to another without its coming back to the library first; and that if a book was kept over a month by the borrower, it might be called in by the manager of the library. This last rule was an elastic one, and very seldom enforced; but it acted as a check in houses where books were likely to be laid aside and lost. I know that there are many village libraries which are self-supporting, and elaborately conducted—perhaps yours is one: but we were never rich enough to do things magnificently; and it seemed rather hard, with the very poor people that ours were, to make them pay for reading, as well as for learning to read. As a general rule, though, I do think that people value most what costs them something, where they can afford to pay for it, and when there is no anomaly in *their* spending money upon non-essentials, or *our* demanding it for things which we are supposed to provide for their advantage. Our library was replenished from time to time with whatever we could extract from the clearings of the home tables and shelves, and occasionally with a selection from the lists of second-hand books at the great circulating libraries:—until at last—oh, joyful day! the vicar gave us £5 from his fees, and with that we got £6 worth of books, all fresh and tempting looking, from the Book-hawking Society. We were very happy in having one of the best of these admirable institutions in our diocese; and I had a depôt for it at the vicarage, and a smaller one at the village shop. I am sure villagers have a great idea of the dignity of books; but the possessing them themselves is a new notion; and even where they have the means, they do not know what to buy. And it is in this way that the Book-hawking does so much good: it brings wholesome publications to the cottage-doors, and fills the gap between the Pilgrim's Progress and the song-book, or worse trash. It is well to encourage the people to value books, and to buy them too, if they can; and I fancy one of the kindest bits of usefulness that can be done, is to take care of small sums for them, until the desired purchase can be effected. I never made any rule as to what the amount deposited should be—it was brought just as it could be spared; and many a family Bible and standard volume have been acquired at Hartstoke in this way. And I often brought some choice new book to the singing-class, and exhibited it, and looked it over with them; and I believe such a glimpse of the world of letters was considered a great privilege.

While on the subject of books and libraries, I think I ought to tell you of a society we had for our farm-house families, which was extremely popular. It was a second-class subscription to Mudie, for a moderate number of volumes, for the selection of which every member furnished a list; and these lists were looked through and made into one, with the help of a little discretion exercised by my mother. The distribution and circulation of the books, and the collection of the subscriptions, (which, divided amongst several families, gave each a very trifling share,) were all arranged by one of the members of the society. It was our wish that it should be as *self-contained* as possible, and engage the interest of the class chiefly concerned in it. Here, again, we found that we could open out a fresh field of literature, before unknown to the readers of nothing but gaudy novels, the Family Herald, and 'Sunday books.'

But to return to the school. There were, there are now I hope, penny readings, village concerts, missionary meetings, and the like, for all of which the school-room served as the village town-hall: but the arranging of these things does not rest with you, nor do I think their general outline can vary much anywhere. There is, however, one work in which all the parish should have a share, and in which, no doubt, your own part is no inconsiderable one. I mean the church-decorating at Christmas

time; and the best place for the preparatory labour of this undertaking is the school-room, when practicable. Our winter holidays began a week before Christmas, so that we could have the use of the room; and I think the work being done by all together under one general superintendence, made it much more hearty and thorough than a private distribution amongst the several workers could have been. We used to tell the people that the beautiful old church was their care as well as ours; and that it was the common business of us all to help in its beautifying in whatever way we could. So we had abundance of material willingly contributed—from the choicer kinds of evergreens, to the holly and ivy brought by the labourers on their way from work; and we had abundance of helpers—from the deft-handed maidens who stitched and tied all day long, to the little children who threaded the fallen holly-berries. Some of the members of the choir, too, gave half a day's work—to help in the putting up and finishing off.

Now I am not going to give you a disquisition upon the science (for such I am sure it is) of church-decoration; your knowledge must be fresher than mine, and your wits and fingers readier than mine ever were. I should only like to give you a few of the practical rules which, I think, helped to carry our enterprise safely through. The first was to have a written account clearly made out, of the whole scheme of decoration intended, with the length of wreaths, size of devices, number of letters, &c., plainly given. This we put up in some conspicuous place, marked the items as each was taken, and crossed them out altogether when completed. As for the scheme itself, its details must depend upon circumstances, the number of workers, the supply of material, and the length of time to work in; but the general design should be decided on at the beginning, not made up of a patchwork of suggestions offered during the progress of the work, which are sure to spoil its uniformity as a whole.

And our next care was economy in the use of material. It has often vexed me to see the reckless waste made by a party of eager decorators; picking off choice bits here and there, and leaving a Birnam Wood of debris, all of which might have been used up to the bare boughs; trampling on and spoiling one handsome branch in order to reach another; treading the precious holly-berries into the floor; beginning ball after ball of string and ending none, but leaving the tangled remains to be swept away in the vortex, or to add, somewhat inartistically, to the effect of the wreath by a cobweb-like festoon; or worst of all, in the fixing process, letting those mischievous little nails (tacks, don't you call them?) fall on the wood and stone and tile below, to run the chance of scrunching and scratching under the next hasty footstep. All this scrambling interferes sadly with the tone of quiet yet busy cheerfulness, with which such work should be undertaken, and it cannot further the work itself. Begin in time: make sure of your supplies, and be certain what you are going to do, and there will be no need of extravagance, either in the use of material or in personal labour.

And my concluding caution this time shall be a very simple one: always tie your scissors to a long string round your waist, and never part with them on any consideration whatever.

These, I think, are all the memories of our school-house scenes which can be of any service to you; and I do not wish to indulge in personal reminiscences that tell more of special Hartstoke doings than of general parish work.

In my next letter we will take a last and rather a wider view of your present field of labour. May it be a happy one to you always, as I am sure it is now!

Your loving Godmother,

F. G.

SCHOOL-KEEPING.

Dear Mr. Editor,

There is one suggestion I should like to make in answer to 'Jane's' letter, though perhaps it may be an old story to some of your readers. My suggestion is, that some of us are not sufficiently in the habit of making allowance for the *dialect* of the children we teach.

Unless we use words which we are sure that they understand, we put them into the position of a person who is being taught in a foreign language. And they are so sharp in guessing at our meaning, that we often do not discover how little they really understand our words. This is especially the case with reference to Bible teaching, where a feeling of reverence often makes people cling in their language to the words of the authorized version. This was curiously brought before me one day in reading about Balaam's ass. The children did not seem much interested until I made use of the word donkey, when with a start of delight one of them said, 'Was it a dicky, then?' 'Dicky' being East Saxon for donkey, and ass being unknown.

In questioning them upon the Bible, it is a great thing, if they are not very advanced, to say, 'Look in the tenth verse, and tell me what So-and-so said.' They are sure to begin by reading the verse straight through; but when checked in this, and made first to read simply the words of So-and-so's speech, and then to give it in their own words, they begin to understand that they are to think.

If more advanced, the abstract system may be begun by means of a black board, on which fragmentary sentences are written, to be filled up by the children on their slates. Thus, if they have been reading, for instance, of the history of St. Paul: you wish them to write down, 'Saul had been a persecutor, and had stood by during the martyrdom of St. Stephen. He was going to Damascus to persecute the Christians there, when,' &c. You write upon the black board, 'Saul had been a ———, and had stood by during ———. He was going to ——— to ——— ———, when ———.' In proportion to the advancement of your pupils, the heads given will be more and more fragmentary; but an outline of what you wish them to say must be given to them first, to assist them in shaping their thoughts into words. I have seen this system adopted with great success in a French school. Of course, it depends in a great degree upon the ability of the teacher.

I am, &c.

'A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.'

HINTS ON READING.

The first volume of *The Net* (Lothians) is a very charming collection of Missionary Sketches, adapted to the capacities of village children, with whom it is extremely popular.

Mission Life (Rivingtons) is for elder and more cultivated readers, and is thoroughly interesting, especially in its biographies. It avoids that *scrappiness* that has hitherto been the great stumbling-block of all our Church literature of this kind, and gives something of a real history of Missions and Missionaries, without confining itself to the work of the S. P. G.

Let us beg all our readers who care for the poetic and religious symbolism of the 'Mystic heaven and earth within,' to study that beautiful book, *Bible Teachings in Nature*, by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan. (Macmillan.) The religious signification and

analogies of nature are here brought out by the touch of modern science in a fearless manner that it does one good to contemplate. We have seldom seen a more charming book than this.

The Copsley Annals (Seeley and Jackson) is a very bright charming book, purporting to consist of the stories that gave rise to old family sayings and proverbs—a narrative being given by various members of the family, but all welded together so as to form a very simple but loveable family chronicle—which we advise everyone by all means to read and enjoy.

Modesty and Conceit (S. P. C. K.) is a very good story for school reading or the lending library.

A Summer in Leslie Goldthway's Life. (Samson Low.) Very American, and to our notions very odd, but very amusing, and full of excellent lessons.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

P. would be thankful for information on the best means of setting up and regulating the expenses and arrangements of a cottage hospital.

The address to the Home for Invalid Children is 70, Montpelier Road, Brighton. Applications to be made to E. A. Freeman.

The Rev. W. Wallace acknowledges with thanks £1 from Owen Thomas, Esq. for the St. Luke's District.

Buttercup.—Morning Thoughts. By a Clergyman. Suggested by the Second Lessons for the Daily Morning Service throughout the year. Two vols. Foolsap 8vo. cloth, 5s. each. Published by Messrs. Parker.—SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

M. C. W.—Sir Roundell Palmer in his Book of Praise, page 500, says that Dr. Collyer, who published a hymn-book in 1812, is the author of the last three stanzas of the so-called Luther's Hymn. The original German Hymn, on which the first stanza is founded, (beginning 'Es ist gewisslich ander zeit,') is not by Luther, but by Benjamin Ringwald. Sir Roundell has not been able to discover who wrote the first English stanza. For the hymn itself, see the Book of Praise, page 465, where it is given without alteration.—Nna.

E. H.—The lines are in the epitaph, composed for himself by Stephen Hawes, c. 1500—

'O Mortalle folke, you may beholde and see
How I lye here, sometime a mighty knyghte.
The end of joy and all prosperitie
Is Death, at last thorough his course and might.
After the day there cometh the dark night;
For though the day be never so long,
At last the bell ringeth to evensong.'

A. W.

The words occur in the song by Claribel, called 'Although the day be never so long.' (Williams, Paternoster Row, London.)—LUOTILA.

Our Bristol Correspondent.—*At some future time we hope the Readings on the Four Gospels may be resumed; at present, the Author is too much occupied in other ways to continue them. We fear there is no book sure to meet the case you mention. Butler's Analogy is of course the first and best; and Leslie's Easy Method with the Deists—in spite of its injudicious name—stands high. But life and its sorrows are often stronger arguments than can be found in books.*

F. K. would be glad to know where she can buy pretty inexpensive Coloured Pictures suitable for a Sunday scrap-book; also the names of some really pretty books of Sacred Prints, with very simple stories to them, to help to make Sunday the happiest day to a very little child.

E. J. M.—

'While shepherds watched their flocks,'

is by Tate.

A. W.—*A history of France such as you ask for is in hand.*

Declined with thanks.—St. Bride.

W. J. L.—*To be inserted in our next.*

A. E. L. B.—*The rule in illumination is, Divine Names and Pronouns, red; heavenly nouns, pronouns, verbs, &c., blue; earthly, green; mere connecting words, brown or black: the bordering indicating where there is a mixture of both subjects. Thus: the two first Nearer might be green edged with red; the two second, blue edged with red.*

H. L. T.—*The story of the Whippety Stouries is to be found in the Answers to Correspondents in last September's number.*

C. G. asks the names of the national flowers of each country. *We believe that few possess any; besides our own four well-known badges, the Rose, Thistle, Shamrock, and Leek, the only ones we are aware of are the White Lilies of France, the Red Lilies of Florence, and the Olive of ancient Athens, with (perhaps) the Palm of Palestine.*

An Old Subscriber would be obliged to the Editor of the Monthly Packet to tell him if 'Peculiars' are not now done away with in the Church of England? and if not, in what are Incumbents holding such livings not answerable to the Bishop of the Diocese? Can the Bishop insist on two Services being given in such Churches on each Sunday? and on the Holy Communion being duly administered?

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THE MONTHLY PACKET

OF EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NEW SERIES.

PART 18.

JUNE, 1867.

PRICE 1s.

SONNETS FROM THE COLLECTS.

ST. BARNABAS.

PRAYER FOR THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT.

O ROCK OF AGES! from whose fountain flowing,
Gush the sweet waters, springing evermore;
Ruler of Israel, on Thy Saint bestowing
Treasures of knowledge, hidden heretofore—

Spirit of Truth, to everyone dividing
E'en as thou wilt, from out Thy countless store—
Shower on our barren souls, as rain-drops gliding,
The plenteous riches of Thy heavenly lore.

That all men, striving each in his vocation,
—In every gift, in every ministration,
May labour for the glorious things above:

While in each voice that echoes through creation,
—In every power, in every operation,
Our hearts, adoring, own ONE LAW OF LOVE!

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

**A PRAYER THAT, MOVED BY HIS WARNING VOICE, WE MAY TURN
TO GOD IN TRUE PENITENCE.**

ALL-SEEING Lord! by whose good providence
Thy servant John was wonderfully born,
And clothed with gifts of wondrous excellence;
Who, undismayed by malice, power, or scorn,

Preaching the way of faith and penitence—
 Amid the desert spoke to souls forlorn ;
 As, like some star of healing influence,
 He shone, the herald of redemption's morn :—

Oh, may the voice of him, by Thee called 'great,'—
 The voice that broke the desert's stillness, crying,
 'Make the rough places smooth, the crooked straight,'—

Ring out o'er earth, with echoes never-dying,
 Till all who hear, their pride, their flesh defying,
 Turn to their God, or ere it be too late !

ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

PETITION THAT THE PASTORS OF THE CHURCH MAY ALWAYS BOLDLY
 DECLARE THE TRUTH OF GOD.

O FAITHFUL Pastor of an erring flock !
 Who didst with gifts most excellent endow
 The Apostle Peter—teaching to avow
 The Christ, the Son of God—thence called the Rock,

On which the Church, unmoved by storm or shock
 Of the blasphemer's might, stands steadfast now
 And evermore ;—on whom Thou didst bestow
 The keys that should the gates of Heaven unlock :

O Lord, our Shepherd, grant that as of old,
 Bar-jona, Cephas~~named~~, did first proclaim
 This saving truth ;—e'en so, by grace made bold,

Thy chosen pastors, still in faith the same,
 Being taught of Thee, while honouring Peter's name,
 May guard in every truth the Church's fold !

THE THREE ANGELS.

I SAT in the fast darkening twilight,
 Watching the shadows grow ;
 There was not one sound from the heaven above,
 Or the sleeping earth below ;
 Save the wind's low whisper, the bird's last chirp,
 And the river's monotonous flow,

Or the hum that would sometimes strike my ear
As the beetle went booming by,
Or the night-bird startled the stillness around
With his hooting sorrowful cry ;
And the gleaming stars came out one by one
From the shades of the evening sky.

And I gazed on the calm and peaceful scene
Till I knew not how time had flown ;
And I found that the night was fast closing in,
And each bird to its nest had gone—
When I turned myself round, and saw that I
Was no longer sitting alone.

Three aerial Beings stood by my side,
Whom I ne'er had seen before ;
I knew that they came from another world,
When their shadowy forms I saw.
One angel stood forward—I held my breath,
And bowed my head in awe.

Her long trailing garments were sad of hue,
Her eyes had a sorrowful look ;
A wreath of dead flowers was twined in her hair ;
Her hand held an open book ;
And her glance was full of mournful reproach
As the scroll from her hand I took.

I looked at the pages, and sighed in shame
For the record of former years ;
For the hasty word, and the jealous thought,
And the secret repining tears ;
For the broken vow, and the frequent sin,
And the faithless hopeless fears.

I turned away, full of sorrow and dread,
And the tears came raining fast ;
For I knew that the deeds which that book contained,
Would be my accusers at last.
And th' upbraiding Spirit who stood at my side
Was the Angel of the Past.

The next angel was joyous and glad of mien,
And her robes like gossamer shone ;
A crown of bright jewels encircled the head
Of that radiant and shining one.
In her left hand she held a closed book ;
With her right, ever pointed on.

I strove to open the book's closed leaves,
 But my efforts were all in vain.
 Then the angel stooped down and spoke in my ear,
 And my hopes arose once again ;
 For her whispers were all of bright years to come,
 And a Future undimmed by pain.

The third angel looked stern, yet she pleased my eyes,
 Though no beauty her features graced ;
 Before me she held an unwritten book,
 In my fingers the pen she placed :—
 'What you write in this book,' she said, 'can ne'er
 By power of man be effaced.

'Write in it good actions and conquests won,
 The use of the passing hour ;
 Write vows hallowed by prayer, and high resolves,
 Not to fade as the fading flower.
 Gone by is the Past, the Future a dream ;
 But the *Present* is in your power.'

She ceased—and once more I was left alone,
 To think of the warning thus given ;
 And the first resolve that I made, was to strive
 As I never before had striven,
 That the Present might be a faint counterpart
 Of the endless Future in Heaven.

C.

THE CANTICLES IN MATINS AND EVENSONG.

CHAPTER II.

THE CANTICLES IN MORNING PRAYER.—THE VENITE.

OUR introductory chapter explained at full length the general principle of the connection of our Psalms and Canticles with the reading of Holy Scripture. They are the Church's thanksgiving for the Word of God, and in them she makes response to the instruction of the Sacred Lessons. We may now add that this principle of interweaving Scripture Lessons and responsory Psalms is as ancient as any known principle of Divine service. It is formally recognized as far back as the great Council of Laodicea, (*cir.* A. D. 365,) which orders that Psalms and Lessons be used alternately; and in our old English Service Books before the Reformation the idea was carried out with great beauty in the almost too

elaborate system of *Responds** with which the Lessons were interwoven. Condensation and simplification were two main objects with the revisers of our formularies; and the frequent burst of choral praise cutting across the steady flow of Scripture Psalm or Lesson—interpreting it, giving thanks for it, varying with the day and season so as to bring out the special meaning proper to the occasion, the special Christian meaning or devotional aspect in which the Lesson should be viewed,—all this is swept away, but still the same principle remains embodied in the Canticles which still accompany and connect the readings from God's Word.

Thus our Canticle System represents the ancient order of the Church; and not only so, but its commencement—the *VENITE*—is one of the oldest features of our Service. There are very good reasons indeed for thinking that the Temple Service commenced with it:—especially as restored by Ezra after the return from the Captivity, when the recent sufferings of the Jews would give special pathos to all the words about hardening the heart, and coming short of the promised rest. At any rate, we know that it always commenced the Sabbath Services of the *Synagogue*, and does so to this day. As to the ancient Church, Augustine speaks of its use in the African Services, Chrysostom and Basil bear witness to it in the Eastern, while the Benedictine rule may be taken as the testimony of the West. Coming then to our own Service Book, the questions are, What place does the *VENITE* occupy in it? and How is it adapted for its position? We answer:

- (1) That it introduces the department of our daily Service devoted to praise and instruction.
- (2) That it is appointed to be said every day in the year with the solitary exception of Easter Day.
- (3) That the great variety of its contents adapt it for use;
 - (a.) as an introduction both to praise, prayer, and the reading of God's Word—all three.
 - (b.) as an introduction equally suitable, whatever be the special feelings proper to the day's Service, whether festival, penitential, or ordinary.

See then under what a variety of circumstances we use the *VENITE*. First of all, in its *ordinary* use it has a double duty to fulfil. It serves to introduce not only the singing of God's Praise, but also the reading of God's Word. This in itself would require rather a peculiarly constructed Psalm. And the *VENITE* has to serve this double purpose at all times and in all seasons of the whole Christian year:—Advent and Lent, Epiphany and Whitsuntide, Good Friday and Christmas, Ascension and Ash Wednesday;—it matters not how utterly diverse may be the key-

* *Responds* were short Anthems sung at intervals during the reading of Scripture Lessons.

note of the day's devotions, this same Psalm, the VENITE, has to lead off on all alike, be the Lessons and Psalms which follow what they may. In old times, and in our old English Service Books, this peculiar flexibility of meaning in the VENITE was brought out very beautifully. Before you began the VENITE, a verse or short sentence was sung, called the Invitatory. This verse varied with the season; it was appropriate to the special service of the day, and served to strike the key-note of the day's praise and instruction, so as to begin the Service by fixing the attention on the subject proper to the day. This was not all, but in our old English Service Books, the VENITE was divided into five portions, the divisions coming after the second, fourth, seventh, ninth, and eleventh verses: * and at each of these divisions a pause was made, and the same short sentence or verse was again repeated, so as to keep the attention fixed on the subject proper to the day. In this way our old Service Books provided for drawing out the suitableness of this Psalm for all manner of occasions; and not only this, but also for causing the worshippers to apply it, in their own minds, to the occasion before them, and so to make them feel and realize the manysidedness of Holy Scripture, and how marvellously one Scripture throws light upon another when brought into juxta-position. All this, for the sake of condensation and simplicity, our compilers have pruned away. † How far it might be desirable to restore some portions of it, at least, on such great days as Christmas, Epiphany, Ash Wednesday, Easter Day, and the like, we can hardly now stop to discuss. There can be no doubt but that the mere cutting up of the Psalm, and the mere interlacing it with some suggestive verse which should keep the day's commemoration before the minds of the congregation, would do a great deal, both to make the Service more engaging and interesting, and also to fix the facts and doctrines of the Faith more sharply in the minds of our worshippers. We say nothing here of the great beauty of the method itself, but we may add a word or two on the way in which it would lead people to enter more intelligently into the mind of Holy Scripture, as time after time they found some fresh verse of Holy Writ running like a golden thread all through the well-known VENITE. They could not help turning to the places whence such verses were taken, they could not help feeling an interest in observing *how* the VENITE could be brought into harmony with such interwoven thoughts; and thus they could not help also learning to understand the Psalm itself so much the better. They would see of themselves, then, why this Psalm (perhaps) alone of all the Psalter is capable of being used on such a vast variety of occasions. Such interwoven verses [invitatories] would of themselves explain the Psalm; whereas, as it now stands, it becomes necessary for anyone who is explaining the Prayer Book to point out to his pupils what are the

* Our readers are strongly recommended to *number* the verses of the Canticles in the copy of the Prayer Book which they keep for customary use.

† See explanatory note at end of chapter.

peculiar qualifications of the VENTRE, not only for its special position as introductory to the Service, but also for its all but universal use—on every day of the year but one.

What are these peculiar qualifications?

We will take each of them in order, and we will begin first of all with the fitness of the Psalm for its place as introductory to the Service. Its old name was *the Invitatory Psalm*:—*Invitatory*, because it invites the worshippers to their devotions:—*the Invitatory*, because above all other Psalms it is suited to perform this office. Anyone can see that it is of an *invitatory* character, who only reads over its first sentence—

‘O come, let us sing unto the Lord:’

but this is an invitation to praise only, whereas what we require is an invitation to worship *as a whole*;—to worship in all its departments, and more particularly in the three special departments of

- i. Praise and thanksgiving.
- ii. Worship, or Adoration.
- iii. Hearing GOD’S Word in Scripture Lessons.

There are, as one may say, scores of Psalms which would invite us to Praise alone, or to Adoration alone, or to the hearing of GOD’S Word alone. There are many Psalms which might have been chosen to introduce any *one* of these departments of worship with perhaps still greater appropriateness than this one. But the peculiarity of Psalm xcvi. is that it embraces all with a uniform equality of attention. It is its comprehensiveness which is its peculiarity, and its just touching with about equal emphasis on each of the points which it has to handle, so as to make it a suitable introduction to all alike. Moreover, the very order in which the Psalm *invites* us to each of these items or departments of worship is in itself just the natural order in which we have written them out above; so that it is in itself a kind of summary of the nature of that Divine worship to which it summons us. Thus it calls upon us—

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| I. To PRAISE GOD our Saviour | verse 1 and 2 |
| (a.) because of His Greatness | „ 3 |
| (b.) „ Providence | „ 4 |
| (c.) „ Creation of the World | „ 5 |
| II. To WORSHIP HIM as | |
| (a.) our Maker | „ 6 |
| (b.) „ Pastor | „ 7 |
| III. To HEAR HIS WORD; | |
| adding the special warning not to tempt Him | |
| by trifling with His mercy as the Jews did, | |
| who were therefore cut off in the wilderness | „ 8—11 |

After which the Psalm is closed with the Gloria Patri, which is added to mark the fact, that what was first written as a Jewish Psalm is now to be sung as a Christian Hymn, and that every clause and sentence of it is to be understood in the Christian sense, when sung as a part of Christian Devotion. Thus, when in verse 1 we sing, let us 'rejoice in the strength of our salvation'—or 'in our saving strength,'—we have our minds directed not only to God the Father in a mere *general way*, (though He is indeed our strength and our protection,) but *specifically* to God the Son, to Christ *our* Saviour, to Christ, Whose peculiar office it is to be our Saviour, to be our *strong* salvation, the Rock of our salvation, its Corner-stone, our Saviour, and our all in all, to Whom we sing,

'Thou art our Jesus and our all.'

Again, in like manner, when we come to verses 5, 6, 7, we direct our minds not only to the greatness and goodness of the Father, but *specifically* to the greatness of Jesus Christ His Son, by Whom He made the worlds;—to the goodness of Jesus the Good Shepherd, Who is at once the door of the sheep-fold and the Shepherd of the sheep. When in verse 5 we sing of His making the sea and the land, we call to mind those verses of St. John, which tell us that it is our Jesus by Whom all things were made, and that without Him was not anything made that was made. When in verse 7 we call ourselves His sheep, we praise not only the goodness of the Father, but *specifically* that of Him Who laid down His life for His sheep, for the sheep whom He specially calls *His own* sheep; so that we are His by the double right, first of creation and then of self-sacrifice for His flock. And then, yet further, we—as Gentile Christians—remember and bear in mind those gracious words of the Good Shepherd, in which He speaks of those who needed not only to be redeemed but also to be sought out and led back into the fold:—'Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd.' (St. John, x. 16.)

And thus lastly when we come to the last division of the Psalm, that which speaks of hearing God's Word, the word *rest* reminds us how the whole passage is explained in its Christian sense in chapters iii. and iv. of the Epistle to the Hebrews: how the whole passage is transfigured, so to speak, when the Christian meaning is poured into the Jewish Psalm, and the *rest* of the Jews in Canaan is made to speak of the glory of the Christian in Heaven.*

* The commentary on the concluding verses of this Psalm, which occurs in Hebrews iii. and iv., is of course too well known a specimen of New Testament exposition, and application of Old Testament praise, to need enlarging upon here. But there is one point in it of such delicate beauty, and yet of such extreme suggestiveness, that we cannot pass it by. It has to do with the word *rest*. And the point is this, that whereas all through the argument, so long as the word *rest* is used with reference to the *Jews* and *their rest* in Canaan, the original word for *rest* is the

Thus then this great Psalm is specially fitted not only to form the introduction to a worship which consists both of praise, adoration, and the reading of God's Word, but it is also specially fitted to receive at once not only a general but a thoroughly Christian meaning, and thereby to become an introductory Psalm to *Christian* worship. It is an excellent example of the way in which the Old Testament Psalms lend themselves to Christian uses—of the way in which, when the rays of the New Testament fall upon them, they flash at once into Christian meanings; and this brings out another of the fitnesses of this particular Psalm to stand first in the series of Old Testament praises which are adopted into the Christian Church. We are just going to begin the Psalms for the day, we are going to sing the Psalms as a part of Christian devotion; and we begin with the VENITE as an example *how* the rest of the Psalter is to be used by Christian lips.

Reverting then to our foregoing analysis, we see that the VENITE is divided into three chief portions, answering to the threefold divisions of our worship:—(1.) Thanksgiving, (2.) Adoration, (3.) Hearing God's Word. Of these, the first two answer to our Psalms and Canticles—not forgetting a certain reference also to the precatory portion of the Service, which comes last—while the third portion answers to the Lessons from the Old and New Testaments. Thus the same Psalm is equally *invitatory*, both to the Praise and to the Instruction of this second portion of our Daily Office. With reference to the Scripture Lessons, its meaning is peculiarly important. For, with respect to the Word or Voice of God, it is even more than *invitatory*, it is hortatory, and even minatory, or threatening. And very much it were to be wished that people in general did regard this Psalm in its true light—as a word from God put into our mouths, with reference to the whole of the coming Service, and with a special warning as to the reading of Holy Scripture.

common Greek word for repose in the ordinary sense of *cessation from toil*—yet the moment the word rest is used of us *Christians*, and of our Christian rest in the world to come, the word is totally changed. As soon as it means 'the Rest which remaineth unto the people of God,' the word which merely means cessation from toil is discarded. And what word is taken up in its place? It is *Σαββατισμός*—a keeping Sabbath, as our Bible margin has it—the keeping not of any mere human rest, but a Divine rest, a rest after the pattern of the Creator's rest, of Whom Christ said, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' Not mere repose therefore is intended when we sing this Psalm according to its New Testament exposition in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Our Christian anticipations of our future state are bidden rise altogether above the mere repose which man craves for after labour. Our Rest will lie in being once more at one with the Supreme Will, once more in perfect harmony with God and Christ, once more able to be lost in Them, and united with Them in whatever *work* of goodness and of greatness They have for us to share in. Doubtless every redeemed soul will have to echo in its measure and in its degree that great utterance of Him Who is the eldest brother of the redeemed—'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,'—and in that divine work we shall find our divine rest.

To how many of us is the reading of the Lessons in church a mere form!—perhaps to many persons it is the very portion of Divine Service which they think it least needful to attend to!—because, forsooth, they can read their Bibles at home, or they already know everything in the chapter that is going to be read! As if there was no difference between our own private and quasi-secular reading of the Bible at home, and the sacred reading of it in God's holy House, as a part of the worship of God's Holy Church, under the very covenanted Presence of its Giver, and with all the influences of the Spirit poured out! Is there no 'hardness of heart' in the negligent way in which people listen, or neglect to listen, to the sacred Word? and is there no coldness and indifference in the way in which such persons stand up and take little heed of the spiritual sense of the Psalms and Canticles which accompany those Lessons? Truly, anyone who has given his whole heart to this *Invitatory* Psalm will be upon his guard all through the Lessons and the Psalms; he will be prepared to enter solemnly upon the Praises and the Instructions which are to follow.

But again, this Psalm has to do duty not only as *invitatory* to a Service consisting both of Praise and of Instruction; but it has also to fill this position on every day in the year but one. It follows therefore, that be the season what it may, one of rejoicing or one of sorrow, of exultation or of humiliation, be it a day of Festival or a day of Fasting—this Psalm introduces our worship through them all. It seems strange, but so it is. The Lessons vary, and are chosen of course with a special reference to the days and seasons when we read them. Sometimes—not so often as could be wished—we have 'Proper Psalms,'—that is, our Psalms are chosen to suit the occasion when we sing them:—there is the joyous Psalmody of Christmas, the deep-toned penitence of the Ash Wednesday selection, and the almost agonizing keenness of the Good Friday Passion Psalms. Varied as is the inner shrine of Christian praise and Bible Lessons, the porch by which we come to it is always one:—the same unvarying VENITE.

We are bold to say that there is perhaps scarcely another Psalm in all the Psalter which would be able to do duty in the many-sided way which is thus required of our sole and unchanging *Invitatory*. Not only does it answer both to the Lessons and the Praises, as we have shown above; but it has, *next*, the peculiarity of recognizing so clearly the double character in which the redeemed of Christ stand before Him in His House of prayer. We come into God's House as baptized Christians, as God's children, who have the right and privilege of rejoicing in the greatness of their Father, and of looking abroad upon all fair things in earth and sea and sky as so many evidences of the greatness and goodness of that God who is *their* God. But we are yet upon our probation whether we will realize this new sonship of ours—whether, *being* God's children, we will live accordingly, and grow up into the Divine manhood which ought to result from our new sonship. We

are still *in the wilderness*. We may yet harden our hearts. We may yet provoke our Father. We may yet come short of the Rest. Nay, the very title by which we call ourselves—‘sheep of His hand’—touching as it is;—this very title, by reason of its manifold Scripture associations, suggests to us the sad truth, that if we are sheep we are still but erring sheep, sheep who stray away and need to be sought out and brought back. Most touching is it to see how in *elder* times this penitential aspect of the Psalm was recognized in the outward gesture of the worshippers as they sang its sixth verse. We must tell our readers, that both in the Septuagint version of the Bible, and the early Latin translation, the word we translate *kneel* in verse 6 was rendered *weep*—[O come let us worship and fall down and *weep* ;]—and therefore it was ordered in the early Greek rites that three reverences should be made at the word, while the Benedictine service-book ordered that all should ‘fall down’ accordingly.* Those were more demonstrative days than ours; but who shall say that we enter into the meaning of the words we use better than they did? There is an undertone almost of wailing running through all the latter half of the Psalm, which only wants to be thought of as you begin it, to make the whole recitation of it most perfectly accordant with the most warning or the most penitential Service of the whole year. Only the pity is, that in *our* Prayer Book we do not strike the special key-note of a day’s Services until *after* we have got more than half way through the Service; and unless there are proper Psalms and Lessons, it never does get struck at all in the Matins, except by the Collect. Something may be done, no doubt, by a careful selection of the music; and people who really attend to the Church year will of course go into church prepared to feel the special application of each several verse of the *VENITE*. But the bulk of our people cannot be expected to do this. Anyhow, the *VENITE* itself is thoroughly in its place. No single Psalm could lend itself to so great a variety of spiritual feeling. None so fully recognizes the many different aspects under which members of Christ’s Church militant, still struggling against sin in their own hearts, have to approach their Heavenly Father. We rejoice in Him, yet we mingle our joy with saddest warnings as we contemplate the fate of those who once were as we are now—God’s favoured children. We are the sheep of His hand, yet we know that we are erring sheep, sheep in danger too of wandering yet farther from our Shepherd. We are His people, yet there is the risk of our hardening our hearts after the example of those elder people of His, who, when they were in the like wilderness to ours, came short altogether of their promised rest. Nevertheless, we are still the redeemed of Christ the Lord; He is a great God, He is our God, He

* Here it may be appropriate to quote Calvin’s own note on verse 6 of Psalm xcvi.—‘This also is to be observed, that the Psalmist not only treats of the gratitude of the heart, but also demands an outward profession of piety. For it is expressed in these words that the faithful do not perform their duty, unless they offer themselves up as a sacrifice to God openly, by kneeling and other signs.’

is a strong Rock, and our Saving Strength; and therefore it is fitting that amid all danger and in all circumstances we should still enter into His Courts with praise. It is this remarkable comprehensiveness, this exquisite flexibility, by which it recognizes, and adjusts itself to, alike our hopes and fears, our dangers and deliverances, our self-distrust, and our hope in God; while all the time it admits of the most thorough transformation from the Jewish to its Christian sense, that makes the VENITE the one Psalm of all the Psalter which could bear to be thus appropriated to such a constant use. We cannot help adding one more remark upon this last head. The VENITE introduces the *Christian* recitation of the Psalter, that Divine hymn-book of the Old Testament Church, which—by the Divine skill of its construction—is fitted also to express every spiritual movement of the Christian soul. But it is not everyone who can read at once the Christian sense conveyed in the Jewish form. The VENITE contains one of those specimen passages of the Old Testament Scriptures, which has been selected by the Holy Spirit to be interpreted authoritatively in the New Testament. The Epistle to the Hebrews gives the Christian commentary on the Jewish Psalm; it fixes the sense in which we are to sing it; and it thereby teaches us how a Christian is to read the Old Testament. No one can recite the VENITE without reminding himself that the whole Jewish history is a type of the wayfaring of the Christian soul; that all which the Jews did and suffered outwardly, we are now going through in our spiritual pilgrimage; and that consequently the whole Psalter itself, which we are going to recite, is to be spoken with a corresponding reference to our spiritual relation to God and Christ, and that the Old Testament, which we are going to read, is also full of the testimony of Jesus.

Such and so manifold are the adaptations of the VENITE to its place in our Service Book. It introduces alike our Praise, our Worship, and our reading of God's Word. It is ready to reflect the glad light of days of Festival, or to take the sombre hues of times of penitence and warning. It is also a typical specimen of the way in which the New Testament would have us understand the Psalter in particular and the Old Testament in general; and so it is a fitting introduction to the Psalms we are going to sing, and to the Old Testament Lessons which we are going to hear. Would that its Divine beauties and lessons were sung with a clearer understanding!

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

To explain what has been said above, it may here be worth while to print the VENITE with specimens of the old English Invitatories inserted in their places. The two Invitatories which we shall choose will be those for the Fourth Sunday in Advent and Palm Sunday. The

Invitatories were divided into two clauses. The whole Invitatory was said at the beginning, and also after the second, seventh, and last verses. The second clause alone is said after the fourth and ninth verses, and after the *Gloria Patri*, and then the whole was said once more.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Awaiting our Redeemer lift up your heads :

CHOIR. *For your redemption draweth nigh.*

O come, let us sing unto the Lord : let us heartily rejoice in the God of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving : and shew ourselves glad in Him with Psalms.

CHOIR. *Awaiting our Redeemer lift up your heads : for your redemption draweth nigh.*

PALM SUNDAY.

They did not know My ways :

CHOIR. *Unto whom I swear in My wrath, &c. &c.*

CHOIR. *They did not know My ways : unto whom I swear in My wrath, &c. &c.*

For the Lord is a great GOD : and a great King above all gods.

In His hand are all the corners of the earth : and the strength of the hills is His also.

CHOIR. *For your redemption draweth nigh.*

CHOIR. *Unto whom I swear in My wrath, &c. &c.*

The sea is His, and He made it : and His hands prepared the dry land.

O come, let us worship, and fall down : and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For He is the Lord our GOD : and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

PRECENTOR. *Awaiting our Redeemer lift up your heads :*

PRECENTOR. *They did not know My ways :*

CHOIR. *For your redemption draweth nigh.*

CHOIR. *Unto whom I swear in My wrath, &c. &c.*

To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts : as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness ;

When your fathers tempted Me : proved Me, and saw My works.

CHOIR. *For your redemption draweth nigh.*

CHOIR. *Unto whom I swear in My wrath, &c. &c.*

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said : It is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known My ways.

Unto whom I swear in my wrath : that they should not enter into My rest.

PRECENTOR. *Awaiting our Redeemer lift up your heads :*

PRECENTOR. *They did not know My ways :*

CHOIR. *For your redemption draweth nigh.*

CHOIR. *Unto whom I swear in My wrath, &c. &c.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without
end. Amen.

CHOIR. *For your redemption draweth
nigh.*

Awaiting our Redeemer lift up your
heads :
For your redemption draweth nigh.

CHOIR. *Unto whom I swear in My
wrath, &c. &c.*

They did not know My ways :
Unto whom I swear in My wrath, &c. &c.

Some of the other Invitatories in our old English Service Book were
very beautiful :—*e. g.*

For the Vigil of the Nativity. This day shall ye know that The
Lord will come : And early in the morning shall ye behold
His glory.

In Lent. It is no vain thing for us to rise up early in the morning,
before the day : Since the Lord hath promised a crown to
them that watch.

The Feast of All Saints. O come, let us worship God : Who is
glorious in His saints.

From Sunday after Sept. 27, to Sunday after Oct. 28. The Lord
open your heart in His law and in His precepts : And give
us peace.

It is curious to notice how suitable this last Invitatory would be to our
Sunday Lessons for the corresponding period, since they consist of the
precepts of the Old Testament in Proverbs.

A. R. A.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GATE OF PARADISE.

'La mort ne nous séparera pas. Bien loin de là j'espère on aime mieux au Ciel où
tout se divinise.'—*Eugénie de Guérin.*

EASTER EVE was passing into the early dawn of Easter Day. For many
days I had been a watcher by the sick bed of a dear child ; but on this
night anxiety had given place to hope, and he had fallen into the deep,
serene sleep that foretells returning health.

With a quiet and thankful heart I marked the hours pass, the stars
fade in the purple sky, and morning twilight steal over the distant line
of grey sea. Even so, I thought, joy eternal 'cometh in the morning ;'
even so will the last glad Easter dawn, and end the night of all earthly
watching.

At length, however, weariness overcame me, and I fell asleep.

And in my dreams I seemed to stand at the Gate of Paradise. Below me were dark clouds and a steep descent; but above me an almost unapproachable glory. Grouped about the Gate I beheld the forms of many waiting spirits, over whom floated a white banner, that bore on its pure and shining folds a golden Cross surmounted by a Crown.

An angel stood in the entrance, and as I drew near he said, 'Child of Earth, what brings thee to the Land of Light? Speak, and fear not.'

'Truly,' I answered, 'I know neither how nor why I came hither; but I am weak and weary, and if this be Paradise, I pray thee let me in, and cheer me by one sight of its eternal joy.'

The angel smiled.

'Thou art then one of the dreamers of earth,' he said, 'to whom it is at times permitted that while the body sleeps, the soul should for a few brief moments visit the Home of the Blessed. Enter, beloved.'

With these words, he beckoned to one of the fairest of those shining ones I had observed at the Gate, and gave me into her care, saying, 'Gabrielle, take charge of this poor wanderer, and show her such things as she can understand.'

Then Gabrielle took my hand, and led me within the gates.

'Thou art surely weary,' she said: 'thou shalt rest beneath the fountain of the water of life.'

So we sat together beneath stately palms that drooped over a clear stream, which, ever flowing from the fountain, took its course by many windings to the sea. And I looked around me, and tried to take in something of the beauty that everywhere met my gaze.

But even as then it far transcended what my utmost thought had conceived, so now words fail me when I would describe that home of the saints.

I can tell of a strange and heavenly light, 'like unto a stone most precious,' that lay in endless glades, and lit up the radiant forms of blessed ones, who, making the air melodious with song, moved to and fro amid groves and plants of unearthly beauty.

I can speak of the 'everlasting hills,' whose outline lay in a golden mist in the far distance, to which Gabrielle pointed as the hills of the Celestial country where the King reigns in perpetual glory. And I can tell of a sea, which, like a belt of molten silver, lies between those shores and Paradise—a sea that knows no storms, and in whose clear deeps I learned can at times be seen, as in a mirror, something of the unknown glories of that New Jerusalem for which the saints in Paradise wait in hope. But I cannot hope to paint in human words the energy of life, the surpassing gladness, the perfection and pure delight, of this land of rest.

On the margin of the stream by which we sat grew many lovely plants; and as they swayed to and fro in the breeze, I thought I could hear amongst their blossoms soft whispers as of prayer. Turning to Gabrielle, I asked if it were so, or if my fancy misled me.

'You are not mistaken,' she said: 'these are the as yet unanswered prayers of some who are still on earth. Stoop, and thou shalt hear.'

Then I bent over a fair lily, and in its pure chalice heard, as it were, a distant echo of these words:—'Lord, he hath lost the faith and love of his childhood—he hath wandered from Thee and from me: bring him home at last!' 'Alas!' I said, 'surely this is the prayer of a mother for her son!'

Again I listened, and from the crimson bell of another flower I heard—'Lord! that I might receive my sight.' And I said 'Amen;' for at that moment it seemed as though I could not bear that blind man's cross.

Once more I leant over those strange blossoms, and my ear caught these sounds, uttered with a clearer intenser cry than either of the other petitions—'O God, if indeed Thou art anywhere in space, teach me where to find Thee: teach me how to believe on Thee!'

But even as I listened, the words died away, the flower closed its petals, drooped, and then passed from my sight, leaving in its stead a radiant jewel, on which was graven some word I could not read.

Then Gabrielle's countenance shone with a new glory. 'Praised be our God,' she said, 'who hath at length heard the voice that cried unto Him out of the darkness.' She then told me that this jewel would be treasured up for the crown of the suppliant at the Day of Resurrection; and at that moment an angel passed by, who gathered it, with other gems from amongst the flowers, and bore it away in his golden casket.

Then I asked of my guide if sooner or later all these prayers would receive an answer.

'Not so,' she replied. 'The prayer of faith is not always a prayer of knowledge—though, being the token of faith and love, it is most dear to the King. Yet be not thou discouraged. The continual intercession of the saints on earth ever receiveth acceptance and answer, though it may be after long waiting. Pray therefore night and day for those thou lovest: thou wilt not pray in vain.'

Then she took me aside to where other flowers grew, whose blossoms were of such marvellous and dazzling whiteness that I could scarcely look upon them; but it seemed to me that they were marked with blood.

'Touch them not,' she said; 'but kneel and listen, if perchance thou mayest hear the voice of these.'

And I knelt upon the ground, and heard—'O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'

Awed and wondering, I looked at Gabrielle for an explanation; but she only said gently, 'For thy sake and for mine was this prayer unfulfilled.'

We wandered on until we came to a bed of strangely fantastic creepers. 'These,' said my guide, 'are the delight of the Prince when

He comes among us : they are the unanswered prayers of little children. Strangely sweet they are, and full of faith ; but often such as if granted would bring no true joy to the little ones.'

'What then becomes of their flowers?' I asked ; and she replied that the Prince loved them, and that He would often gather and place them in His bosom—for He had said there was no sound in Heaven or earth so sweet as the prayer of a little child.

Just then a dove, whose soft plumage gleamed like burnished silver, alighted on Gabrielle's shoulder. 'Sing me thy song, bright one,' she said, as she took it on her hand. And the bird leaned his head caressingly against her cheek, and sang. And underneath the melody of his singing I seemed to hear the glad burden of the song of some rejoicing soul : 'Weeping may endure for a night ; but joy cometh in the morning.'

'And now thou seest,' continued Gabrielle, 'that every living thing, every leaf and blossom, in Paradise, hath a voice of praise or prayer ; and so strangely yet truly are we linked to the saints on earth, that the very sounds of their supplication or of their joy finds here an echo.'

We now perceived four lovely maidens approaching us, who from their resemblance to one another I took to be sisters. They were evidently full of some new cause for gladness, and as they drew near we heard their joyous voices. 'Gabrielle, beloved, be glad with us,' said one of them. 'She is coming at last.' 'Even now is the Angel on his way to fetch her, and we go to the Gate to receive her.' 'Think you she will know us again ?'

'Ay, truly, sweet one,' said Gabrielle. 'Surely through earth or Heaven a mother will know her own !'

They passed on quickly to the Gate, and I saw them no more ; but my heart rejoiced as I thought of the meeting again of those long-parted ones.

'Thou art then a mother?' I asked of my fair companion, whose earnest reply had struck me.

'My husband and my child are still upon earth,' she answered. 'When the Master called me hither, I seemed to have much to leave ; and yet, I know not how it was, but when I heard His Voice my soul rose up hastily, like blessed Mary, and went out gladly to meet Him. And now,' she continued, 'I find it was to add the love and joy of Paradise to the love and gladness of earth. We are still one, though parted ; and the time is short.'

'And hast thou seen them since that sad hour of parting?' I asked.

'Ay,' she replied ; 'twice hath the Prince sent me to earth. Once it was to save my little one from a horrible death. I found her playing on the brink of a hidden well ; and I took her back to those who, in sorrow and fear, were vainly seeking her.'

‘Did they see thee?’ I asked.

‘The child saw me; and when she spoke of it, they went forth to seek me, and knew not that I stood beside them. So I returned again to await them here. And once again I visited earth. When in his loneliness my husband’s prayer came up, saying that since the Lord had set the cross of suffering on his path, henceforth life should be to him one continued service, and offering himself as one who would carry the Name of Christ into perilous and heathen lands; then, on the night on which he sailed, as he lay asleep in the ship, the Master sent me to him to bid him be of good cheer. I know not if in his dreams he saw me; but when I spoke he smiled, and I heard him murmur “Gabrielle,” and then—“Christ.”’

‘And is this long ago?’ I asked.

‘Nay, I cannot tell,’ she said, smiling; ‘for the time is ever short in Paradise.’

And now a very wondrous though distant burst of melody filled the air, unlike any sound that I had yet heard; but so joyous, so pervading, so perfect, was the harmony, that I earnestly asked from whence it came.

‘It is indeed a blessed sound,’ said Gabrielle. ‘It is borne on heavenly gales from the celestial country: in a moment it will be taken up, and echoed back by every dweller in Paradise, for to us also it is a sound of joy. It is the song of the angels in the Presence of God over some sinner that repenteth.’

‘Ah!’ I thought, ‘if it might but be the son for whom that mother prayed, whose prayer breathed in the lily!’

Divining my wish, Gabrielle turned, and we retraced our steps to the margin of the stream; and there, where the fair lily had been, lay a glorious opal, casting back from its polished surface the many-tinted lights of Paradise. Then we knew that the mother’s prayer was heard.

And now I asked my guide to speak to me concerning the Prince.

‘Does He come often among you?’ I asked.

‘So often,’ she replied, ‘that we seem to be ever in His Presence. Even now look toward the sea, for I think I behold His beloved Form crossing from the other side. Let us go forth to meet Him.’

It was even so. The air rang with songs of welcome, and glittered with countless radiant spirits, who formed in shining ranks to receive their Lord, as, walking royally on the unruffled surface of the waters, He passed over from the celestial shore.

Then, as He approached, I trembled exceedingly, and fell to the ground, that I might not look upon the Divine Majesty of His Presence.

When I raised my eyes He was gone; but an angel stood beside us, and was speaking to my companion in these words—

‘Gabrielle, beloved, rejoice! for I am sent to thee on a glad errand. This night must thy husband finish his course on earth. “Go thou,”

saith the Master, "stand by him in the last conflict, and bring him hither to eternal joy."

On this Gabrielle bowed her head and worshipped. 'So soon,' I heard her murmur—"so soon! So brief a parting—so eternal a reunion!"

'True,' replied the angel; 'yet can I bear witness that to him the time has seemed long. Twenty of earth's years has he laboured in the wilderness since thou wert taken from him—ay,' he added fervently, 'laboured and hath not fainted.'

At these words Gabrielle raised her eyes, and, by the look of glad surprise that filled them, I saw that to her it had seemed but as a summer's day since she too had been a worker on earth.

'Let me go!' she said eagerly; 'but would that I might also look on the face of my child!'

'Do even as thou wilt,' replied the angel; 'and the merciful guiding of the Most High be with thee!'

With these words he passed on; and Gabrielle, in the glow of her beauty and her joy, sprang toward the Gate.

But I cried after her, 'O Gabrielle! take me back to earth, for I am weak, and the glory of Paradise lies like a weight upon my spirit!'

With a compassionate smile she once more took my hand, and we passed out together. And soon the light of that golden land glimmered like a distant star behind us, and we no longer heard the songs of the dwellers there.

When we reached earth, I saw that we stood beneath the shadow of an old church. It was night; but I could see how peaceful a resting-place it was for the dead. Round many of the graves flowering plants were blossoming; and an avenue of limes veiled them tenderly with a net-work of soft shadows. We stood by a cross of marble, that gleamed like snow in the moonlight. It bore the simple inscription:—

Gabrielle,

Easter Even,

1843.

And underneath, in gold letters, 'The former things are passed away.'

We passed quickly out of the churchyard, on to a sweep of soft turf shaded by stately trees, from under which groups of startled deer gazed wonderingly at us out of mild and liquid eyes, and reached a many-gabled mansion, that seemed to lie in solemn state in the moonlight.

Another moment, and we were in a darkly-wainscoted room, where a light burned on a marble bracket beneath the picture of a child.

In the crimson shadow of velvet curtains, supported by richly-carved angels, slept Gabrielle's father and mother. In their calm faces I seemed to read a tale of sorrow, of strife, and then of victory—something of what

the years had brought to them since the day when they laid their only child to her early rest beneath the white cross.

Truly I longed that they might awake, if but for one moment, to behold their darling as she bent over them—the deep pure love of Heaven shining in that steadfast gaze. But they lay in so majestic a repose, that I could almost fancy them the marble effigies on some ancient tomb.

And now Gabrielle led the way to an inner room, where a fair girl lay asleep. So very fair was she, so like to the bright spirit at her side, as she lay with her golden hair about her pillow—"like a saint's glory up in Heaven"—that I needed not to ask if this were Gabrielle's child.

It was evident that she had fallen asleep with happy thoughts, for a smile was on her lip, and in her hand she held a letter, with which even in her slumbers she seemed unable to part. Her finger lay on these words:—"Beloved child, this is no place for thee; yet if they need thee not, and thou hast so resolved, I dare not keep thee from thy crown. The harvest truly is great, and the labourers are few. Come!"

'Nay, my treasure,' said Gabrielle, reading the words as she bent fondly over her child. 'The Lord hath need of thee here, not in heathen lands; and the Lord hath need of thy father, but not upon earth. Farewell! In comforting others shalt thou be comforted; in strengthening others shalt thou find strength; in loving shalt thou be loved. Fare thee well!'

In another moment we were again in the cool night air, passing swiftly southwards. At times I heard far below us the murmur of the sea, or saw the glittering lights of strange cities, or caught the sound of some heathen revel, or the howl of some unsatisfied beast of prey.

At length we came to the borders of a dense forest. A humble spire rose from a group of neatly-built huts and cultivated gardens, which contrasted strangely with the wildness around; and I saw that it was a Christian village in the midst of a heathen land.

'This way,' said Gabrielle suddenly. 'Surely I heard him call me!' And she led me into a low hut.

On a rude shelf in the wall a lamp was burning with a dull flare; and the light fell on the dusky faces and white dress of two native servants. One sat on the ground, rocking himself to and fro in a despair that was sorrowful to behold; while the other strove vainly to staunch a terrible spear-wound in his master's side, from which the life-blood was slowly oozing.

On a rough pallet beneath the lamp lay Anselm, Gabrielle's husband. His eyes were closed, and he appeared unconscious. Then Gabrielle knelt beside him, and I saw her throw her arms about him, and call him by every tender name; but he only groaned heavily.

And now, for the first time, I saw standing on the other side an angel, whose presence made me tremble, so terrible a light was in his eye, so

hard and unsparing the curve of lip and brow. With a low voice, that yet seemed to ring through the hut and arouse the dying man, he spoke : 'To what end hast thou laboured these twenty years? Hath God indeed acknowledged thy work? Hath He not crossed thy life with anguish, read thy prayers backward, forsaken thee, and left thee to die like a dog by the hand of a miserable heathen? Curse Him, for thou canst but die!'

Then the dying priest groaned again; and I thought I heard him murmur, 'Forsake me not when my strength faileth.'

In vain Gabrielle tried to interpose between her beloved and the angel of darkness. The soft tones of her spirit voice seemed to awake no response in the ear of the dying man; and the evil one, with a mocking laugh, continued his derisive words. Then I saw the shadow of a human agony pass into her glorious eyes: yet only for a moment, for, looking up to Heaven, I heard her breathe the words, 'My Saviour! I am but a weak spirit, but Thou art God!' And in an instant a soft light filled the room, and He on Whom she called stood by His fainting servant. I saw Him lay a Hand, marked even then with the print of the nail, on Anselm's brow, where the damps of death were fast gathering; and I saw that the dying man had returned to consciousness, for he murmured, 'Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ;' and then the light faded, and I saw the Divine Master no more.

But I knew that the end was come; for Gabrielle stood beside her husband, and he knew her, and was stretching out his arms towards her, and the joy of Paradise was in both their faces.

And now the wretched lamp flickered for the last time, and went out. In the darkness I heard a long-drawn sigh; and when I looked again, the moonlight was streaming in at the open door on the white features of the dead.

For a moment Anselm and Gabrielle stood together by the pale corpse, and then, for the first time, I marked how strangely alike they were. In the solemn hush of that moment, the newly-disembodied soul seemed to pause, as one on the threshold of a mighty destiny.

Faith, that was even then almost sight—strength blended with profoundest humility—by the visible expression of these in the one I recognized Anselm; while by the matchless tenderness, the radiant joy that illuminated the other—joy as of one in full and conscious possession of supreme and perpetual bliss—I could not fail to distinguish Gabrielle. Was it by diverse methods perfection had been wrought in each?—that what joy had accomplished in one had been effected by stern griefs in the other?—or that both spirits had been cast in one mould by the Great Master of Life?

I know not: but while I thought on these mysteries of life and death, a wail of sorrow rose from the faithful servants—Gabrielle and Anselm passed out into the night; and the last I heard of them

was the exulting voice of Gabrielle beneath the stars, singing, 'Home! Home!'

And I?—I awoke from my dream to find a small wasted hand placed in mine, and a weak voice singing, in low tones of quiet content, the last verse of the hymn with which we had lately beguiled the weary night:—

'O Paradise! O Paradise!
I know 'twill not be long!
Patience—I almost think I hear
Faint fragment of thy song.
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight!'

It may be that the child's voice had blended with my dreams; that his hand, not Gabrielle's, had led me through strange paths, and that the glorious Easter sunshine that filled the room had suggested the light of Paradise.

It may be so: but still it seems to me that when this life is over, and my weary soul, borne by some blessed angel, is carried within the golden gates, I may yet see Gabrielle and Anselm standing together beneath the drooping palms.

MARLBOROUGH'S LIFE AND TIMES.

CHAPTER VI.

'MALPLAQUËT.'

VIEWING the first campaign on the Meuse as merely prefatory, Blenheim, Ramilies, and Oudenarde, stand out respectively at the conclusion of each second campaign, and form conspicuous epochs in the course of the War of Succession. But now the eighth campaign, which occurred in 1709, presents to our attention one other battle, the fiercest, the bloodiest, and the most tremendous, of the whole war. Whilst greater success attended the three former, this latter was by far the sharpest passage of arms which ever occurred between the combatants, resulting from the fact that whilst the soldiers of each army were equally courageous, they were led on by all the best generals of the age, who were present with their respective corps on the field of Malplaquet.

When Marlborough returned to England, on March the 1st, 1709, he found himself in no enviable position. Though he met with an outward manifestation of gratitude on the part of Parliament and the Sovereign, and though his services had been hitherto generally appreciated by the people, yet the habit of victory had shorn it somewhat of its pristine glory,

now reflecting as usual an equal flood of sunshine and glow around the Duke's brow. Moreover, whilst Mrs. Masham and Harley were completely alienating the Queen's affections from himself and the Duchess, the Whigs were more exacting in their demands than ever. Somers was in the Cabinet; Wharton, another of their number, was now appointed to the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland; and so rapacious were they of office, even the Duchess herself, who had hitherto been their staunch ally and supporter, was so disgusted at their rapacity, that she expressed to her husband, before his return home, her detestation of all parties. In consequence of these exactions of the Whigs, to whose ranks the Queen conferred Marlborough and the Treasurer to belong, and the influence of Harley and Mrs. Masham, contributed in equal degrees to widen the already existing breach between Anne and her former favourites. The Duke was only in England five weeks, but during that time he discovered at first hand the cost and difficulty of his position. In the midst of such unfavourable circumstances, he again returned, on April the 5th, to the Hague, to obtain, if possible, a sufficient basis for peace; or, in case that were impossible, to prosecute the war with vigour.

The results of the last campaign had been so favourable to the Allies, and so dispiriting to the French, that Louis was more than ever inclined to come to terms. He made, therefore, the largest offers consistent with his self-respect, or national honour, which any monarch could possibly make; and though there has existed some doubt as to the sincerity of his proposals, yet it seems probable that, if only the demands of the Allies had been commensurate with their general success and the position which Louis still was enabled to occupy, peace, honourable and glorious to the Allies, would have been the result. The whole Spanish Monarchy was demanded by the allied Governments, and to this the Grand Monarch was apparently willing to accede; but when this demand was backed by another as unreasonable as impolitic, that the evacuation of Spain should take place within two months from a given period, and that Louis himself was to assist in his grandson's ejection in case of his offering any resistance, on the very eve of complete success the treaty fell to the ground, much to the chagrin of Marlborough, who clearly, from the voluminous correspondence of that period, desired to bring the war to a successful conclusion.

The Duke has been charged by his enemies as having been influenced by one absorbing motive in all his conduct regarding the war, (*viz.*) love of money; and that in order to replenish his coffers, he unscrupulously endeavoured to prolong it to the uttermost.

However truly the charge of avarice may be brought against him and the Duchess, nothing can be clearer than that he overcame such an evil propensity regarding the prosecution of the war at this particular period; for first, on the one hand, when M. De Torey, the French ambassador, offered him £80,000 if only he would undertake that the Indies should be bestowed upon Philip after the evacuation of Spain,

Marlborough turned a deaf ear to the tempter, and never swerved one iota from the path of rectitude: and when, again, on the other hand, his own Government, in their blind ignorance and presumption, insisted on the evacuation of the Spanish Monarchy within two months, (a most unreasonable demand,) Marlborough, aware of the folly of such a condition, and the danger of total failure in case it were pressed, earnestly opposed it. His sincerity in desiring to terminate the war, and his conduct in rejecting a bribe of £80,000, clear his character of the charge of uncontrollable avarice, and a desire to prolong the war in order to enrich his own family.

The golden opportunity had been lost. The guilt of failure rested with the Whig Government, who were not as easily influenced by Godolphin and Marlborough as in former years. Thus the Whigs silently played into the hands of the Tories, who were bent upon concluding peace on any terms with the French King, and the war was again undertaken by the belligerents with all the energy possible.

Louis was crippled, his forces were retreating to their native land, the majesty of France was imperiled, the epoch was pregnant with disaster and misfortune; but, whatever his faults, whatever his iniquities, like a giant the Monarch of France rose up with renewed energy, and never was the demand for support and assistance so responded to before, as now, when appealing to his gallant subjects they flocked in multitudes to his royal standard.

His army was placed under Villars, amounting to 110,000 men; and nearly every general and captain of renown from every province of France hastened to serve in an army—required not for invasion of other nations, not to trample on the liberty of other people, but to save their kingdom from her foe—needed for the independence of La Bella France.

In the neighbourhood of Brussels the allied armies were collected, and advancing southwards, threatened an attack upon the French forces. These were for the most part collected behind well-constructed lines, fortified and deemed impregnable by the French general, and stretching from Bethune on their left to Douay on their right, and apparently obstructing the very way by which the Allies would naturally penetrate France.

Whilst every eye was intent upon the progress of the allied generals and the course they intended to adopt, Marlborough and Eugene, instead of attacking Villars, unexpectedly laid siege to Tournay, early in July; and whilst the former attended to the prosecution of the siege, the latter assumed the command of the army of observation on the south side of the town. After a severe struggle the city fell into the hands of the Allies, towards the end of July; and the French general, Surville, having surrendered the town, dined with Prince Eugene outside the walls in the pleasantest way possible; notwithstanding, the very next day re-entering

the citadel, he resisted every effort brought to bear against it with the most persevering and untiring courage. The minings and counter minings which took place during this memorable siege, were of a most remarkable and exciting character. Many a time the troops on either side would suddenly, deep down in the bowels of the earth, meet their foe unexpectedly face to face, when sanguinary conflicts ensued, not very pleasantly accompanied by sudden awful explosions, which literally blew up whole battalions into the air, and reduced the buildings above to a heap of confused ruins. Finally, however, the citadel yielded as well: this occurred early in September.

The next city which the generals determined to besiege was Mons; and though of little importance in itself, it will ever be memorable as leading the way to the famous Battle of Malplaquet.

The Prince of Hesse advancing in the direction of the French, not only intervened between Mons and the hostile army, but turned the right of their strongly-fortified position, rendering all their defensive efforts of no avail, and enabling the allied generals not only to invest Mons, but likewise to advance in a southerly direction towards their enemy.

Villars had been stationed at Douay during the siege of Tournay, but now determined, at all hazards, to save Mons, even at the risk of a general engagement. He moved his army from the vicinity of Douay in the direction of the threatened city; whilst the Allies drew their forces together, both to protect the siege, and to meet the enemy in the field.

Villars gradually approached the neighbourhood of a village, which gives the name to the greatest battle of the war—the village of Malplaquet.

Malplaquet lies to the east of the field on which that sanguinary conflict occurred, and nearly due south of Mons. Advancing northwards towards Mons, Villars discovered that his only practicable route lay through two openings, which pierced the forests of Transiere and Laniers; the former on his left, and the latter on his right.

Perceiving the approach of the Allies, the French general determined to marshal his troops on the plain of Malplaquet, which lay in front of these two openings, across which he threw up entrenchments and built redoubts.

When, therefore, the Allies approached, they discovered the enemy in possession of a ground most advantageous for defence, drawn up opposite the openings, through which the French had determined to march upon Mons.

Boufflers, the aged and gallant Marshal of France, had inspired the troops with a thrill of enthusiasm, having chivalrously offered to serve under Villars, his junior, as a volunteer. Villars himself was ever called 'the invincible,' and considered by far the most expert captain of France; an 100,000 men were under his command, the best disciplined troops in the world, and moreover composed entirely of one nation, with

the exception of a few Bavarians and Jacobite Irish. The Chevalier de St. George, who had been present at Oudenarde, was again with the French army; and it is remarkable that there were no less than twelve officers present, who either were, or became, Marshals of France.

Thus had the confederate leaders advanced on a foe which for numbers and quality were well worthy of their prowess—a foe under one of the best generals of the age, assisted by the experience of Boufflers, and a position considered by competent judges perfectly impregnable. The confederates, having waited for their supports from Tournay, determined on the 11th of September to assail the enemy's position. Whilst Villars appointed Boufflers to command the right, he himself directed the movements of the left of his army. Marlborough commanded the centre and left, opposite Boufflers; Eugene, opposite Villars, on the allied right. At three o'clock, in darkness, prayer had been offered up at the head of every regiment for the Divine favour and help in a battle which seemed then, and really became, one of the fiercest on record. Early in the morning of the 11th, a heavy mist enveloped both armies, which clearing away by half-past seven in the morning, the battle began in real earnest. Under Eugene, on the right, Schulenburg commanded forty battalions, and vigorously attacked the north side of the wood Tasniere, the north-eastern angle of which was strongly defended by advanced battalions and lines of circumvallation. From the western side of the wood, with three battalions, Gauvain was stealthily creeping, penetrating gradually its hidden recesses, and approaching silently the common foe. Along its southern side likewise, and threatening the French left flank, Withers, with the troops from Tournay, was ordered to march and to attack the enemy at the village of La Folie. Upon this flank attack depended the fate of the battle. Schulenburg's battalions vigorously attacked the French works, calmly advancing within pistol range without firing a shot, and then rushing with headlong courage against the hostile breastwork. The fire of the enemy, however, was too severe, and the soldiers were forced back two hundred paces under its withering effect. Lottum, next in order of battle, who had advanced at the same time against the French centre, and along the eastern side of the wood of Tasniere, suddenly faced round to the right, and, under the personal superintendence of Marlborough, charged with his men up to the fortified entrenchments of the French. However, they also were driven back by the overwhelming fire which met them at the palisades. Again Lottum charged, whilst the Duke, heading Auvergne's brigade of cavalry, three thousand strong, supported the movement, and broke through the French lines. Villars at this instant spying the Duke with his staff directing the onward movement, cautiously withdrew his troops from the meditated attack. Lord Orkney, with twelve battalions, in the meantime pressed on to the centre of the French line with equal ardour and determination.

On the left of the allied line Marshal Tully commanded the Dutch,

and under him the fiery Prince of Orange, supported by the Prince of Hesse with a considerable reserve. The Prince of Orange had under his command not only the Dutch contingent, but the gallant regiment of Athol Highlanders under Tullibardine, forming the extreme left of the whole allied line.

The Prince had received orders to halt at a given position for a certain definite period, whilst Lottum dashed on further through a storm of bullets, and took up his position close to the French line. And now happened one of the most critical events in the course of the day's battle. The Prince of Orange, whose courage and fire were conspicuous, would brook no further delay; eager to participate in the fight, he urged on the battalions of Dutch, Hanoverians, and Highlanders, under his command, who bursting like a thunder-clap on the enemy's entrenchments, were brought under a murderous fire: they writhed and recoiled back upon themselves, whilst the Prince, who led them, had two horses shot under him. The Highlanders for an instant gained the summit of the breastwork, but were precipitated from their proud position by the overwhelming force of the enemy. Again and again the Prince dashed forward, urging and exhorting his troops to follow; and finally reaching the outworks of the French line, he firmly planted 'the colours on the fortified bank,' and shouting out, 'Follow me, my friends, here is your post!' he tried to maintain his position. In vain: back, back under that blasting musketry his columns recoiled a second time. Boufflers himself urged on the counter attack, and two thousand Dutch, Hanoverians, and Scotch, lay dead on that bloody field. Tullibardine, the noble, the brave, was killed. Oxenstine and Saar, illustrious captains of the Dutch, had fallen. The advance was physically impossible.

Marlborough and Eugene both hastened to their left at this critical juncture, and urged upon the Prince of Orange the necessity of remaining in his present position, until the attack upon the French left had succeeded. As quickly, however, were they recalled to the right of their position by a British officer, arriving with fiery speed, and imploring their immediate presence. The confederates were recoiling now on their right as well, under the attack of Villars in person. But the appearance of Marlborough and Eugene reassured the troops, and they turned again upon the French. The fact was, during the absence of Eugene and the Duke with the Prince of Orange, Villars had hastily drawn his troops from his centre to defend his left wing from the sudden attack made upon its flank by Withers, at La Folie; and had hereby in his turn vigorously attacked and crushed in the battalions of the right wing of the Allies.

On his way back to the centre of his own force Marlborough consequently had ordered Orkney to push on against the enemy's centre, now weakened by the troops withdrawn by Villars, whilst Eugene hastened to invigorate by his presence his faltering division.

Eugene and Villars led on their respective columns; the first already wounded, but refusing to retire, and Villars having already had his horse shot under him, but determined to persevere. Struck on the knee by a ball, the French general fainted from the pain, and was carried off the field in a state of insensibility. This was the signal for the French left to retreat. Boufflers, who now commanded alone, did all he could.

Auvergne's cavalry had attacked the hostile centre, had broken through their lines, and were now re-forming their disordered ranks on the French side of the central breast-work. Orkney's infantry were bringing forward an irresistible artillery to bear left and right upon the faltering enemy, and began sweeping them from the field. The torrent which had poured from the French left had been stemmed by Eugene, and kept in check. The centre of the enemy was fairly and effectually broken, whilst the Prince of Orange was panting to rush again upon the deadly ramparts of the hostile right, when Boufflers, perceiving the danger hanging over his centre, collected his cavalry from all sides, and galloping with irresistible fury, swept the allied squadrons of Auvergne clean from the plain, and back amongst Orkney's infantry. But again, assisted by the steady biting fire of the latter, the allied cavalry rallied and charged, under Marlborough himself, with almost fatal effect.

Boufflers, by this time drawing from his right a large force of musketeers, and squadrons of horse, again a second time advanced with vigour upon Marlborough, when Eugene at the instant approaching with more cavalry to Marlborough's assistance, turned the tide of that terrible charge, and the dragoons of France were finally broken, and fled.

The Prince of Orange now surmounted every obstacle; his enemy in front had in their turn been withdrawn in large numbers to assist their centre, and he was thus enabled to pour more effectually his columns over the hostile entrenchments. Along the whole line the enemy were dispersed, and finally retreated, though in so orderly a manner that pursuit was quite out of the case.

Thus ended the Battle of Malplaquet; and the Allies, though conquerors, lost more men by their victory than the French by their defeat. This was the last great battle of the war.

Many thousands of both armies had been slain or wounded, and presented a ghastly spectacle to the beholder. Marlborough showed the utmost solicitude for the welfare of the wounded, endeavouring to mitigate their sufferings in every way he was able. A day was set apart for Thanksgivings to the Almighty for the victory achieved; and the siege of Mons immediately followed. Berwick, who had now joined Boufflers, never dared to interfere, and the town fell into the hands of the Allies.

Thus ended the campaign rendered famous by a very sanguinary battle, but not so effective as that of the preceding year.

Marlborough returned to the Hague previous to his embarkation for England.

The political campaign in England between the Tories and the Whigs

continued to rage as usual. Orford, another of their number, was at this time forced, much against the Queen's inclination, into the Admiralty. But though the Whigs were as domineering as ever, the time of vengeance was near at hand; their overthrow was looming in the distance; their political horizon was becoming clouded.

The Duchess and the Queen were likewise for ever sparring—now about Mrs. Masham, now about the Duchess's apartments at St. James's; whilst Harley, making the most of the annoyances practised on the Queen by her enemies and quondam friends, was by no means idle—gradually, through Mrs. Masham's influence, gaining the ascendancy over Anne, which was to result in the ruin of Marlborough, the advancement of himself to power, and a total change of Ministry in the following year, points which the political bias of the Queen led her ardently to desire.

Marlborough, unfortunately, at this time began to show symptoms of ambition influencing his conduct, as well as annoyance regarding trifles, certainly not so fully developed in his early life. The refusal by the Queen of the post of Captain-General for life, an unprecedented request on his part, incurred his indignation, and paved the way for future bickerings and conflicts.

In November, arriving in London, he received, as usual, the addresses of the Houses of Parliament; but the Queen, whose feelings had been outraged on every occasion, determined to show her independence and authority. There was soon a bone of contention between the antagonistic parties; a regiment falling vacant, Her Majesty determined to bestow it upon Mrs. Masham's brother, Colonel Hill, without consulting the Duke; this he highly resented, and withdrawing to Windsor Lodge, the gift of his Sovereign in happier days, he formed the resolution of retiring from the public service, unless Mrs. Masham were removed, and Colonel Hill refused the regiment. The Whig junta backed up Marlborough's pretensions; and Somers, the best of their number, tried to persuade the Queen to yield. A compromise was effected; for whilst the Queen acquiesced in the matter of the regiment, the Duke, at the suggestion of his friends, retained his office of Captain-General. It is wonderful how frequently he was on the point of resignation, but before taking the fatal step thought better of it! This compromise only led to further bickerings between himself and his Whig associates, and weakened their bond of union, and consequently the Government of Godolphin.

In March, the Duke again proceeded to the scene of the war, glad, no doubt, to escape the miserable cabals tending to his ruin in his own country. Associated with Prince Eugene, the Duke found himself at the head of a very considerable army.

The campaign of 1710 consisted entirely of sieges and captures; masterly movements occurred, whereby Villars' desire to relieve the besieged cities was thwarted, and a nearer approach to the heart of France on the part of the Allies effected.

Douay, a very important frontier town, was besieged, and after several weeks, finally surrendered on June the 26th. Bethune next fell before the Allies in August. Venant and Aire were invested about the same time; the first was quickly reduced, the second held out until November.

The campaign of 1710 was successful as far as it went; it yet by no means contributed to the lustre of the allied arms, which had been so signally acquired in the two last campaigns.

During the whole summer, circumstances of very grave moment were being transacted in England. The General's mind was by far more harassed by the private quarrels of his wife, and the political ruin of his friends, than by any danger incurred in the conduct of the war. In April the misunderstanding between the Duchess and the Queen came to a crisis; charges of peculation had unjustly been made against the former, in consequence of which she desired to vindicate herself to the Queen, and sought an early opportunity for so doing.

Hearing that the Queen was dining at Kensington, she followed her there, and through the instrumentality of a page obtained an interview, and a disgraceful scene ensued.

The Queen, when she saw her former friend, tartly remarked, 'I was just going to write to you; whatever you have to say, you may put it in writing.'

The Duchess, nothing daunted, remarked, 'There are those about your Majesty who have charged me with saying things of which I am no more capable than I am of killing my own children, for I seldom mention your Majesty in company, and then always with due respect.'

To which Anne sarcastically replied, 'There *are* many lies told!' But when pressed to mention the charges, the Queen only responded, 'I will give you no answer; you desired no answer, and you shall have none;' declaring at the same time she would quit the room. The Duchess hereupon burst into tears; and the Queen waited a few minutes, but reiterated she would give her no answer.

'You know, Madam,' urged the Duchess, 'how much I despised my own interest in comparison with your service;' but no good resulting, she passionately continued, 'I am confident you will suffer in this world or the next for so much inhumanity.'

'That is my business,' answered Her Majesty, and straightway left the room.

Anne was greatly to blame in acting thus harshly, but she had met with sad provocation! Owing to the want of a due understanding between the Whigs themselves, and a want of co-operation between the leading members of that party and Godolphin, the whole Government laid themselves open to the insidious attacks of their enemy—Harley. One blow after another fell upon the unsettled and now startled Cabinet, and quickly resulted in its total overthrow.

Somerset and Shrewsbury were gradually gained over from the Whig

alliance by the skilful management of Harley; and Shrewsbury, being appointed Lord Chamberlain in the place of the Marquis of Kent, insidiously paved the way for Harley's political triumph. Ere long, Sunderland, against whom the Queen justly entertained the greatest dislike, was the first sufferer, and, notwithstanding all the resistance of Godolphin, was ejected summarily from the Cabinet in July.

In August, Godolphin himself was dismissed; and this was only a prelude to the total overthrow of the Government and a dissolution of Parliament.

It was now that Harley obtained his revenge, and triumphed over his former patrons. Appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, he became Prime Minister of England, the office of High Treasurer being placed in commission. Though at first he endeavoured to gain over Marlborough to his side, in which he signally failed, he soon commenced a system of persecution against his former friend, which resulted before long in the overthrow of the Duke.

From this time Harley regulated the affairs of the nation; and the policy of England was entirely altered regarding the conduct of the war, as abundantly evidenced by the exclamation of Louis himself, '*What we lose in Flanders we shall gain in England.*'

The present Government did all they could to bring the war to an end, even on terms quite incompatible with the objects for which it had been undertaken, and in a manner utterly inconsistent with the actual state of the belligerents.

In November Marlborough returned to England, and found matters in a wretched condition—his wife on the eve of dismissal, and the Queen coldness itself in her demeanour towards him.

The year 1711 opens upon our gaze full of trouble. Doubt and difficulty surrounded the Duke's position, and it does not reveal him in as favourable a light as we might have expected. No doubt, on the one hand the Queen, who seems to have been dreadfully prejudiced at this period against him and his wife, treated him with marked coldness and neglect; no doubt, Harley (now Lord Oxford) and St. John, creatures of his own making, were impertinent towards their former master, and did their very best to snub him; no doubt his trials were great, for his Duchess, to crown all, was expelled from all her offices: but though all this is true—and we are astonished at the facts, for they prove how ungrateful and fickle the world is—yet Marlborough sinks in our estimation into a contemptible position when we find *him*—the greatest captain of the age!—imploping, beseeching, throwing himself on his knees before the Queen, and praying that the Duchess might retain her offices in the Queen's service. And even this was of no avail, for she was ejected with contumely from every employment by the angry Queen; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the Duke *did not* resign!

During the campaign of 1711, the last in which Marlborough served,

he was opposed again to Villars for the third time, and Bouchain, a place of great importance, was captured. This was all that occurred. During the course of it he appears to have communicated freely with Harley, now at the head of affairs, but yet was never entrusted with any diplomatic mission, being merely retained in the public service as commander of the forces.

Before his return in November, 1711, he had been virulently assailed by his enemies in Parliament, and accused of receiving large sums of money privately from the contractors for the army, which, it was stated, he had employed on his own private purposes; and though without a doubt he had distinctly cleared himself of the charge, yet a commission was appointed, which most shamefully, for party purposes, declared that it was their opinion that the Duke had misappropriated £282,366. The result was, he was dismissed the public service on the last day of the year 1711, an act as disgraceful to the Government and the country as ever recorded in the page of history, the effect of spleen and anger on the part of Harley, the Queen, and above all, her waiting-maid—Mrs. Masham! Condemned by a majority of the House of Commons, worked upon by an unprincipled Government, the ruin of Marlborough was effected.

The Queen seemed glad to free herself of the last remnant of that once powerful Government, which under Godolphin and Marlborough had carried on the great War of Succession. Thus do we behold the want of wisdom and sympathy shown by the Duke towards the Queen, when in the zenith of his power, recoiling on his own head at this time; and Anne forsaking the friend and guide of her counsels, one whom formerly she had loved, respected, and honoured, as the promoter and safeguard of her dynasty.

Lord Oxford and St. John were now unfettered in the course they pursued. Gradually, during 1712, they paved the way for the Peace of Utrecht, at which place the conferences for peace were carried on by the French and English envoys, quite independently of our allies, whose interests were forgotten in the desire for peace, which Harley and the strong Tory party determined to obtain at all hazards.

Eugene was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces, with the exception of our own, now placed under the Duke of Ormond, who received private instructions not to engage in any conflict of importance.

The siege of Quesnoy was undertaken; and though the allied forces were numerically stronger than the French, yet it was impossible for Eugene to act on the offensive, owing to the shameful orders under which Ormond was forced to serve. At last, on the day Quesnoy fell, the British troops were ordered to leave the allied army; and, to the indignation and fury of the soldiers, they marched towards Ghent, tearing their hair with anger and vexation, shedding tears of burning shame at having at the moment of triumph to forsake, at the orders

of a cowardly Government, the laurels of further victory, of which hitherto they had always been certain under their beloved Marlborough!

Immediately upon the departure of the British army, Eugene was defeated, and Villars re-took Bouchain, the *last* of Marlborough's triumphs.

On November the 28th, 1712, the Duke of Marlborough quitted England for the Continent, as a voluntary exile, where he remained until August 1st, 1714, the very day of the Queen's death, using his influence on the behalf of the House of Hanover and the Protestant Succession, welcomed by foreigners with rapturous delight—a contrast indeed to the ungrateful conduct of his still beloved country.

The year 1713 is remarkable for the Peace of Utrecht; the professed objects of the war had been to prevent Louis placing his grandson Philip on the throne of Spain, and thus in reality to curb the exorbitant power of Louis. But this grand item in the business was positively omitted in the summing up. Queen Anne's authority and the Protestant Succession were acknowledged by the great Monarch, and the Dutch boundaries were to a certain extent rectified and enlarged.

But never has there occurred in the history of England a greater divergence between the triumphant results of so glorious a war, and the objects attained thereby. Indirectly Louis' power was shaken to its centre, and thus great good resulted to Europe; but yet, to all appearance, though humbled and defeated on the battle-fields of the Netherlands, though his proudest generals one after the other staggered and reeled before Marlborough's advancing ranks, though victory crowned with its laurels the head of England's hero, yet the great objects of the War of Succession were apparently defeated by the conquered. And crushed though he was, Louis seemed to rise out of his ruins, and obtain by diplomacy that which victory and success alone could have duly expected.

And now let us wind up the subject before us. Marlborough has fallen; but his genius, his skill, his prudence, his courage, and benevolence of heart, will ever shine forth illustriously in the page of history, and dim, by their very contact with others, the actions of nearly all the generals we ever possessed.

The Queen died on the 1st of August; on that very day Marlborough was hastening to the shores of his beloved England, and he landed in the midst of great excitement.

Suffice it to say in conclusion, George of Hanover became King; Marlborough, though never again the influential and powerful controller of nations, yet was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and enjoyed this distinction for the remainder of his days. Under his auspices the invasion of the Chevalier de St. George, in 1715, failed; and the son of James, Marlborough's patron and friend, owed his defeat to his energetic measures.

His friends and associates in the war were promoted by the new King

in the Government of the country, whilst his antagonists, the Tories, were ousted from all participation therein. Sunderland, his son-in-law, became the leader of the Cabinet; but yet he himself never seemed to rise to the same level of greatness, which formerly reflected its influence over the whole continent of Europe.

Two of his daughters, Elizabeth and Lady Sunderland, greatly beloved by him, died at this period; and he himself was attacked by two paralytic strokes, which did not in the least impair his intellect.

The Duchess continued her acrimonious course, now quarreling with her daughters, now spiteful to her political rivals, but withal wonderfully powerful and engaging in her manners towards those whom she wished to befriend.

Blenheim, the great palace at Woodstock, bestowed upon Marlborough as a sign of the nation's gratitude, was left unfinished, to the national disgrace: until the Duchess herself, after her husband's death, completed with his private funds this magnificent structure.

On June 16th, 1722, at the age of seventy-two, Marlborough quietly and peacefully died, resigned and apparently happy at his dying hour.

In dwelling on the character of Marlborough, we have to consider him in a military, political, and personal point of view—in fact, as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a man.

In the first of these capacities, he occupies one of the highest positions ever attained by the great captains of the world. He was a perfect genius in the art of war. There are two elements which form the ideal of the general—a capacity for grand conceptions, or the inventive principle; and a capacity for precaution, or the preventive principle—the first shows genius, the second calculation.

The man who possesses a vast capacity for military operations, realizing grand designs, which he as suddenly executes, possesses the inventive principle.

The man who reckons with a nicety all imaginable contingencies, carefully weighing in the balance every possible chance, and taking his measures accordingly, possesses the preventive or precautionary principle.

A certain proportion of each is absolutely needful for a great general. But the one element frequently preponderates over the other in different individuals. Napoleon was especially inventive, bold, and possessed of the greatest capacity for conception possible. This sort of element preponderated in him over his precaution.

Wellington possessed the preventive principle to a remarkable degree, which enabled him to crush one after the other of the greatest generals of the age.

Marlborough possessed both elements in his character in more equal degrees, and yet he never perhaps triumphed so completely as Wellington did at Vittoria and Waterloo. Had he been as unshackled in his operations as Napoleon, he would possibly have even surpassed him in the success which might have attended his aims; possessing more pre-

caution than Napoleon, he had an element in his character which under nearly every circumstance would have ensured success.

Marlborough was the greatest General England ever possessed until Wellington arose. It is difficult to award the palm of preference to either the one or the other; but it is only perhaps fair to acknowledge, that considering the terrific defeats inflicted on France in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and the lasting results of the victories of Wellington, the latter is, if anything, the more illustrious general of the two.

As a statesman, Marlborough may be viewed in two lights—both as a politician and diplomatist. In the former capacity he was not so distinguished as in the latter. As a diplomatist, indeed, Marlborough excelled Wellington: for though Wellington assisted immensely to regulate the affairs of Europe after the fall of Napoleon, yet the unbounded influence of Marlborough at every capital of Europe was something quite unequalled before or since in the history of England.

As a man, whilst he had many sad defects, he yet possessed great and illustrious qualities. His conduct towards James and the Stuart family can never be pardoned; for he betrayed his King and benefactor at his utmost need—a crime of which Wellington would have been perfectly incapable. He was likewise avaricious, fond of money-getting; and yet, on the other hand, he was a tender father, a devoted husband, and seemed to possess a great sense of religion, attending its outward observances with the greatest regularity, and ever depending in the day of battle upon a higher Power than his own. He did not, however, possess that sense of duty and strictness of honour, which in the character of Wellington inspired a nation's confidence and reliance.

The name of Marlborough will ever be handed down amongst us from generation to generation as our *almost* greatest general, and as one who, whilst exalting England as a military power, chiefly contributed to the humbling of Louis the Fourteenth, and the deliverance of the kingdoms of Europe from the iron control of that monarch; and finally, as connected with one of England's greatest wars—the War of Succession.

(Concluded.)

MADAME LEBRUN.

A BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MADEMOISELLE MORI.'

SOME years ago, it was my good fortune to know an old French lady, then living in one of the most Italian and uncomfortable quarters of Rome, whither she had been attracted by the exquisite view, and perhaps by the oddity of life there. She was famous for her beautiful painting,

which she pursued in old age with admirable success. Few knew that she belonged to a very noble family; for she had dropped her aristocratic name, and called herself simply Mdlle S—. With an old servant, and a grey parrot, she had traversed the greater part of Italy. In certain moods, she would tell of these adventurous journeys; in others, she might be persuaded to recal older and gloomier days—when the Great Revolution raged in France—or earlier still, when she was the pupil of Madame Lebrun. It is of that celebrated portrait painter that I would now speak.

Louise Elisabeth Vigée, afterwards Madame Lebrun, was an artist born. Sent to a convent at seven years old to be educated, she was in constant disgrace for drawing on the copy-books and themes of her fellow-pupils as well as her own, and even on the walls of the dormitory. The good nuns were scandalized; but Louise, instead of being penitent, dwelt with delight on her father's approval of some of her sketches, and to her dying day could recall the joy with which she heard him once exclaim, '*Tu seras peintre, mon enfant, ou jamais il n'en sera!*'

M. Vigée was himself a portrait-painter; and when the child came home, as her frail health often obliged her to do for change of air, he let her draw from morning to night with his colours, and listen in mute rapture to the talk of the many artists who sought his house. Her mother assumed all the airs of a devotee, without impressing any real religious feeling on the mind of Louise, who was much less struck with the fact of Madame Vigée attending every church ceremony that she could, than with her vexation at her daughter's pale thin little face, deep-set eyes, and remarkably large brow, which promised intelligence much more than beauty. 'She was a strict pious woman,' Louise wrote, years after, in the memoirs which she published, 'but not entirely detached from the world.'

M. Vigée was devotedly fond of his daughter, but young as she was when her renown began, he did not live to see it. He died when she was about twelve years old, full of anxiety for her future and that of France. Words which she had overheard him utter on returning from a supper-party given by some of the Encyclopædists, long haunted her as a prophecy. 'All that I have been hearing convinces me that before long the world will be turned upside down.'

This loss left the daughter much sadder than the widow, who sought in every way to console herself and Louise, taking her to picture-galleries, and encouraging her to resume her art, which she had cast aside, too heart-sick at the want of the dear father who had so prized her attempts, to care to paint now that his eyes could see her no longer. To stimulate her afresh, Madame Vigée sent her to take lessons from Briard, better known as a teacher than by his own paintings; and moreover, she failed not to exhibit Louise among the throng who sought the Tuilleries gardens of a Sunday, for the plain stooping child had blossomed into a pretty girl, and the mother herself was still handsome.

Joseph Vernet, too, interested himself in the young artist, giving her advice which deserves to be chronicled. 'Follow no system too closely,' he used to say; 'study the great Italian and Flemish painters; but above all, study nature; draw from nature; there is no teacher equal to her.'

Louise profited by his kind counsel; she copied several heads by Rembrandt and Vandyke with great care, studying especially light and shade as exhibited in them; and she began to take portraits. M. Vigée had left no fortune, and she supported her mother and brother. Her toils were not lightened by the second marriage of her mother to a rich jeweller, who turned out ill-tempered and avaricious, and appropriated every penny that she earned. She earned large sums, young as she was. The Duchesse de Chartres commissioned her to paint her portrait, and this set the fashion; all the great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain followed her example, and so many of their worthless sons and husbands courted the pretty artist, that her position became very perilous. It was an epoch when morality was out of fashion, and fashion goes for so much in France! Madame Lebrun in after years attributed her escape from these dangers, first, to the good principles taught her by her father, and secondly, to her never having read any novels, except 'Clarissa Harlowe,' which 'interested her prodigiously.' Neither then nor later was she a reader; her life was given to her art; and her memoirs, though written with ease, betray an unpractised author. She hardly ever spells a foreign name right; dates are omitted: she talked far better than she wrote. When Louis XVIII., who never could sing in tune, asked her, '*Comment trouvez vous que je chante?*' her ready answer was, '*Comme un Prince, Monseigneur.*' As for her admirers, her ready wit suggested the means of turning away too expressive looks. 'I paint best when my sitters are quite at their ease, looking anywhere but at me,' she would say; and the annoyance of the gentlemen used greatly to amuse Madame Vigée, who was always present at these sittings; and so irreproachable was the girl's conduct, that on one occasion, when Philippe Egalité was talking over the ladies of Paris with his worthy companion, M. de Genlis, and each fair dame was branded with some bitter sarcasm, on the name of Louise Vigée being brought forward, Philippe Egalité's sole remark was, 'There is nothing to say against her.'

Some time after Madame Vigée's second marriage, her husband proposed to buy a country house at Chaillot, to the delight of Louise, who imagined the country to be fairy-land. However, not only was she as true a Parisienne as that Marquise de Courcelles who had a clause inserted in her marriage settlement, conditioning that her husband should never take her into the country, but this 'campagne' turned out to be a perfect parody of a cottage, small and uncomfortable, with a garden without a tree, and no shelter but an arbour, about which they planted French beans and nasturtiums, which never grew. Small as the garden

was, it was divided into four portions, three being let to shop-boys, who came every Sunday to shoot little birds, terrifying Louise by their noise and want of skill. Her great pleasure was to visit the stately gardens of Marly le Roi, with its fine trees, its fountains, cascades, and swans. There she once met Marie Antoinette and some of her ladies, in those simple white dresses brought into fashion by the costume of Virginia, when St. Pierre's tale of 'Paul and Virginia' was dramatized. Louise was about to withdraw in haste, when the Queen, with the charming graciousness for which she was famed, stopped, and bade her walk over all the grounds if she liked. This was the beginning of her passionate admiration for the Queen. When in 1802, Madame Lebrun returned from exile, she hastened to revisit Marly. Not a trace was left of those stately gardens, of fountains, or palace; only a single stone remained where the salon had stood.

The popularity of Louise increased daily; great ladies not only came to be painted by her, but eagerly sought to have her at their parties. Devoted to her art as she was, it was difficult to find time for dining out; and she finally resolved to go to nothing but suppers. Her resolution was confirmed by a disaster, which she relates with comic gravity in her memoirs. Having a few minutes to spare before going to a very grand party, she bethought her of adding a touch or two to a portrait then on her easel, and sat down to contemplate it. She was dressed in white satin, and had not noticed that her palette, laden with oil-colours, lay on the chair. 'The consequences were such,' she used to say, 'that I felt my art to be incompatible with the amusement of dining out.'

In 1775, she painted the likenesses of Fleury and La Bruyère from engravings, and presented them to the Academy, which sent her a gracious letter of thanks by its secretary, D'Alembert, and a ticket of free admission to all its public meetings. It was shortly after this honour that her mother's urgent persuasions induced her to marry M. Lebrun. She was then about twenty years old, and her own wish was against rather than for this marriage, which indeed turned out unfortunate enough, for this picture-dealer looked on her almost as a speculation, was immoral and extravagant, and spent her money as fast as she gained it. Madame Lebrun was all her life as simple as a child with regard to money. She was nobly paid for her pictures, and between the time of her marriage, about 1775, and her flight from France in 1789, she had painted nearly four hundred portraits; yet so completely had she abandoned her earnings to her worthless husband, that had not a sum of one hundred pounds been accidentally paid to her instead of him, she would not have had twenty francs to pay her journey with.

For a little while her marriage was kept secret, M. Lebrun having promised to marry the daughter of a Dutchman, with whom he was carrying on a large trade in pictures, and fearing to affront him! A

report of her engagement, however, got abroad, and one friend after another hurried to warn Louise what kind of man M. Lebrun was. But it was too late, and only served to fill her mother with terror. As for Louise, she was still almost a child, and enjoyed life to the full; hard work only made her leisure hours more intensely enjoyable; her strength and gaiety were inexhaustible. M. Lebrun proposed that she should take pupils, but this proved a failure; the merry girl could not keep order. One day, on entering her atelier, she found her pupils (all older than herself) had put up a rope, and were swinging each other. Louise stood indignant, lectured sternly on their frivolity, their waste of time; then, suddenly forgetting her part, was seized with a desire to try the impromptu swing, fastened to the beams of the loft, which served as her studio, and became the merriest of the party.

The birth of her baby made her very happy, though she had made no preparations for it, and on the very day of its birth absolutely refused to believe such an event possible. 'It would be too inconvenient! she had so much to do!' The old friend to whom she made this declaration, with perfect gravity, while standing painting at her easel, was half amused, half angry. '*Vous êtes un vrai garçon!*' said she; '*je vous dis que vous accoucherez ce soir!*' And at ten o'clock the baby was born.

In 1779, Madame Lebrun had the honour of painting Marie Antoinette, and her artistic description gives a charming idea of the Queen. Never, in any other woman, she used to declare, did she see so radiant a complexion; there actually was no colour which could give the idea of that clear rosy skin. This picture, in which Marie Antoinette appears in a white satin dress, holding a rose, gave such satisfaction, that Madame Lebrun was ordered to paint it twice. The first was destined for Joseph II. of Austria; the other for the Empress of Russia, and thus Madame Lebrun became known at St. Petersburg. She painted several other portraits of the Queen, one of which represented her in a tight-fitting muslin dress. It was exhibited, and the story ran that the Queen had been painted in her chemise, for by 1786, nothing that Marie Antoinette could do escaped calumny. Madame Lebrun bitterly felt this accusation of impropriety, and in her memoirs she dwells long and mournfully on the extreme kindness shewn her by the Queen, her stately grace and noble bearing contrasting remarkably with her gracious manner. On one occasion, owing to illness, Madame Lebrun missed an appointment at Versailles; she hastened the next day to make her excuses, and found the royal carriage in the court, and M. Campan very indignant. 'It was yesterday, Madame,' he said in his stentorian voice, and stiffest manner, 'yesterday that the Queen expected you; she is certainly going out to-day; she certainly will not give you a sitting.' Poor Madame Lebrun tremblingly assured him that she only came to apologize, and was conducted to the Queen, who was dressing, while the little Madame Royale repeated a lesson to her. Turning gently to the delinquent, Marie Antoinette said,

'I expected you all yesterday morning; what happened to you?'

'Alas! Madame, I was too ill to come. I am only here to receive your orders; I will go at once.'

'No, no; you shall not have come all this way for nothing,' was the Queen's answer; and she sent away her carriage, and sat down to be painted.

Still nervous, Madame Lebrun dropped her colour-box and brushes; she was stooping to pick them up, when Marie Antoinette hastily prevented her.

'Stop, stop!' she exclaimed, 'it might hurt you to stoop now,' and she picked them all up herself.

How much courageous kindness there was in this act of the Queen's, those will understand who know what was then the terrible strictness of etiquette at the French court. When the Dauphin died, in 1789, Marie Antoinette could not bear to see the picture in which he appeared with his sister, and had it removed from the hall at Versailles, where it was hung; but ever mindful of the feelings of others, she immediately sent to tell Madame Lebrun why it was taken away, lest she should imagine it had not given satisfaction.

It is rarely that poor Louis XVI. said a graceful thing, but when he first saw this picture, he sent for Madame Lebrun to tell her how much it had pleased him, adding, 'I know nothing of painting, but you teach me to love it.' Madame Elisabeth and the Princesse de Lamballe also sat to Madame Lebrun; the dreadful end of the latter haunted her as a horrible vision all her life,

A journey to Flanders in 1782, with M. Lebrun, gave her the opportunity of seeing and studying many famous pictures, amongst others, the *Chapeau de paille* of Rubens, now in England. She came back to find herself more the fashion than ever; the greatest nobles came to her soirées, sitting on the ground when chairs failed; and the fat old Marechal de Noailles among them, who used, when thus seated, to find it extremely difficult to get up again. But now the calumnies which assailed everything connected with the Court began to rain upon her, and innocent though she was, she felt them with a woman's sensitiveness. She lighted her fire with bank-notes, it was said; she burnt nothing but aloë-wood; she spent sixty thousand francs on a single supper; the means came out of M. de Calonne's purse; and a thousand other absurd accusations, not only absurd, but highly dangerous. As for M. de Calonne, not only did her good principles make her careless of his admiration, (if he ever felt any,) but she was protected against any temptation to return it by—his wig! 'A wig!' she would exclaim, with that innocent drollery which gave a peculiar charm to some of her reminiscences—'A wig! Imagine if I, with my love of the beautiful, could have admired a wig! I once declined a rich marriage, because the gentleman wore a perruque. I never willingly painted anyone thus attired!'

The supper, whose fame even reached Russia, cost in reality just sixteen francs. It was got up impromptu; some twelve persons had been invited to hear an author read his poem, and while Madame Lebrun was resting on her sofa before their arrival, her brother read aloud passages from the then famous 'Voyage d'Anacharsis;' a Greek dinner was described, with the receipt for several sauces; and it was suddenly resolved to try them on that evening, and to dress in Greek costumes. The atelier furnished shawls and dresses, worn on occasion by Madame Lebrun's models; a friend, who had a fine collection of Etruscan vases, lent cups and dishes, which were placed on a mahogany table, with a screen and lamp artistically arranged. Joseph Vernet's daughter chanced to come first; and next, Madame de Bonneuil, a celebrated beauty; they entered with gay delight into the plan. Then the poet appeared, and was decked with a laurel crown, which a sitter had worn that day for a picture known afterwards as 'The Love of Glory.' The chaplet, and a purple mantle, transformed the poet into Pindar. Another guest furnished a lyre; Madame Lebrun wore her usual white dress, adding a wreath and veil; and her own little daughter, and a young friend, carried round slender Etruscan vases and waited on the guests. The whole effect was so striking, that each guest in turn stood up to contemplate the rest seated around the table. At ten o'clock came the last visitors, all unaware of the scene that awaited them, and which, indeed, had been chiefly got up to astonish them. The doors were opened; they stood in amazed bewilderment, while the assembled company sang to the lyre, Gluck's chorus of 'God of Paphos and Cnidus.'

The only extravagance of which Madame Lebrun was guilty at this supper, was giving her guests a bottle of real old Cyprus wine, which had been presented to her. So much, however, was said of its enormous cost, that Louis XVI. was seriously displeased, and spoke with anger of it to the Marquis de Cubières, who fortunately was able to give a true report, as he had been present; but 'still the wonder grew,' and the report of it spread to Rome, Naples, and even Russia.

The terrible year of 1789 ended this period of Madame Lebrun's life; dismay spread even among some of the Republican party.

'Really, we are going too far,' said the Abbe Sièyes.

'So far that you will all lose your way,' was Madame Lebrun's retort.

It was impossible to go out in a carriage without being insulted; if Madame Lebrun were seen at her window, the mob shook their fists at her; horrible threats against herself, the Court, and the nobles, rang perpetually in her ears. She fell seriously ill, and could scarcely be persuaded to take any pains to recover. 'What good is it?' she repeated; but she had her child to care for; she rallied her strength, and though M. Lebrun refused to leave Paris, it was decided that as

soon as possible she should go to Italy. As the Court painter, she was marked out for especial vengeance, and as she said, she reasoned like the man accused of having stolen the towers of Notre Dame. 'There they are, in their places,' he said; 'but it is clear that someone has a grudge against me, so I am off.'

A rumour of her preparations got abroad, and a troop of half-drunken Gardes Nationaux burst into her house, shouting, 'You shall not go, Citoyenne, you shall not go!'

Vainly did she answer, that as everyone was now free, she chose to use her freedom thus; they crowded round her with threats and offensive language, terrifying her unspeakably. At last they withdrew; two, however, returned, but they had probably only joined the rest to protect her if necessary, for they said, with kindly earnestness, 'We are neighbours of yours, Madame; we come to advise you to depart at once; all this is killing you; but do not take your carriage—go by diligence.'

It truly was killing her. When she went to bid her mother farewell, so terribly was she altered, that though it was but three weeks since they had met, Madame Vigée did not recognize her till she spoke.

M. Lebrun went with her through the dangerous Faubourg St. Antoine. Happily for her, the inhabitants were either absent or asleep; all day they had thronged round Versailles, insulting the royal family as only a French mob knows how. The diligence was full of Jacobins, who talked of nothing but hanging and guillotining; every moment Madame Lebrun heard some friend's name among those destined to death; and her little girl grew so terrified, that at last Madame Lebrun said to the most violent, 'I beseech you, Sir, not to talk so before this child.' It was a risk; but he became silent, and then began to play with the little one.

At every town where the diligence stopped, crowds flocked round to learn the news from Paris, and the Jacobins shouted triumphantly, '*Soyez tranquilles, mes enfans*; we have the Baker and his wife all safe.' Madame Lebrun was in misery, fearing the worst for her friends and the royal family, especially as armed men on horseback constantly galloped up, declaring that Paris was in flames, and the King and Queen murdered. She trembled for herself and her child too, though disguised as an *ouvrière*, with a coloured kerchief over her head; for one of the passengers began to talk of her, and described the portrait lately exhibited of herself, with her pretty little girl in her arms. Every moment she expected to be recognized and arrested; but they reached Lyons safely.

On Mont Cenis, however, she found herself known. So far in safety, her heart grew lighter, and almost gaily she began, with several other passengers, to walk up the pass. Her heart leaped with terror, as a postilion addressed her.

'Madame should hire a mule ; this is too fatiguing for a lady.'

'A lady!' she faltered, 'I am only a poor ouvrière.'

The man burst out laughing. 'We know better; Madame is the artist, Madame Lebrun; and very glad we are to have you out of harm's way.'

She never knew who this man was, or how he came to recognize her.

At this time, like many French men and women, Madame Lebrun had little taste for natural scenery; and the dangers of the roads seem to have impressed her much more than the beauty of the views. Her little daughter, then seven years old, was more struck with them than herself; and when for the first time she saw the sea, she exclaimed, '*Sais tu, Maman, c'est plus grand que nature!*' The magnificence of the Swiss Alps, however, struck Madame Lebrun forcibly in later life. She resided for some time in Rome, and her success in portrait-painting there enabled her to send large sums of money to her mother and husband. Naples received her with open arms; and she was much touched by the kindness shewn her by the Queen, who was Marie Antoinette's sister, and tried to keep her at Naples by offering her a pretty house on the shores of the blue crystal Mediterranean.

Madame Lebrun, however, was afraid of volcanoes and malaria, and returned to Rome, where she found the aunts of Louis XVI., Mesdames Victoire and Adelaide, who immediately sent for her to take their portraits. Rome, like every other city, was now full of emigrés, all expecting soon to return to France; and at the last sitting which Madame Victoire gave Madame Lebrun, she announced smilingly that the troubles were over, as the King had escaped from France. 'I have just written to him,' she added, 'directing "To His Majesty the King of France." They will know where to send it.'

Madame Lebrun returned home delighted; but presently she heard her man-servant singing. He was known as a Red Republican, and with sudden terror she exclaimed, 'Some misfortune has happened to the King!' The next day she heard of the flight to Varennes, and the miserable return to Paris.

The emigrés still found it so impossible to realize the state of public events, that at this very time Madame Lebrun went to Turin, intending to return to France. What she saw there, appalled her. Every street was full of fugitives, young and old, of all ranks; starving children screamed for bread; the squares were crowded by exhausted women, and noble old soldiers, weak with hunger, yet too proud to beg. Among them, Madame Lebrun saw a handsome white-haired old man, a Chevalier de St. Louis, with his cross on his breast, leaning on a post in a lonely street. His looks told that he was starving; but he made no sign, and seemed as if it would be easier to die than ask help. She went up to him, and thrust all the money she had with her into his thin hand; and he burst into sobs and tears. The King of Sardinia (who

had married Louis the Sixteenth's sister, Clotilde) showed the greatest kindness to these poor refugees; and this officer, with many others, was received into his palace. The Queen employed Madame Lebrun to go about the town, trying to find room for them; but Turin was overflowing.

Restless, and devoured by anxiety for those she loved in France, Madame Lebrun went to Vienna, where she spent two years and a half. The news from France was daily worse. Looking one day at a newspaper, she saw the names of nine of her friends who had been guillotined. The misery of suspense seemed less to her than such certainty: thenceforward she never dared take up a paper; and it was only when a letter chanced to reach her, that she knew what was happening in Paris.

In 1795 she went to St. Petersburg, where Catherine III. received her with graciousness, which certainly prejudiced her in favour of the Empress. 'If we speak of her weaknesses,' she says in her memoirs, 'it must be as we name those of Francis I. or Louis XIV. They had no ill effect on the welfare of their subjects.' Personal attachment speaks here, and the lax morality of a French court. Royalty always dazzled Madame Lebrun a little; but then she owed everything to the aristocracy; and had such reason to abhor democrats, as only those who lived through the Reign of Terror can realize.

At St. Petersburg, she heard again of that Greek supper, which had caused so much scandal in Paris. A certain M. de L—— had assured the Baroness Strogonoff, that he had been one of the guests, and that it had cost 60,000 francs. The Baroness was at Vienna at the same time as Madame Lebrun, and spoke of it to her, apparently however, with true Russian magnificence, noways surprised at the expense. If she were not surprised, however, Madame Lebrun was, especially as she had no acquaintance with M. de L——. It chanced that when she went to St. Petersburg, he was there too; and moreover, called on Madame de Strogonoff while Madame Lebrun was with her. He did not recognize Madame Lebrun; and the Baroness maliciously said, 'How glad you must be, that your friend Madame Lebrun has come to Petersburg' and went on to speak of the Greek supper, while he replied as best he could, till Madame Lebrun, losing patience, said, 'Monsieur is then very intimate with Madame Lebrun?' He assented. 'That is strange,' she said; 'for I am that Madame Lebrun, whom you calumniate, and I never saw you before!' Completely abashed, he started up, seized his hat, and hurried out.

Paul I. showed the same favour to strangers which his mother had shown; and her death made little difference to the refugees, though to the Russians a time of terror had come. The slightest offence was punished by imprisonment, or exile to Siberia. His kindness and his anger were alike uncertain and terrible; his tyranny seemed to select the most puerile ways in which to show itself. Round hats were

forbidden, as being tainted with republicanism: (hats seem peculiarly liable to disquiet despots—they constantly exercised the vigilance of the Austrian authorities in Italy during Austrian rule.) Powder, on the other hand, everyone was ordered to wear. Madame Lebrun had a peculiar dislike to it; and when it was most in fashion in Paris, had led a successful revolt against it. Surely she must have been a little infected with republicanism, for, in defiance of Paul, she now painted a portrait of the young Prince Bariatinsky without any; but it nearly cost both dear. One day, he rushed in, pale, and shaking with alarm. 'I have met the Czar!' he faltered out; 'I had barely time to rush under an archway; and I am horribly afraid that he saw me!' The Prince wore no powder; and had Paul missed it, he would probably have sent him to Siberia.

To Madame Lebrun, however, Paul was always gracious. An imperial order obliged everyone who met him to alight from their carriage, no matter what the weather, till he had passed. Unluckily, it was not easy to know when he was near, for he would walk unattended through the streets; but he expected all coachmen to divine his presence, and if they made a mistake, visited it on their masters. One day, Madame Lebrun saw him coming, though her driver did not; in great alarm, she called out, 'Stop! that is the Czar!' and was springing from her carriage, when Paul, who this time was in a sledge, himself alighted, and came up to tell her that foreigners were not to observe this ukase—above all, it did not regard her.

Other emigrés had reason to be grateful to Paul. As a general rule, only the richer ones came to Russia; the poorer fled to nearer countries, such as England; but it chanced that the Comte d'Antichamp came to St. Petersburg without any resources but his French ingenuity, which he turned to account by manufacturing india-rubber shoes. They became the fashion. Paul saw them, heard their history, and provided for the Count. An old friend of Madame Lebrun's, the historical painter, Doyen, was also established at St. Petersburg, employed in painting a ceiling for the new palace of St. Michael, where Paul loved to go and superintend the progress of the work. One day, a noble who had accompanied him, and who was not too well versed in the laws of perspective, said, 'Monsieur, among those Hours which you are painting round the chariot of the Sun, I see one dancing in the distance; you have made her smaller than the rest, yet the hours are all alike.' 'Sir,' answered the imperturbable painter, 'you are perfectly right; but the distant one is only a half hour.'

Madame Lebrun was too fully employed to think of leaving Petersburg; though she felt far from safe under the April favour of Paul. About this time, her likeness of Marie Antoinette, dressed in blue velvet, was sent her from Paris; and all Petersburg flocked to see it. To the French emigrés it was especially dear: the Prince de C—— stood before it, unable to speak, and burst into tears.

In June, 1800, the Academy of St. Petersburg did Madame Lebrun the honour of electing her one of its members, as two Roman academies, and that of Berlin, had already done. The ceremony was imposing: at the appointed hour Madame Lebrun, dressed in the colours of the Academy, with a kind of riding-habit, the bodice purple, the skirt yellow, and a hat and feathers, was led into a long gallery, in the salon at whose upper end sat in state Count Strogonoff, 'Directeur des Beaux Arts.' Rows of seats had been raised on either side of the gallery, and to reach the salon it was necessary to pass through the double row of spectators; but Madame Lebrun had lived in public all her life; in her heart she was rather amused at the general expectation that she would be alarmed and overcome, and she walked calmly by, pleased by the friendly faces smiling on her; but when the Count in a flattering little speech presented her with the diploma, which, in the Emperor's name, created her a member of the Academy, such a thunder of applause broke forth that she was quite overwhelmed, and tears filled her eyes. She always said that this public proof of affection and esteem had given her one of the happiest hours in her life.

Domestic troubles embittered the latter part of her stay in Russia. Her daughter had grown up a pretty headstrong girl, ruling despotically over Madame Lebrun, who had given her all those advantages of education which she herself had never had. Disappointed in married life, she had concentrated all her affection on this child, enjoying the admiration which she excited, charmed to see her own love of art re-appear in her daughter. Her surprise and dismay were pitiable when she found 'Brunette,' as she called her, set upon a marriage with the secretary of a Russian family, a pale, sentimental, romantic-looking personage, who was at least as much attracted by the supposed fortune as by the blue eyes of Mademoiselle Lebrun. His character was doubtful, and he was penniless; and Madame Lebrun had heard from her husband in Paris, that Guérin, the painter, had asked for Brunette's hand.

Meanwhile, Madame Lebrun was beset with solicitations in favour of M. Nigris from the family in which he was secretary; he threatened to elope with Brunette, or to invoke the Czar's interference; and Mademoiselle Lebrun not only became entirely alienated from her mother, but fell so ill, that poor Madame Lebrun wrote to tell her husband that the marriage with Guérin must be given up. The wilful pair had their way; and a fortnight after, Madame Lebrun going to see Madame Nigris, and asking wistfully if she were happy, received the careless answer, 'His dressing-gown is enough to disenchant one. How can one love a man who looks like that?' The heartlessness, and the unhappy marriage of this child, seemed to take all joy out of Madame Lebrun's life. She scarcely cared even for her art; she was ill of restlessness, and of a nameless malady which, had it been classified, might have been called heart-sickness; and the news of her mother's death, in France, deepened

her depression. A journey to Moscow did her good; she returned to St. Petersburg, but it had become too painful a residence, and in obedience to her doctor's orders she left Russia, and returned to France, after a short stay in Germany—France, which she had left thirteen years before, and over which since then the Revolution had swept.

Among those who had survived that time, and were little altered by it, was M. Lebrun. He welcomed his wife with amiable cheerfulness, and took her to her old home in the Rue du Gros-Chenet, which he had furnished splendidly in honour of her return. It is true that she had to pay the bills. She received a pleasing proof that the twelve years—and such years! which had elapsed since she was in Paris had not caused her to be forgotten; for when, on the evening of her arrival, she appeared at a public concert, she was at once recognized, and audience and musicians joined in a burst of applause. This welcome touched her almost as much as that of the Academy of St. Petersburg had done. Friends flocked round her, but these meetings were full of tears; not one greeted her but had lost a child, a husband, or a parent; and her extreme agitation when she crossed, for the first time, the Place Louis Quinze, (now La Place de la Concorde,) where the chief guillotine had stood, greatly alarmed her brother, who reproached himself severely for having taken that route. To those who had remained in Paris, the horrors had become familiar; to her, they were still fresh.

It was a great pleasure to her to visit the Musée du Louvre, overflowing with art-treasures, most of which afterwards returned to their lawful owners; but she found Paris so changed, so dismal, all the gaiety fled, and manners altered so much for the worse, that she soon longed to leave it, and in 1802 procured a passport for England. To English readers the sketches of England sixty years ago form the most amusing part of her autobiography. She landed at Dover, and, with her mind still full of revolutions, was alarmed by a sight still daily visible there—the crowd, namely, who had assembled on the pier to see the vessel arrive from France. In dread of highwaymen, she put her diamonds in her stockings, hired a chaise with three horses, and set off in great trepidation for London, where she settled herself for a time at the Hotel Brunet, Leicester Square. Her first night's rest was broken by someone walking and declaiming incessantly overhead; the next day she discovered an old Paris friend in the offender, and begged him for the future not to perambulate his room, and recite his verses aloud at night. She had the sensitive nerves of an artist: noise was intolerable to her; and in every town where she took up her abode, she had extreme difficulty in finding a lodging that suited her. The number of times that she changed her lodgings in Rome is really almost beyond counting; and what with the trumpet of a regiment of Guards which sounded out of tune, the tramping of their horses in a stable close by in Beak Street, the screams of a pet foreign bird, 'bigger than an eagle,' as she used to say, kept by a lady in Portman Square, the discovery that some Indian

ambassadors, who had had the house before her, had buried two of their slaves in the cellar, and the dampness of Maddox Street, she seemed destined never to settle in London. She was much disappointed, too, in not finding any public collection of pictures. The National Gallery did not yet exist; the air seemed to her composed of black crape, and the Sundays were insupportably dull, as the mere sound of music brought a shower of stones against the windows from the mob outside; the 'Routs' were duller still; two or three hundred people walking up and down, the ladies arm in arm, the gentlemen holding aloof, a crowd everywhere, no seats, and general silence. An Englishman, whom she had known in Italy, asked what she thought of these parties. '*Vous vous amusez, comme nous nous ennuyérons,*' was her reply. Walks in the Park seemed to her as doleful as the Routs; to quote her own words, 'The women walk on one side dressed all in white, their silence and stillness make them seem like gliding shadows; the men keep aloof, and are just as solemn. I have now and then seen a *tête-à-tête*, the lady giving her arm to the gentleman, and have amused myself by watching to see whether they would speak, but never,' adds the lively Frenchwoman, 'never did I know the silence broken.'

She made West's acquaintance at this time, and admired the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, especially his 'Infant Samuel,' and Reynolds gave very high praise to her portraits, which had been rudely criticised by some of the English artists. On the whole she was so happy in England, that she was much vexed by the Government order, which followed the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, that all Frenchmen, who had been under a year resident in England, should immediately quit it. However, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., gave her a special permission to remain in the country, travel where she pleased, and stay unmolested in any sea-port that she visited. He brought it himself to her, and it was a permission very difficult to procure at this time. She spent three years in England, visiting different towns and country houses, charmed with Bath, disdainful of Windsor, and *ennuyée* by Tunbridge Wells; but she was recalled to Paris by the arrival there of her daughter and M. Nigris, who had come to invite various artists, at the desire of Prince Narishkin, to visit St. Petersburg. M. Nigris left his wife in Paris; she had grown more than indifferent to him, and her wilful selfishness darkened her mother's life once more. Madame Lebrun herself had been unhappy in married life; it was tacitly settled that she and M. Lebrun should live apart; she hired a house and continued to devote herself to art, but there was no open rupture. Among her sitters was Madame Murat, sister of Bonaparte, and the most troublesome one she had ever met with. The first time she came, she brought two ladies' maids to dress her hair while she sat; Madame Lebrun would not hear of this, and they were dismissed; but time after time she failed to keep her appointment, and when she did come, she always had a new head-dress and costume: the first time she wore ringlets; the next her hair was

arranged in a totally different fashion, with cameos in it; once her dress was open and richly trimmed, and then she insisted on being re-painted in another, with different embroidery—till Madame Lebrun, losing patience, one day exclaimed to M. Denon, loud enough for the Princess to hear, 'I have painted real princesses, and *they* never worried me, nor kept me waiting!'

The last years of her life were spent in the neighbourhood of Marly. They were saddened by the deaths of many friends, and troubles of others, caused by the repeated revolutions, which upheaved the strata of society again and again. Madame Nigris died suddenly; and the death of M. Lebrun also cost her more tears than might have been expected, considering what an indifferent husband he had been. Her brother's death, in 1820, was more keenly felt; but her later days were cheered by universal esteem, and the society of her two nieces, who were strongly attached to her; one of them had been from her childhood devoted to art, which naturally made an additional tie between aunt and niece, and both the girls were more truly her children than the poor wilful Brunette had ever been. The numerous portraits of Madame Lebrun are widely scattered; an interesting likeness of her exists at Toulouse, and her old friend and pupil, M^dlle. S——, has erected to her memory a tasteful monument in the cloister of the museum in that town, once a venerable convent of the Augustines, but now devoted to containing works of art.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAVERN.

CHAPTER VI.

In a few weeks Damaris and her friends had altogether settled into her new home, and she had been taught to feel herself entirely one of the inhabitants of Torwood. There was just at first a little of strangeness, but Lady Maynard and Jane made it their effort to remove this by their affectionate way of putting her forward; nor was it ever brought to her mind, except occasionally by their intercourse with old friends, to whom, of course, she could be nothing, and especially by that with the Priory.

They had decided—chiefly at the instance of Mr. Thrupp, who had met them in London—that the knowledge of Damaris's original station should be withheld from the neighbourhood; and no one was aware of it except the two ladies at the Priory, who had known it from the first. Everyone else only knew Miss Brockensha as a young lady, an orphan, to whom Lady Maynard afforded a home and introduction. If there were curiosity about her, it never came unpleasantly before herself, and Lady Maynard had instructed Jane how to parry queries upon her companion's antecedents, without exciting a sense of mystery. To say that her

fortune had been made in Australia, and that she had been always at school in England, was both true and baffling; and Miss Brockensha, musical, bright, graceful, and well dressed, as well as well mannered, took her place quite suitably in the country society around Torwood, and went with Lady Maynard and Jane to all their quiet gaieties.

The village society was very small. The only gentleman's house was the Priory, besides the Bridge Hut and the Vicarage, wherein lived Mr. Barwell, a very excellent clergyman, whom Miss Maynard had selected to fill her late uncle's post, chiefly because, besides his many perfections, he was such a very poor struggling curate with such a large oppressive family. The relief and ease of the present home had been very great, but the family were exactly at the age to be a more severe burthen than they would probably ever be after the eldest of the brood had become able either to take wing, or to be useful in the nest; but, in the mean time, their mother was just competent to attend to them and their wants and no more. She was a delicate ailing woman, probably often suffering, but never giving way, and necessarily limiting her aims to keeping her husband free to engross himself in his clerical duties, without herself sharing them; and she was hardly ever seen out of her own house except at church, and when, about twice a year, she was taken by Miss Maynard to perform her severe task of shopping at Rollesford, the next town. The children were too young to be companions to any of the Maynards, except Willie and Baldie; and Mr. Barwell was a plain shy man, so undemonstrative and quiet in manner, that the excellence and forcibleness of his sermons was a continual surprise, but Damaris always made it a point of honour and constancy never to think them equal to Mr. Foley's. The only other person above the degree of a small homely farmer was Mr. Pigou, the doctor, an elderly man, who after his wife's death had given up his residence in Rollesford to his partner, and had come to settle at a little house in Torwood, mainly to save himself the length of the drive every day of his life to see Lady Isabella. She and a few other old patients were all that he cared to retain, but he attended the poor of the parish of Torwood, and helped his partner in any press of work; leaving himself time, however, for keeping his garden in exquisite order, and often gaining prizes at the horticultural shows, which caused him infinite triumph over the Priory. He had a pupil too, one Baldwin Le Brun, a fair sauntering youth, who used to drive him out in his gig, spent a good many hours at the door of the Priory, and seemed to look upon it as a great hardship to have to make up prescriptions for the poor people. It was always rather a puzzle how to treat him—whether he ought to be asked out with the doctor, or not; but Miss Maynard seemed to try to find pleasures and occupations for him without bringing him into society, and the rest of the world followed her lead.

Beyond, there were, of course, the usual amount of clergy and squires whose families gladly welcomed Lady Maynard back, and with whom she and her daughter were more or less intimate. They did not,

however, go out much; and Lady Maynard quickly resumed all her old habits of usefulness in the parish, and took up the parsoness' duties to which Mrs. Barwell was unequal, the poor women always seeking her out as their oldest friend, and various occupations on their behalf being imposed on her, some at her own request, some by that of the Vicar, some by that of her niece. For, in effect, no one set any scheme on foot, or commenced any undertaking, without Miss Maynard's approval; and it was a despotism that did not seem to chafe anyone excepting Damaris—and she could never 'get on' with Miss Maynard.

The park, as has been said, was on the other side of the river, and the bridge being close to the Cottage, there was only to walk up the drive, among its trees, ferns, and rocks, before entering the exquisitely kept gardens, and coming up to the house—a modern white stone building without a vestige of the priory about it. There was a great dreary handsomely furnished drawing-room, seldom used except when, three or four times in a year, the ladies gave a dinner party; and at the few croquet parties that they felt bound to have in the summer. On all such occasions there was an unendurable stiffness, which no one but Lady Maynard ever succeeded in even partially mitigating. She and her niece Eleanor were fond of each other, and the two families met every day. Usually Eleanor would come in on her way to or from the village, consult her aunt about something, often ask if Mamma could take her anywhere, and make some observation to the two girls, which was meant to be friendly and improving, but which almost always fretted Jane and irritated Damaris.

Once a week, the whole trio had to go up and dine at the Priory, with no other guest except, sometimes, Mr. Pigou or Mr. Barwell, or some old lady staying in the house. Then Lady Isabella was so gently and plaintively kind to Miss Brockensha as to inspire a warm affection for her, and a certain belief that she was oppressed and domineered over by the step-daughter who reigned in consequence of her cruel bereavement. Miss Maynard, sitting at the top of her table, looked so grand and queenly, that her haughty rule could be easily inferred, and her demeanour had in general a sort of cold graciousness that was enough to preclude everyone, Damaris thought, from learning to love her. Those dinners were not exactly dull in the ordinary sense; for two such sensible able people as Lady Maynard and her niece were sure to have a great deal to say to each other—discussion of politics, affairs of public interest, and often deep matters, which, however, seemed very wearisome to Jane and Damaris—and, as the latter thought, to Lady Isabella also. Certainly, that good lady seemed very glad to have Damaris to sit by her, and used to keep up a little flow of murmuring talk to her—while Jane immersed herself in a book. Sometimes Damaris and Jane escaped together, and wandered in the garden in the twilight or moonlight; but they were apt to be intercepted in these excursions by the seniors, who feared for Jane's chest. There was music too; and Lady Isabella's

'Thank you, my dear,' was always spoken with a tender caressing intonation; while Miss Maynard, who never played herself, seemed to mean by her 'Thank you,' 'Have done with it.' That comfortable little sitting-room, where those evenings were spent, soon became pleasant to Damaris from her secret belief that she was a real comfort to this poor neglected lady.

But she had yet another cause for her distaste to Miss Maynard. The village school was a neatly built cottage, but, to Damaris's notions, frightfully small and devoid of all apparatus—though it was much beloved by Miss Maynard, her aunt, and cousin. Damaris was quite superior to any small notions of avoiding what savoured of her original profession, she was ready and willing to be both useful and liberal, and was a little hurt that Miss Maynard did not begin by offering her a class. However, on Lady Maynard making the proposal for her, it was readily accepted; and she had her Sunday scholars, and was further invited to teach at the weekly school in rotation with the other ladies. Then, to her horror, she found out the ignorance of the children. Their mistress was a deserving widow, not old and venerated like Mrs. Brown, but active and bustling, and capable only of teaching fluent reading, copper-plate round-hand, exquisite needlework, and 'the tables'—or, perhaps, an arithmetical genius might under her get as far as simple subtraction. No grammar, no geography, no dictation, no intelligence, scarcely any reading books except Scripture histories to save the Bibles!

Damaris had not quite imagined such darkness possible; and after her first morning's work, she came home full of zeal for a great reformation. She would send at once for books, maps, black-boards, and the like; and she and Jane would work up the children to a more respectable amount of intelligence, such as no inspector need scorn.

Jane looked a little alarmed at this, and suggested, 'If Eleanor would like it—'

'No one could wish to keep their dependants in ignorance,' returned Damaris; 'but you see, this is such an out-of-the-world county and place, that no one understands the advance of cultivation.'

'I think we had better ask Mamma,' said Jane. And nothing could be more decisive than Lady Maynard's answer that the school was wholly Eleanor's, and that nothing could be done in it but by her permission.

'Not by Mr. Barwell's?' asked Damaris.

'Certainly if Mr. Barwell made a point of anything, she would think it her duty to yield. She yielded always to her uncle; but I observe that several improvements introduced under his authority have died out. I don't know how it is, but Eleanor has made up her mind against what is called over-education, and thinks it wiser that the children should know very little besides the most important things, and good needlework.'

'But,' said Damaris eagerly, 'they are all confused about even Scripture history, for want of general knowledge.'

'My dear, I do not say that I think it is well; but Miss Maynard has quite made up her mind about it, and would certainly not allow any books or anything else to be brought into the school, except of her own providing.'

'But surely, Lady Maynard, you could represent to her—'

'I might, certainly,' said Lady Maynard: and no more was said; but Damaris brooded, with the soul of the school-mistress abroad, upon the narrowness and jealousy that denied education to the children; jealousy she thought it was, for having been so easily made into a lady herself, and not finding herself in great favour with Miss Maynard, she drew the logical conclusion that the young folks of Torwood were to be forcibly kept back in their station as ignorant and submissive dependants. However, Lady Maynard was so far better than her word, that she did make a certain private representation to her niece that she would be personally very thankful for the renewal of the secular reading-books, and for such a liberty to teach as might occupy Damaris and interest her, so as to leave less time for the reading of novels. Eleanor had often expressed her wonder that her aunt should permit this, and Lady Maynard had as often answered that she did prevent the habit from extending to Jane; and having so far marked her opinion, she could not but treat her inmate as a free agent, allow for a brief intoxication, and hope to divert her mind to more satisfactory occupations. To this Eleanor replied that she had not intended Miss Brockensha to work off her energies on her school, and it might naturally have been hoped that she had had enough of schooling. Lady Maynard rejoined that it was to her credit, and pressed again the observation that they had *once* had reading-books; and as this had been by Sir William's special desire, Eleanor coloured up a little, and said that she had not renewed them when decayed, because she found that Mrs. Rowe did not want or use them, and she herself had no time to waste upon birds and beasts and foreign countries, but could only attend to the Bible and Catechism. However, she did not suppose that it would do much harm, or that the children would care about it, and so she consented to send for a set of books, and even, on a fresh application, for maps, but it was not graciously done; and in her fears lest the children should be spoilt for useful purposes by the new lights, she sent down such an amount of needlework, that the elder girls, whose attention Damaris chiefly coveted, were often kept at it by the mistress out of a desire to satisfy Miss Maynard, when Eleanor herself would have thought they ought to be at their books or writing.

The amount of vexation, heart-burning, and misunderstanding thus produced, was inconceivable. Even Lady Maynard, who suffered the most perplexity from it, did not know its full extent; for Damaris regarded her as Miss Maynard's coeval friend, and only when very desperate entreated her interposition, without always obtaining it; while, though Jane was perfectly ready to sympathize with any complaint of

Eleanor's dryness, stiffness, or general 'tiresomeness,' Damaris was withheld from easing her mind with murmurings to her by a positive request from Lady Maynard, couched in gentle terms, but not therefore the less to be regarded, that she would say as little to Jane as possible about annoyances with her cousin; it was very undesirable for a young girl to get into the habit of discussing the foibles of relations, especially when living so near at hand; and Jane had rather too much tendency that way already.

The sweet grave smile, the tone of confidence, the allowing that the foibles were veritable, all bound Damaris in feeling as well as in honour to respect the intimation; and she did so by a scrupulous avoidance of the subject of Miss Maynard, her faults, and her tyrannies. To be sure, she was often forced to purse up her lips to keep a comment or exclamation from bursting out of them, and Jane knew her quite well enough by this time to be aware that her silence implied the very contrary of approval; but speech would have been so far from silvern in this case, that silence, if not golden, was at least leaden, instead of steel-tipped.

Silence was best for Jane, forbearance must be right for anyone, and yet the want of a confidante was not good for Damaris, and caused much to ferment in her mind that would have escaped in words. The gorgon shape of petrifying coldness, narrowness, and tyranny, which represented Miss Maynard in her imagination, would have somewhat evaporated in the course even of a conversation with a silly person, and might have been almost reduced to true proportions by a wise one. But Mrs. Foley and Mrs. Brown were out of reach, and Damaris had not become so intimate with the young ladies of the neighbourhood as to enter on any unguarded discussion.

The best thing for her would have been to interest her in some more distant work of charity—some mission either at home or abroad, where her means and her labour of head and finger could have been made available, though from a distance—and Lady Maynard tried to put some of these before her; but what is done with a purpose seldom succeeds. Damaris did not *take* to any of the charities set before her, and could not help being much more absorbed in her tacit warfare with the darkness-loving Queen of Torwood, than with any Pariah of home or colonial existence.

One day, when an accumulation of little wants had taken the three ladies to Rolleford, Damaris was in the bookseller's shop, negotiating for the impress of a fine twisted D. B. on her note-paper, when there emerged from the reading-room within a figure that made her start as if it had come out of some old dream. It was almost more the look of recognition in the eyes than the appearance itself that struck her; and without shyness, without any thought but that she was meeting an old friend, she stepped forward with bright eyes and outstretched hand, exclaiming, 'Mr. Newton!'

He coloured at least equally as he returned her greeting: 'Miss Brock-

ensha! I hoped I was to be in your neighbourhood, but this is a pleasure I little expected.'

Then, in answer to a half-uttered inquiry, he told her, with a certain modest satisfaction in his tone, that he had been fortunate since she had seen him—he had been promoted, having succeeded in that discovery in which he had been interested; and he had now been sent down to make the preliminary survey, and advise the Board on the line for the Rolleford and Spreadbury Junction. His whole garb, as Damaris now observed, was changed; it had an easier, more well-to-do cut, as if he had made a very decided step as to station; but she felt still doubtful whether to present him to Lady Maynard, whom she saw looking as if doubtful whether he were some acquaintance whom she had forgotten.

Mr. Newton however solved this difficulty by bowing to the lady, (whom he had seen at the concert,) and saying that he had had the honour of knowing Miss Brockensha at Allingthorpe. Lady Maynard made some civil reply, and there was a brief interchange of fragments of Allingthorpe news; after which Harry Newton explained that he was at present engaged on the possible line through the hills to the north, but that when that was completed, he was to make a survey of the Torwood valley, in case the less direct course should be preferred to the more difficult. 'I hear,' he added, 'that it is beautiful scenery, and a perfect feast to the geologist with its limestone caves.'

'Then I shall see you again,' said Damaris, with a gracious smile, as she shook hands with him heartily, too sure of her own position now to be afraid of greeting an old friend, even had he not looked so entirely a gentleman in her eyes, and, as she was pleased to find, in those of her companions, who had both fancied him one of the officers they had met at a croquet party. She began, as they drove home, to explain what Mrs. Brown had told her, that his mother had been 'quite the lady,' but so poor that his education had early stood still except for his own exertions; but she found both her friends engrossed by the frightful tidings of the possibility of a railway invading their valley. Lady Maynard did not think it probable that it would be carried out; but the survey and the suspense would, she knew, be dreadful to her sister-in-law, and would be a perpetual distress as long as the possibility existed.

'Can't Eleanor prevent it, Mamma?' said Jane. 'She would never sell them the land.'

'I believe when an Act for a line of Railway can be obtained,' they over-ride all proprietors.'

Damaris could not help feeling a hope that Harry Newton would win the victory, and teach Miss Maynard for once that she could not have her own way. Ignorance and intolerance could never hold out beside a railway. However, Lady Maynard next spoke to forbid all mention of the impending catastrophe before Lady Isabella; Eleanor should be warned, and it might be possible to keep her step-mother from all knowledge of it.

But when they went to dine at the Priory, they found the mischief already done, and Lady Isabella in a nervous misery of distress. Some visitor had spoken of the line through Torwood Park as absolutely designed; and all Eleanor's resolute replies, 'I have written to Sir Charles Lee and Mr. Thorgood,' (the two county members,) failed to reassure her. It ought to have been a mitigation to hear that the obnoxious line was only an alternative; but poor Lady Isabella only augured, 'Then we shall have horrid impertinent men straying about the park, in all the most—'

She was absolutely crying.

'Never fear, Mamma,' said Eleanor; 'unless they show me reason good, I will have them taken up for trespassers.'

Miss Maynard taking up Mr. Newton for a trespasser! Damaris glowed with indignation.

'It was a very gentlemanlike young man whom we saw to-day; I am sure he would not willingly annoy you,' said Lady Maynard.

'Did you see him?' exclaimed poor Lady Isabella in horror; the distress thus brought all the nearer home.

'Yes; he spoke to us in Spooner's shop. I had met him before at Allingthorpe.'

Damaris was infinitely grateful for the manner of this mention, understanding it as intended to remove from her the odium of connection with the invader, and to keep Mr. Newton from contempt; and she put in a word of comfort to the alarmed Lady Isabella. 'He seemed fully to think it would be the line by the Galt Valley—it is longer but much easier, and he has to trace that out first. It would only be as a matter of duty that he would come to survey this valley at all; and he has such a feeling for beautiful scenery, that he would certainly not willingly damage it.'

'I will take care he never has the opportunity,' said Miss Maynard.

'Ah! my dear,' sighed Lady Isabella, 'beautiful scenery is just the attraction. There will be tourists poking and prying over every corner of the park, and we shall never have any comfort in the place again!'

As Lady Isabella never set foot on the ground outside the house, the railway did not seem likely to do her much harm; but Damaris always pitied her, and tried to reassure her by promises that Mr. Newton would be infinitely considerate; while Eleanor, in her brief cold way, made it evident that she meant to allow him no opportunity of exercising his consideration.

Before the week was over, Miss Maynard came down to her aunt in the utmost indignation, both her county members having assured her that it was impossible to obstruct the surveying operations of the railway engineer, or even if the Act were passed to refuse to sell her property. One of them consolingly assured her that nothing but frenzy could induce the company to adopt that line, and that he would oppose it in committee;

the other told her that if it were not taken, she and her successors would never cease to lament the inconvenience.

'Well,' said the consoling aunt, 'I am quite of Mr. Thorgood's mind; most likely the line will not be chosen. If you say nothing to your mother about it, and caution others, there is no reason she should ever find out when the surveying goes on.'

'I hate mysteries. I have had enough of them,' said Eleanor. 'What a pass we are come to, that the rights of property are become of no value! However, I shall set the keepers on guard that no spot is desecrated that is not required!'

Two Sundays after this, Harry Newton was seen at afternoon Church. It was a terrible perplexity to Lady Maynard. She would have asked him into her house afterwards with all her heart, for she liked his looks very much; but Eleanor always walked home with her, and to find her 'colloquing' with the enemy might be the ruin of family peace. All she could do was to resolve to be guided by circumstances; with the secret resolve that Damaris's proper treatment of old friends should be sacrificed to nobody's prejudice.

She therefore made no attempt to elude his greeting when they came out of church, and smilingly heard his great admiration of the country through which he had walked from Rolleford, on this his last Sunday there for the present—also of the church. They had stepped back to shew him the best view of the octagon tower before Eleanor had finished her talk with Mrs. Barwell; and Lady Maynard, hastening on to join her, left the two girls with Mr. Newton.

All three walked together towards the Bridge Hut, which lay full upon Mr. Newton's way home, talking pleasantly; Jane being particularly charmed with his delight in her rocks and rivers.

'You won't spoil them all with a horrible railroad,' she said, with her pretty smile. 'I may comfort my aunt by saying you like them too well.'

'I am afraid it does not depend on me,' he answered in the same tone. 'I can only do my work and admire by the way. I could not help longing to be climbing those cliffs, and looking for the curiosities that *must* be in those fissures!'

'You must talk to Mr. Pigou about them,' said Jane; 'he has hosts in his collection.'

'I anticipate a feast when I come,' he said.

'Ah! but you must take care. My aunt and cousin mean to have you beset by dragons,' said Jane.

'Lady Isabella is very nervous and timid,' added Damaris; 'she is very much distressed about this survey.'

'She may depend upon me that there shall be no annoyance,' said Harry Newton eagerly; and Damaris replied that so she had told her; while Jane, who was in high spirits, a little indiscreetly laughed and said—'True, but nothing would persuade some people that railroads

were not seven-headed dragons, and she thought cousin Eleanor had a monomania about trespassers, above all in the Rockwood.'

By this time they had reached the Bridge Hut gate, into which the two elder ladies had already disappeared, and Jane with the same giddiness said, 'Ah! Eleanor is gone in with Mamma! Will you come and face the dragon, and shew that you don't come breathing smoke and whistling defiance? It may propitiate her.'

But Harry Newton was a man of too good breeding to accept so young a girl's invitation, when her mother had perhaps avoided giving it, and took his leave, saying that he was going to Spreadbury, and did not know how soon his operations at Torwood would commence.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH FAMILY IN GERMANY AGAIN.

THE STRAHLENHEIMS OF BURGSTALL.

THE next morning, when the girls were in the summer-house, eating their luncheon, Minna began, 'Papa, we have been waiting all this time for you to think about something, and you have never yet remembered.'

'Perhaps,' said Herr Graf, 'I have remembered. What is it, Minna?'

'Oh no, you have not, or you would have told us,' she said, jumping on his knee. 'Why have you never thought that we should like to go to Eisenau, and show all its beauties to Clare?'

'That is just what I have thought,' said Herr Graf. 'We will go, and have a very pleasant two days. Let us ask Mamma what day we must fix.'

'I can't possibly go this week,' said Frau Gräffinn, who was the good housewife at Burgstall, and the fashionable Gräffinn von Strahlenheim when they were staying at Baden, or living in Karlsruhe. 'There is so much to be done. All the linen bought at the fair is being made up by the maid and housemaids. The kidney-beans are to be preserved this week, and that, you know, entails a holiday in the school-room, and everyone in the house assisting for a day at their being snipped and peeled.'

'That has nothing to do with us,' said Clare. 'You, Frau Gräffinn, don't slice the beans?'

'Indeed Mamma does,' said Minna; 'we all do; all the women servants and ourselves; we sit in the servants'-hall, and cut, and cut, the whole day.'

'It is quite true, Clare,' said Frau Gräffinn, 'and we shall expect your help. Another day, Frida must be in the kitchen; the cook preserves, and Frida must measure everything out, and learn thoroughly to understand it; I cannot have her lose another year,' continued Frau Gräffinn.

'It is clear we cannot go this week, Minna, for they are getting up the potatoes, and I shall require the help of the house for two days.'

'Perhaps you want us too?' said Clare, laughing.

'Certainly he does,' replied Frau Gräffinn. 'You must dress accordingly, and all come out, and earn your journey to Eisenau by your work.'

'You are joking!' said Clare. 'We shall be of no use!'

'Indeed you will,' said Herr Graf. 'Mamma and the children did a great deal last year, and now we shall have this fine lady's assistance,' he said, pointing to Clare's astonished face, 'we shall be done in no time!'

'Tuesday next is Papa's names-day, so when can we go?' said Minna, returning to the charge.

'We will start on Wednesday morning,' answered the Count; 'that is to say, if you all work well this week.'

'What, and where, is Eisenau?' inquired Clare.

'Oh, it is such a nice place!' exclaimed Minna, clapping her hands. 'We have to cook ourselves everything we eat; and it's an old ruined castle, with all sorts of ghosts and horrors, hardly any doors and windows, no tables in it, and we all have to sleep on straw!'

'It does not sound like a great reward, after a week of bean slicing, preserving, and potato gathering,' said Clare, laughing.

'Only wait and see!' said Minna. 'You'll laugh more than you have ever laughed in your life, when you get there.'

'Well, I think we are in for a week of horrors,' returned Clare.

The week of horrors was, however, soon past. The bean slicing Clare did pronounce rather slow; but the others took it as a matter of course, and worked hard. She joined Frida in the kitchen on the preserving day, declared she was learning a great deal; but when Frau Gräffinn came down, she said no doubt her jokes and remarks were very amusing, but Frida was there to work and not to play, and she must beg Clare to go up-stairs.

The potato gathering amused her hugely. They all went out in short striped petticoats, and very thick boots, joined the work-people there, and got through a great deal of work. Herr Graf said Clare had quite earned her visit to Eisenau.

'My right to sleep on straw! and cook my own dinner!' she interrupted.

She was quite sorry when the potato gathering was over. It ended by all the work-people having a supper, at which they sung their pretty Volkslieder, and concluded the evening by a dance in the open air. Clare and Herr Graf opened it: she made up for not dancing on the Sunday by dancing incessantly that evening; mostly with Herr Graf, but also showering her favours on any good-looking young villager who was there. She was quite the life of the party, by her spirits and her bright manner; and the villagers without a dissentient voice agreed, 'What a pity it was that Herr Graf had no son who might have married that

charming little English girl, and brought her to be the Frau Gräfinn there! Perhaps Herr Graf was rather of their opinion.

On Tuesday morning, at a very early hour, the house was awakened by a village serenade. They sang to the Austrian hymn tune a paraphrase of 'Gott erhalte Franz der Kaiser.'

'Gott erhalte unserer Bruno,
Unserer guter Graf Bruno?' &c.

Knowing his Austrian sympathies, it was a delicate attention on the part of his tenantry; as in that part of Germany Austrian absolutism was not likely to find many adherents amongst the lower classes. But the most revolutionarily inclined of the villagers about Bergstadt always in their animadversions against the aristocracy in general, and many individuals in particular, excepted the Graf Bruno von Strahlenheim. Had all noble families been like them, things would never have come to the sad pass they are in now; there would have been union amongst classes where now, with few exceptions, there is only antagonism or suppressed hatred to be found.

A few hours after breakfast, Herr Graf was summoned from the summer-house to the little arbour, where he had sat with Clare on Sunday evening. As he and Frau Gräfinn approached, they saw the arbour quite transformed. It was formed into a tent, hung with rose-coloured hangings; wreaths of flowers were entwined about it; inside, stood two children arranged with wings, to represent angels, each one bearing a chaplet of flowers. They were Minna and Otilie von Berendorff; they rested on something at the back, but appeared to be hanging in the air. At the entrance of the arbour were flags, and an inscription fastened on to two wreathed poles—"Lang lebe unserer guter Vater! 'Gott grüss euch lieber Vater!"—and voices of which he recognized the sound, but did not see where it came from, began to sing that favourite air from *The Czar and Zimmerman*,

'Heil sei den Tag an welchen du getauft bist,
Nicht lange ist es her,
Dass fruet uns um so mehr.'

And slowly from behind the arbour came first Clare, then Frida, Lili, and lastly the two Leoprechtings, all dressed in white, bearing in one hand a bouquet of flowers, in the other a gift which they had worked for Graf von Strahlenheim's names-day, or baptism-day. They came towards him, knelt on one knee, and each presented him with the bouquet and gift whilst they kissed his hand; but Herr Graf soon raised them, and returned to them a less formal expression of his thanks. After the tableaux had been examined and criticised, and Herr Graf and Frau Gräfinn had approached near enough for the two angels to throw on their heads the wreaths they were holding, the angels were permitted to descend, and seemed relieved to be rid of their wings and their precarious position.

At two o'clock they sat down—a large party at dinner. Herr Graf's health was drunk many times; glasses were knocked together in true German fashion, until the only wonder was that any glasses remained to be knocked. They all adjourned to the summer-house, where ladies and gentlemen smoked together until *gouttée*-time; and after that meal dancing succeeded, which only closed with midnight.

'To-morrow we are expected to sleep on straw,' was Clare's last tired speech before she fell asleep.

It seems more consistent with our faith as Christians to keep the day of our birth into Christ's Church as a day of rejoicing, than to solemnize the day on which we first saw the light of a world, of which those who are at all advanced in the thorny road before them all agree, that it is a world full of vanity and vexation of spirit. In the first anniversaries we rejoice because life is before us, and hope is buoyant; but how many, as the years roll on, prefer that the day of their birth should be passed over in silence, and have the hushed feeling in their inmost hearts which tells them that hopes have grown cold, and that though their lives have had many blessings, sorrow and sin is so rife around them, so entwined into their daily lot, 'that what indeed were life, if life were all!'

Welcoming with rejoicings your baptismal anniversary, you welcome the day which separated you as a chosen one out of this sin and sorrow stricken world; you welcome the day which saw you admitted into the Ship which is to bear you to the Everlasting Shores, and of which, as age increases and life decays, the hopes grow stronger, and the benefits more clearly defined.

In the one anniversary, each succeeding year the pleasant anticipations must decrease, and the stern realities become more forcible; in the other, the baptismal anniversary, each succeeding year the anticipations grow in brightness, and the stern realities of life become less painful, because we know that their power is weakening, and their time to distress us shortens day by day.

Such had been Clare's thoughts, till she resolved she would find out her baptismal day, and for evermore it should be the anniversary to be celebrated, and the day of her birth should sink into oblivion. 'And of course Margaret shall be convinced by my reasons, and do the same.'

It was bright, almost autumnal sun, at the end of August, which shone upon the party, as, closely packed in a large open carriage, they left Burgstall by six o'clock in the morning for Eisenau. 'With youth at the helm, and pleasure at the prow,' they were likely to enjoy themselves, and they did so. The Leoprechtings were of the party; they sung in parts, song after song, as the carriage winded in and out amongst the steep hills and wooded scenery about the banks of the Neckar.

At eight o'clock they stopped for breakfast. As Clare had been by universal vote elected to the office of cook for the first day, she was required to make the coffee; she was allowed any number of kitchen-maids, who assisted her in lighting the wood fire and boiling the kettle, for certainly

the cook seemed to be inexperienced ; but in the actual making of the coffee she was allowed no assistance. They collected round the fire, cups in hand ; the Gräffinn held the milk bottle, and had unpacked the supply of bread they had taken with them. When Clare began to pour out her beverage, it came thick and gritty ; and, with laughs and hisses, she was voted 'a horrid cook, and her coffee not fit to be drunk !'

'Only fit for ornament, Clare ! Is it not so ?' asked the Count.

'I never wished to be a cook,' said Clare. 'Frau Gräffinn would have it so, and this is her punishment.'

Frida's ready hands in a few moments produced some excellent coffee, which Clare was glad to drink, and quite content to accept all the laughter addressed to her.

After wandering a little in the woods about, and providing themselves with endless wild flowers to twine into wreaths and chaplets, they again entered the carriages, and continued their drive until they reached the old ruin of Eisenau.

The Von Strahlenheims had originally sprung from Eisenau. It was an old German ruin, not containing above two habitable rooms. Quite enclosed amongst hills and woods, it seemed far out of the present world ; and the view they looked down upon from out of the oriel window was one of unusual beauty. Undulating pastures, water, and wood, succeeded each other with beautiful variety ; the game and the birds, unaccustomed to the tread of man, almost gathered on the door-steps, as they alighted from the carriage.

Graf von Strahlenheim had business which generally required his presence once a year in the neighbourhood ; and it had become an established custom that his family should accompany him, and 'rough it' for two days. They were not able to bring any servants with them, for there was no place to house them—the two rooms, without any furniture, were converted into bed-rooms. Herr Graf and Frau Gräffinn took the smaller one, and all the girls were disposed of in the other room. Every meal had to be taken in the open air, and the whole day spent amongst the trees and the birds.

'Business first, and pleasure after,' cried Frau Gräffinn ; 'go and arrange your room and beds, and then you can go out.'

That was the word of command for a hunt after straw and hay, which was soon found, as Graf von Strahlenheim had had some left there quite lately ; so each of them arranged a bundle of straw, with a wisp for a pillow, and then armed themselves with fishing rods, and started to catch trout in the stream near the old castle. But they were far too merry a party to catch fish ; the fat old trout could not conceive what had come to their peaceful stream, and soon got out of the way ; and the girls took off shoes and stockings, and paddled about the cool stream like so many little children, until a bell sounded from the castle, and reminded them that it was dinner time.

They remained out until nearly eleven, enjoying the beautifully warm

evening, the solemn star-light, and above all the light of the glorious harvest moon, which shed an unearthly light upon them, and was a fitting accompaniment to the stories and romances of his family in its earliest days, whilst it had yet been at Eisenau, with which Herr Graf amused them.

When they retired to rest, it certainly was not to sleep, for Clare took up the stories, and so effectually frightened them all with ghost stories and histories of haunted halls, that three times Herr Graf knocked at the door to inquire the meaning of such screams and laughter.

They had scarcely slept an hour, when Clare gently woke Frida, and proposed getting up. It was about two in the morning, and what an opportunity to see the sun rise from the height of this old ruin; they could look down on the surrounding country for miles.

The plan was soon communicated to the others; and before three o'clock they had all silently crept out of the house, and were standing on the top of the high hill which rose just behind the old ruin. It was cold, raw, and chill, almost dark; heavy vapours seemed to hang about the earth, and the girls huddled closely together to keep warm. Not a sound could be heard, except here and there the twitter of some bird which cared to be before the dawn. They knew that there was not a living man, except the sleeping Graf, about for miles. They stood in silent expectation, until slowly the vapour seemed to dispel on the horizon, a glimmer of light first appeared, the earth seemed to assume another shape as the vapours disappeared before the approaching rays; and then the sun rose, a flaming red ball of fire, from behind the hills in the distance, and at once life pervaded everything—the birds woke and sung, rustling amongst the trees showed that animals were on the move, the very trees seemed to feel that another day had commenced its existence.

It was a scene as new as it was imposing to every one of the girls; each one thought it had been a sight they never could forget; and Clare felt that had she been alone, or with her own sister, she must have joined her voice in the *Te Deum Laudamus*, which seemed to her ears the hymn which every animate thing was at that moment celebrating to its Creator.

The day passed far too rapidly; they bathed, they sung, they danced up and down the hills in their enjoyment of the beautiful weather; and Frida and Clare talked, and learnt to know each other better than they had ever done before. But the happiest moments must end. The carriages stood at the door at five o'clock, and they were obliged to leave, with regrets, with vows and promises that they would meet again next year. Before the harvest moon again shone on Eisenau, hundreds of miles and a wide ocean separated Clare from her friends; and the sunrise at Eisenau could only dwell in one of the choicest corners of her memory.

The days of their stay at Burgstall were numbered; and though Clare

had never enjoyed a pleasure without wishing for all at Gründensau, but especially for Mamma and Margaret, to share it, she was surprised at herself to feel how unwilling she was to leave Frida, Herr Graf, Frau Gräfinn, and the others, for that was how they ranked in her affections. She had learnt to value and to respect them all so much; and she resolved how sturdily she would set herself to work, when she returned home, to remove the prejudices her countrymen had respecting the social and domestic life of the Germans.

'Such a long letter for Clare!' said Miama, bringing some letters into the school-room one morning about twelve o'clock.

Clare was always delighted when the weekly budget came, which told her all about Gründensau, and their many employments there. The letters this morning seemed to contain some unusual news, for Clare read and re-read them, and looked surprised at their contents.

'I hope, Clärchen, that all are well?' said Frida, putting her arm round Clare.

'Oh yes, all are quite well; but, O Frida, you never will guess what they say is likely to happen!' exclaimed Clare.

Frida guessed at half a dozen unlikely things, at each of which Clare shook her head; and at last Clare said, 'Margaret says in her letter that Papa thinks seriously of our returning to England in the early spring; and of course, Margaret is quite delighted.'

Frida's face fell. 'O Clare, you will be pleased to leave us; you will enjoy yourself in that rich England, and never give a thought to the German friends who have loved you so much!'

'Indeed, Frida, you are much mistaken. Margaret may be glad to return to England, and get into that cold grimy Northumberland again; but I have learnt to love the German people and the German land, and it shall always be home to me; I shall think I am in banishment until I may see the German sky, and feel the warmth of a German sun again!'

Frida looked delighted at her. 'I wish you could stay with us; but you will fall in love with some big Englishman, and then you will love everything that is English.'

'Never!' answered Clare. 'I will marry a German; I never can care for an Englishman; they hold themselves so badly, their manners have no respect about them, and they none of them know either how to dance, to bow, or to enter a room.'

'Certainly,' said Frida, 'no Englishmen whom I have ever seen know how elegantly to enter a room, with three graceful bows, as all our compatriots do. However, poor Clare, where you are born you must live, and make the best of your rough companions.'

Clare felt her sympathies so entirely German, that she did not even resent Frida's pitying speech. But had it been Margaret to whom Frida had made such a remark, she would indeed have had to stand a volley of angry reproaches for entertaining such disparaging opinions of the noblest and most civilized race of men in the world.

The last day at Burgstall sped far too rapidly. The six weeks had been so pleasant, Clare had so attached herself to the kind people she had been with, and their mode of life had been such a novelty to her, that it was with great regret that she thought their intercourse was drawing to a close.

She went about with Frida, bidding farewell to their different amusements; they were glad to be together, for they had so many last words to say to each other. Clare went to take leave of the old nurse, who, when she heard Clare was likely to return to England, expressed greater regret than ever at the sad future before her.

'You say,' said Clare, 'that from knowing me you like English girls. I ought to send my brother to you; I am sure for his sake you would learn to like Englishmen. I believe you would like him so much, that you would even think him worthy of one of the young Gräffinns.'

'No, never!' said the old nurse, whose creed was that the Emperor of Austria was the greatest man in the world, and that the Graf and Gräffinn von Strahlenheim ranked next. 'He may be a fine young man; but it would kill me if any of our gracious ladies married any other than a true German.'

'Not much chance that anyone else will wish for us,' said Frida, laughing; for to her many charms she added the one of a really humble estimate of herself.

The journey home was soon performed. All the Von Strahlenheims were loud in their regrets at losing their dear little English friend.

'We shall be so dull without you,' said Lili; 'there will be no one to laugh at.'

'Thank you, Lili; if that is all this representative of the English nation is worth, I think the longer I absent myself the better,' answered Clare, with mock dignity.

'It is your language, your very odd German, we laugh at in our Clarerle,' said the Herr Graf, who had been playing with her hand all the time; 'not her dignified imposing self. I shall be quite grave, and smoke so many more pipes, all because Frida has lost her friend.'

'I can't promise to be unhappy and silent, because I shall have so many nice things to tell them at Gründenu of you all. But I know one thing—I love you all so much, and my German father more than anyone in the world,' said Clare, 'and I hope that in England there will be some men a little bit like you.'

'If we find anyone else like your "German father,"' said Frau Gräffinn, 'shall we write and tell you? And then you might become his wife.'

'Oh! do; and I will leave Northumberland and come to Germany immediately,' answered Clare; 'that is, if you will have me; but he must be just like the Herr Graf, my German father.'

'My eyes, and my black beard!' said Herr Graf, laughing.

'Yes,' answered Clare, 'and your manner, your ways, and your mind!'

'And just as devoted to the meditative pipe as I am?' said Herr Graf, with a smile. For Clare had never become quite reconciled to the clouds of tobacco which seemed to emerge from his mouth in an inexhaustible supply.

Clare was beginning to recognize the woods and houses that they passed in the train. Soon the railway whistle announced that they were approaching the Grtindenau Station, and she saw the figures of Mrs. Leslie, Margaret, and Dora, on the platform. A railway engine cannot be supposed to have any feelings, and most assuredly does not recognize the rights its passengers may have to tender sensations. The ruthless whistle screams out in the midst of a heart-rending farewell, the train begins to puff and blow and move, and you are left, with the last most important words all unsaid, vainly longing to have those few last moments to live over again; but the train, regardless of all sentiment of the past, bears you onward to 'act in the living present.'

Mrs. Leslie came up to the railway carriage, expressed her thanks to the Von Strahlenheims for their great kindness to her daughter; and whilst they politely assured her the pleasure had all been on their side, and Clare had her last words with Frida, exchanged promises of unalterable affection and constant correspondence, the train began to move.

'We are quite ready to take you with us,' cried the Count to Clare, 'and I think we are doing so!'

She jumped from the carriage, and the train was soon out of sight; whilst she found herself walking through the Grtindenau pine forest, amongst her own people again; and her first visit into the world, as she had described it, agreeably and pleasantly completed.

'Well, Mamma,' she said, as she bid good-night that evening, 'the world has been a very pleasant world to me, and I don't care how soon I see some more of it; and if all the world are like the Von Strahlenheims, I am sure it must be a very nice good world.'

Mrs. Leslie smiled. 'Then you won't stop in last year's nest always, will you?'

'Oh yes,' she said; 'I will take trips into the world, and come back to think how much nicer my nest is than any other nest I ever see.'

'Nicer than Frida's nest?' put in Margaret.

Clare paused for a minute, for at present everything was viewed *coulleur de rose* that concerned the Von Strahlenheims. 'I would not change my nest, and my mother-bird, for any nest,' she answered, laughing.

'And how about the petticoat, Clare?' inquired Margaret.

'O Mamma, I looked at it every day, and you have no idea how discreet I was in consequence. It was never washed.'

'Indeed!' said Mrs. Leslie.

'The truth was, I never had the courage to wear it, for I was so laughed at about writing on my nails, that I could not face Herr Graf in my

petticoat. So only Frida read it; she said one would think I had been taught to suppose the world was a great dragon ready to swallow up confiding damsels!

Mrs. Leslie laughed. 'It is your own vivid imaginations that make you think so. I think, Clare, my doctrine has always been, that you carry your world about with you. You don't go into what the Catechism calls "the world" when you make a visit from home once in a way; "the world," to you, are the circumstances of your daily life, and the intercourse you hold with the people you live among.'

'Amen!' said Clare demurely. She was never given much to discussion, or 'good talk,' as she called it; she left all that to Margaret; and yet the remarks, more than the direct teaching, which she heard from Mrs. Leslie had their weight, and influenced and formed a character the more deep and fresh because its graver part found so little expression in words.

It was past ten o'clock, and still they were lingering on the terrace, listening to the splash of the Neckar. They had had a week of oppressive sultry weather, and the evenings were the only time they could really enjoy the cool air.

Whilst Clare and Mrs. Leslie had been talking about the world, its charms, and its temptations, Margaret had been watching the sheet-lightning which played along the horizon, and now she called their attention to it. The night was dark, there were a few straggling stars visible, but no moon, and the lightning became so clear and continuous, that it enlightened with its lurid glare the whole line of Bergstrasse Hills, 'the street of mountains,' as its name indicates, which they could so clearly distinguish from the Gröndenan Terrace. Heidelberg, with its turrets and buildings, in the far distance to the right; the old castle of Schriesheim, looking down on the ancient town of Ladenburg, where the legend ran that Charlemagne's beautiful daughter had taken refuge with the clever intellectual writer of low degree, Eginhard, the man who with courtly words had wooed and won her, before all the deeds of prowess performed by the many knights anxious to win the lovely Bertha, daughter of the Emperor; Windeck, of which every corner was familiar to Margaret and Clare, from the days when their home had been at Reisen; and the last and highest point to the left, the old Melibocus, the mountain which had looked solemnly on the many strange events ever occurring in the free town of Frankfort, which it protected by its presence. The lightning in turn illumined them all, and also showed the Neckar, which had quite outstripped its usual bounds, and was risen several feet. At Gröndenan a wall of several feet prevented the river ever annoying them by its rises or its falls; but on the other side of the river, the little village of Andenan lay exposed to the water, and might suffer by any extension of its borders.

'How curious!' said Mrs. Leslie, that the river should rise; we have had no rain for weeks, until the country seems quite dried up.'

'I heard people saying, in the train, that there had been so much rain in the Schwarzwald, which may have swollen the mountain torrents, and so enlarged the Neckar,' answered Clara.

'I don't think it will rise much,' said Mrs. Leslie, after they had stood watching the river for a few moments.

It had not risen many feet, but the usual clear blue colour was changed to a sandy thick hue; and the fishermen had taken alarm, and were come out to fasten their boats tightly to the iron rings on the walls, and to remove their fishing tackle.

'How calm and beautiful the lightning is!' said Margaret regretfully, as Mrs. Leslie made the second move to enter the house.

Mrs. Leslie's prophecy, that the waters would not rise, was not verified. Before she rose in the morning, the Neckar was many feet high, and the whole country was threatened with an inundation. The day was as bright, clear, and sultry, as any they had had for many days, and it seemed surprising where this immense body of water, which rushed on its way to the Rhine, could have come from. It was accounted for in the papers, a few days later, by the history of a great waterspout which had fallen amongst the hills beyond Heidelberg, which, coming at the same time as the rain near the source of the Neckar, caused one of the most serious inundations which that part of Germany had ever been subjected to.

During the earlier part of the morning the novelty of the scene was very attractive to the Leslies. They all collected on the terrace, and much as the water had risen, the high wall which separated the river from their garden prevented their suffering any annoyance. It was not so on the Andenau side of the river; the waters rushed from their usual bounds, and spread themselves over a long tract of sand, quite up into the village.

It was fortunate for those fishermen who had been sufficiently prudent to anchor their boats high up in the village; for the relentless force of the waters tore everything away with it, and the unwilling traffic on the river was very amusing and exciting, until it became alarming. The stream was much too strong for any boats to be able to cross. The flying bridge which kept up communication between Gröndenan and Andenau had been torn away during the night from its moorings, and now as hour by hour the river rose, the fishermen stood on the high walls, endeavouring to fish in with their long hooks, or with nets attached to long poles, anything of value which sailed unwillingly down with the rushing waters.

Large disconnected pieces of rafters which had been dragged from the shore where they were fastened; the produce of some impoverished Freiherr's estate, who found it necessary to cut his timber to improve his income, and would return few thanks to the Neckar for taking by force what he had intended to send carefully down its waters to the Rhine, where, joined to many others so as to form one large raft, it would

have leisurely swam down the Rhine to some Dutch port, where it would have secured for him a good sum, and have been converted into the masts of some stout ship. Now as it tore past, torn and separated from its companion timber, it became the prey of the cleverest fisherman on the bank. Next would pass the remains of a stack, the muddy contents of some farm-yard. Here articles of clothing, which showed the waters had entered some dwelling, washing tubs, milk bowls, even infants' rocking-chairs; once a little cradle made all on the terrace eagerly strain, to see if a second little Moses were trusted to the mercies of a river; but the infant had been removed before the cradle had been swept away. A young hare next came swimming, trying to resist the force with which it was borne as it rose up and down; its expression was so alarmed and bewildered that all nets were out to catch it; but the water bore it away either to its death or to the net of some more fortunate fishermen than those of Gründenan. A cow, living and struggling, was worth trying to catch; and after much excitement it was landed in the Roman Catholic Priest's garden, which joined the terrace. Dead calves, cats, dogs, farming utensils, came in numbers, which showed that the water was doing serious mischief in some places. One poor creature, the abhorred of all sons of Israel, excited roars of laughter, even from the eager crowds on both sides of the river; it came struggling, grunting, down the river, so energetically protesting, so helplessly driven by the force of circumstances, no one could pity its evident suffering—a struggling pig, swimming for its life, was so very ridiculous, that fresh bursts of laughter came from every group, as poor piggy became visible.

Still the river continued to rise. It had reached all the water-marks which had been made to mark former inundations. Every cellar in Gründenan was under water; and at Andenan, where there was no wall to form a barrier to the waters, the river had reached the cottages in the streets, and already driven the inmates into the upper rooms. In cottages where there was no upper room, they began to stand on the roofs of the houses; many had even taken refuge in the church. The cattle and all live stock were beginning to suffer, for though many poor fellows had driven their pig and their cow into the dwelling-room, the constantly rising water threatened to take them out of their depth even there.

As the day wore on, and the waters showed no sign of abating, but on the contrary had increased so much that the Leslies could, from the height of their wall, touch the waters with their hand, even the inhabitants of Gründenan became alarmed for themselves; for their friends and relations at Andenan they had for some time felt the greatest uneasiness; distress and ruin must fall upon them all, and now even their lives were in danger.

All who were able had forsaken their houses, and taken refuge in the church or in the few strongly built houses that Andenan might boast of. Whenever there was a pause in the noise and talking around, distinctly could be heard the cries of distress of the animals, the sounds of scream-

ing children, and the never-ceasing little church bell which tinkled forth its note of alarm, its call for succour; earthly succour they could scarcely look for, but it was the voice of prayer which bore to those around, pitying, and yet unable to assist the cries within the little church, 'that it would please God to avert the calamity that was threatening them, and command the waters to abate.'

'Such a thing has never happened within the memory of the oldest man,' said an old weather-beaten fisherman, whose memory must have extended as far back as that of most living people. 'We are up to the water-marks of that inundation which happened about the time of the French Revolution.'

'Are they in great danger?' inquired Mrs. Leslie, 'those poor people on the other side?'

He shook his head sadly. 'They are safe enough, those who are in the Pfarrer's house, or who are in the church; but there is one poor fellow, who has been bedridden for months, and the water hides the lower window of his house already; it has gone hard with him before now,' said the old man mournfully.

'And is there no help? would it be impossible to get a boat over? but I forget, the boats are all lost,' said Mrs. Leslie.

'We have one boat—old Michel saved his boat, but his is the only one; they have been talking of putting it out, some young fellows up there, but it would be madness, sheer madness; see those eddies and whirlpools, what boat could resist that force? May God help them!' And the old man turned away.

'No single water-spout could have made this body of water?' said Mrs. Leslie, following him; 'the rush of water must have been sooner over.'

'Oh no,' said the man; 'it is the fall of snow in the Swiss mountains; there must have been some great avalanches thawing; we often suffer at this time of the year, but I never remember anything like this before; several things, the mountain thaw, the waterspout, and perhaps rain together, will account for it; but it must end soon,' he said despairingly. 'Look, that is the house where that poor fellow lies. I have known him many a long year; and there he lies, watching his death approach by inches.'

'How awful!' exclaimed Margaret, who was standing near; she was just come up the terrace to where Mrs. Leslie was standing, her arm was in that of her brother Philip, a fine powerful looking young Oxonian, who, with a college friend, was spending a week of their summer vacation at Grtindenau, before continuing their walking tour into Switzerland.

'It has been a grand sight!' said Philip aside to her, 'but it is awful to think of those poor creatures across the water, and not to be able to help them.'

'How hungry they must be! think of the hours now they have been shut up in that church, or on the roofs of their houses!'

The hot sultry day closed, and was succeeded by a calm clear night;

bright stars shone overhead, the country from the Bergstrasse to the Gründenan terrace, a space of about five miles, seemed to be entirely under water, for the river wound in and out so much between Gründenan and Heidelberg, that the water had met in several places on the dry ground, and united itself into one whole, out of which trees, house-roofs, churches, and spires, projected as if they were the dwellings of water-nymphs and mermaids that had suddenly taken a leap into our every-day world.

It was not till after eleven that anyone thought of retiring for the night, and before then the watermen had given a more satisfactory report. Though the waters had not yet decreased, they came with less rushing force; and in the last two hours the rise had been almost imperceptible.

About four o'clock in the morning Margaret awoke for about the sixth time during the short night. Clare was sleeping calmly near her, so she did not awaken her; but she quickly dressed, and was soon out and on the terrace. The waters were going down, but not sufficiently so for Margaret to notice it. There was perfect silence around, and the splashing waters and the little tinkling bell sounded clearly in the distance, still announcing that the inhabitants of Andenan watched in fear. What was it that made Margaret stretch forward and gaze so intently 'down the stream? She heard the sound of voices, and she saw a small boat put out with several men in it, and as quickly seem to return to the shore. Why should a cold shudder thrill through Margaret, and the colour forsake her face? what greater reason had she to fear for those who entered the boat, than for the unfortunate ones on the other side, who were cold, starved, and fearing for their lives?

She saw that a boat was starting, laden with bread, and prepared to relieve from their imprisonment those whom they could reach; and she felt sure that that boat's crew would never have been organized had not her brother Philip and his friend, Mr. Warren, started it. It was like Philip's bold brave nature to undertake danger for the relief of others; and though her sisterly feelings made her watch the little boat with fevered anxious eyes, she would not have stayed him.

As the boat again got on its way, she recognized his figure as well as that of Mr. Warren. She felt thankful to see the old fisherman, who had talked to them on the terrace the day before. He had not been able to resist joining his old bedridden comrade. Two stout young fellows made up the crew.

The old man sat at the helm and steered, and it required all the force of the four young men to resist the stream. Often they yielded to it, and went with the stream for some way, and then they made a little way up again; it was not the church, but the little hut with the bedridden old man in it, that the boat was making for: old Heinrich had stipulated that if he trusted himself to the boat, they should first go to the house of his old comrade.

There were but few people about at this early hour; a few men, following the track of the little boat with eager eyes, and Margaret standing alone on the terrace, keeping her early watch. She could distinguish the figure and the voice of Philip, as in dangerous moments he seemed to take command; and after some time he distinguished her, and waved a handkerchief to her.

They had been battling with the waters almost an hour before they performed the little journey, which usually was executed in ten minutes. Several times they had lost all command of the boat, and for a few seconds it had gone round and round in one of the strong eddies, then again it seemed to dart with the rapidity of the stream down the river, but it was always stopped, and at last they caught with a hook the upper window, the only one visible of the little hut to which old Heinrich directed them. Several houses had been swept away, and this one shook and trembled with the force of the water, as if its foundations were giving way. Philip was the first to look in at the little window; the water was about two feet deep in the room, and hid the legs, but had not reached the covers on a high bed which was in one corner of the room. He threw a hasty glance around, for it was with the utmost difficulty the boat could be steadied, and called out to Heinrich, 'There is no one here, your friend must have been moved; there is an empty bed!'

At that moment he heard the suppressed sob, as of a child in distress, which made him look back again, and he saw something, he could not distinguish what, move on the top of a heavy old chest-of-drawers.

'There is a child!' he cried out. 'I must get it!'

The young men called to him they could not keep the boat any longer, and if they once loosened hold they might not be able to return, the force with which they held on at the window seemed almost to drag that side of the tottering house down.

'Warren! I can't leave the girl!' said Philip, 'it's what we came for; do what you can;' and in a moment he had leapt from the boat and was standing in the room up to his knees in water. It was a dangerous position, for every fresh rush of water seemed eager to bear the house with it as its prey. When Philip stood in the room he saw that the bed was not unoccupied, and from the top of the chest-of-drawers seemed to rise a tall girl; she threw out her arms—'Oh! save us! save us!'

He went up to the bed, and threw back a sheet: before him lay the figure of an old man; but he was lifeless. Some hours ago fear had saved him from the dread reality of being torn away by the river. Philip felt almost thankful. They could save the girl, but it would have been impossible to cumber the boat with two extra people. He stooped over the man to be certain life was extinct, and then turned as quickly as he might to rescue the girl, for the men were hurrying him outside, and he felt the danger was imminent.

'My father! save my father!' cried the poor girl.

'He is safe,' said Philip; 'he is dead; come with us into the boat.'

He offered to lift her, but she jumped from the drawers, waded towards the bed, and imprinted one kiss on the stony cold forehead, and then turned to Philip. It was the work of a minute, and they were again in the boat. The girl was ordered to lie down amongst the loaves of bread they were bearing to the church, and the little bark again pursued its fitful course towards the church. They had to steer between trees and chimney tops; but it was an easier journey than the crossing over had been.

Every inlet to the church was tightly closed, but they opened a window which was about on a level with their boat, and threw in the dozen or more loaves they had in the boat. The church was crowded. Old Heinrich called out to them that the worst was now over, the river was decreasing; perhaps before night they might get to their own homes again. But what homes! what scenes of ruin and devastation would await the poor fellows, when they again stood on the threshold of their homes!

Several voices called from the church, 'Old Hiob and Lisbeth, they are not here; can't you help them?'

'We have been there,' cried Old Heinrich; he did not add what they had seen when they had looked into the house of Hiob, the old dead fisherman.

'Is anyone else in trouble?' cried Philip.

'We are all in trouble,' answered a voice from the church, 'but no one else can be assisted, if you have seen old Hiob, (the German for Job),—'the bread is very acceptable, and the news that the water is abating still more so.'

'That last man who spoke has some spirit in him, Warren,' said Philip, as the boat pushed off, and tried to regain the other shore.

It was more difficult to return than it had even been to get across to Andenau; and more than once the angry waters seemed to have succeeded in their violent efforts to possess themselves of the only thing which had that day not yielded itself to their will.

Lisbeth lay immovable in the bottom of the boat, where she had been desired to lie, so as not to disturb the balance. She shewed either great indifference or surprising self-control, for the men moved about her, or stepped across her, and she never offered to move from the position she had taken when placed in the boat.

The village clock had struck seven before the boat, with its little crew, again touched land, and their perilous voyage was safely performed. Margaret had paced up and down the terrace the whole time, watching every movement of the little party, as it threaded its course—sometimes visible to her eye—sometimes hid by some other object; and as a loud hurrah announced they had again touched land at Gründenau, Margaret clasped her hands in thanks that her brother was safe, and rushed into the house to announce to Mrs. Lealie the exploit of which now she had leisure to be proud.

The Leslies were collected at breakfast, when Philip and his friend walked coolly into the room, as if they had but just risen, and had not been out on perilous exploits half the night. The reception that was given them soon showed them that Margaret had not kept their counsel; Mrs. Leslie reproached Philip for his foolhardiness, and tried to make him realize what the consequence to them all would have been, had anything happened to him; 'and you know, Philip, it is almost a miracle that the boat did not upset.'

'Well, Mother, it was ticklish work, but the men never would have started without us—would they, Warren? And the people in the church would have been ravenous had we not taken them something; and then old Heinrich went on so about this poor old Job; and after all, he was dead. The fright must have killed him; for the water had only reached the foot of the bed.'

'But, Mrs. Leslie, has Philip told you? we have not come back from our aquatic excursion empty-handed; we fished—'

'It must be strange fish that you could catch in such a stream as this,' said Mrs. Leslie.

'Well, Mother,' answered Philip, 'it is something strange—a mermaid, it may be, a sea-nymph, or a real Lorelei; her hair is golden, and flowing enough for any Lorelei; and though she was not occupied in combing it when we saw her, she rose out of the waters in a mysterious way.'

'She seems to be the daughter of this poor Job, who died this morning; she looked a beautiful girl; but old Heinrich took charge of her, for she seemed quite stupified; and he did mutter something about "Mrs. Leslie" and "provide,"' added Mr. Warren.

'Poor thing!' said Mrs. Leslie; 'we will see about her this morning; I fear there will be no lack of objects on whom to exercise charity after this sad event.'

This day, like the former one, was spent in the open air, watching the river. It had taken a turn in the early morning; and slowly during the day the waters decreased, but so slowly that even at nightfall the poor inhabitants of Andenau dare not forsake the harbour the church afforded.

No other communication could be effected between the two villages that day. It had been a bold and courageous feat on the part of the young men; but they had the satisfaction of knowing that they had saved the life of the young girl, who must have perished before many hours had elapsed had they not gone, for the waters succeeded at last in forcing away the house from its foundations; and no traces were ever discovered of the old fisherman, Job, who after having all the years of his life been in the service of the river, received from it, as a last benefit, a watery grave.

However interesting an unusual sight may be, one becomes weary at last of watching it; and as the Leslies knew that danger was ever, for

themselves and especially for Andenan, interest in the inundation seemed to flag; and except they went out occasionally to see how much the waters fell from hour to hour, they resumed their usual household occupations.

Before noon Heinrich came, and with him Lisbeth, the poor girl whose life Philip had been the means of saving. Old Heinrich came to consult Mrs. Leslie as to what he was to do with her. She was the granddaughter and only living relative of the old Hiob who had been drowned; and as, of course, every little possession they might have had had been washed away, she stood alone and destitute in the world.

'Did not the gracious lady require a servant? he was sure she would be a good and industrious servant.'

Mrs. Leslie required no extra servant, but she turned and looked at the girl she was requested to help. Her appearance was striking; the young men's description of her hair was not exaggerated, it looked like masses of fine spun gold, neatly twisted in thick coils round the back of her head; a large gold pin, in the shape of an arrow, held it together. The arrow was an heirloom in peasant families, and descended from fathers' to sons' wives for generations. She had inherited this from her grandmother; it was of some value, and Lisbeth had remembered to save her one piece of finery by sticking it in her hair when all else was lost.

Her blue eyes and gentle unhappy expression of countenance made her resemble some of the higher-typed faces of the Madonna, which one so constantly meets with in foreign prints. Her eyes were swollen with weeping; and Mrs. Leslie, seeing it would be useless addressing much conversation to her that day, merely said she hoped she would remain with Heinrich for some days, until one could know how much damage had been done in her home; and that she would do her utmost to befriend her in any way she could. Lisbeth curtsied respectfully, and she and old Heinrich went away.

'What an eventful two days we have had since my return!' said Clare to Margaret; 'it seems to me as though it were a week since I had left my dear Herr Graf and Frida!'

'You're dying to write to them?' inquired Margaret, laughing."

'That is just what I am,' said Clare; 'and as my early death would be a sad loss to my family, I will immediately write to Frida; but tell me first, Margaret, about our prospect of returning to England; is there anything in it?'

'I sincerely hope so,' said Margaret; 'Papa intends us to be at old Rise next spring, and really, Clare, I can think of nothing else. I am so anxious to feel at home again!'

'At home!' exclaimed Clare indignantly. 'I am older than you, Margaret, though you do always think yourself the oldest, and am certain you can remember scarcely anything of Rise, so it is only sentiment on your part which makes you wish to be in that dear England; and how you

can care to exchange a lovely climate, all these out-door enjoyments, the quantities of pleasant fruit, the summer heat, and the winter's sleighing, for smoke in the air, stiffness in society, damp murky weather all the year round—!

'I know whose imagination is running away with them this time,' said Margaret; 'but we will wait and see if England will have no attractions to offer for Miss Clare.'

'None,' said Clare indignantly, 'that I would not instantly exchange for a foreign life: I may endure England, but like it never!'

It was about the only subject that Margaret and Clare never could agree upon; generally they were content to argue and differ; but now Margaret's increased enthusiasm at the prospect of being what she called 'at home,' and Clare's increased devotion to the Von Strahlenheims, and through them all Germans, made them often clash, and frequently come to open collision.

The following day the river had sufficiently fallen, for the one boat which was all Gründenan now possessed to cross over several times to take assistance and food to the people of Andenan. Great indeed was their distress, and serious their losses. They had often suffered before, but never to the same extent, but experience could not teach them wisdom; and like the villages at the foot of Vesuvius, no sooner were the devastations of one ravage over, than they immediately began to rebuild their homesteads on the ruined sites of their former homes.

Subscriptions were raised in the different towns and all over the country for the aid of the distressed; and the Baden government also contributed relief. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie did their utmost for some days, in providing food for the many who at first had no means of procuring any for themselves. Soon, however, matters took their usual course; the inundation of the Neckar had been a nine days wonder, but it yielded place to some other wonder; people's sympathies that had been moved during those nine days, had subscribed largely; the Burgermeister and the two Pfarrers had the disposal of the money in each village, and it served to alleviate the sufferings of many homes. In the villages which had themselves suffered, the inundation of 185— became as much a life's date to the inhabitants, as some author says, 'the birth of my first boy' is to every woman who can count 'a first boy,' for it is said somewhere that a woman dates every event of life by, 'I remember it was just so many years before, or so many months or years after, as the case may be, my dear Johnnie, &c. was born!'

Philip and Mr. Warren were on the move. The girls entreated Philip to give them a little more of his company.

'Warren grumbles at our delay,' said Philip; but truth to say, Warren's grumbles were not very forcible. Philip's pretty sisters might have something to do with his laziness, and had he not already found Dora so charming, he thought he should have been perplexed to say whether he thought Clare's bright sunshiny quick nature, or

Margaret's dark and more dignified style, the most attractive. Dora, however, saved him from the difficulty; he was quite convinced he preferred her to anyone he had ever seen—and the reasons why, he felt himself quite unable to give.

Two or three mornings later, Mrs. Leslie said at breakfast, 'I really must hold a council, as to what is to be done about this poor girl of old Hiob's; Heinrich wants me to take her, but I have scarcely seen the girl yet.'

'My Lorelei!' exclaimed Philip; 'take her by all means, Mother, and let her come to Rise, and instruct the natives there in the art of hair colouring; don't waver for a moment, she is my property, and I make her over to you.'

'It is not so easily arranged as you think, my dear Philip; it is a serious responsibility taking so entirely to a young girl, and taking her into a strange country.'

'Oh, Mother!' cried Philip, 'I feel my Lorelei has "a faithful valued old servant," and "a real comfort to her mistress," written in undeveloped characters on her wide forehead.'

'Here she is!' said Mrs. Leslie, as a knock was heard at the door.

'Enter Lorelei!' called out Philip, 'and exit the bewitched fisherman,' as he went out into the garden, humming to himself the Lorelei air; he put his head in at the window again, and called out, 'Mother! inquire if the Lorelei sings; if she does, her poor fisherman has not a chance.'

Lisbeth stood bolt upright at the door, her hands tight clasped behind her, and her head bent shyly on one side. Mrs. Leslie had dismissed old Heinrich, wishing to hear Lisbeth talk alone. She was dressed in a short blue striped petticoat, and a neat little tight jacket—the costume of her class in that country; no bonnet hid the beauty of her hair, which was plaited tightly at the back of her head, and fastened by the gold arrow, which looked dim in contrast to the glittering brightness of her own hair.

No Lorelei, the syren or water-nymph of the Rhine, who beguiled those unwary fishermen to their destruction, could possibly have looked so timid, blushing, and gentle, as did poor Lisbeth. The colour went and came twenty times before Mrs. Leslie addressed her, and asked her what her future plans were.'

'I have none,' she replied; 'but I can work.'

'Had you always lived with your poor grandfather?' inquired Mrs. Leslie.

The tears came to her eyes. 'He was father and mother to me; I never knew either of them; and he was—oh! so good to me!'

'He had suffered, and was bedridden for some years!' asked Mrs. Leslie sympathizingly.

'Yes,' she answered slowly; 'but he had been worse the last week, and I was so frightened when the waters came; I think it distressed him, and hurried his death. He begged me to leave him and go with the

others to the church; but I could not do that; but oh! I wish I had not seemed so afraid!

'Was he very terrified?' asked Mrs. Leslie; 'it could not be wondered at if he were; it must have been awful to watch hour by hour an inevitable death approaching, and dreadful for you to be there and unable to save him!'

'It was dreadful!' said the poor girl; 'but he did not fear. He loved the Neckar so dearly, that I think he preferred death should come to him in the form of water, than by any lingering illness; and I know he wished his body to lie in its waters until the Resurrection call. And that comforts me when I think I shall never know where he lies; never pray at his grave, nor cover the earth with everlastings and chaplets, as others may do to the graves of those they love.'

Mrs. Leslie was taken by the girl's straightforward simple way of speaking; liked her countenance; and above all, her son's slightest wish was in reality a command to his mother, so she said to Lisbeth, 'I shall be living at Gründenan for six months yet. I am ready to take you into my service for that time; we shall learn to know each other ere then, and if I am satisfied with you, and think that you will suit me, I will take you with me to England; and your duty shall be to wait on the young ladies.'

The girl blushed with pleasure, but she merely said, 'I hope I shall suit you. I will try my best.'

And so it came that Philip's Lorelei was enrolled as a member of the household at Gründenan; she kept her word and did her best, which was very good; and before the six months had elapsed, and Mrs. Leslie set off for England, she was very glad to have Lisbeth with her. The undeveloped character on her wide forehead, of which Philip had spoken, did develop itself; for several years she filled a valued place at Riss, until she left her first place to follow the fortunes of Miss Margaret, when Miss Margaret left her father's home to be the centre of one herself.

It was Philip who at last, one day, at dinner, said that Warren, who had hitherto been an active energetic fellow, had all at once become so unaccountably lazy, that he could not comprehend him; had he guessed what sort of a fellow he was, he never would have started on a walking tour with him.

'When I get him from here, which it seems unlikely I ever shall do, he will be stopping at every road-side inn, and declaring he has got a bone in his leg!'

Philip's remarks appeared to cause considerable confusion to two members of the party at dinner. But Clare stood up for Mr. Warren. 'I don't believe Mr. Warren is idle, Philip; but there is a time for everything, and I don't think it is quite the time to walk now; you never did see the fitness of things!'

'The fitness of things!' exclaimed Philip; 'pray, what can be more

sitting, than that two men who started for a walking tour into Switzerland, should carry it out when it is already the middle of September, and they have glorious weather to encourage them ?

‘Circumstances over which we have no control may arise to influence the movements of the most well-regulated individuals,’ answered Clare mischievously.

‘A copy-book sentiment,’ said Philip, ‘of which I cannot at all see the application.’

Dora saw it, and it was Dora’s confusion which Clare was enjoying. Mr. Warren was talking across the table to Margaret, so Clare flattered herself he did not hear her ; a look, however, from Mrs. Leslie called her to order ; and Henry Warren himself, that evening, proposed that they should continue their tour without more loss of time. The Leslies agreed to accompany them by train to Heidelberg, to lionize that place with Mr. Warren, and the travellers were to start from there that evening, whilst they returned to Gröndenan.

Half an hour before they were to start for Heidelberg, as usual, several of them were in the garden ; Mr. Warren and Clare were having a war of words, when Margaret ran up from the terrace, where she almost lived, and cried, ‘Do come down, there is such a strange boat on the water ; bring your telescope, Mr. Warren ; I can’t think what it can be !’

‘Margaret is always making wonderful discoveries !’ exclaimed Clare : ‘it is my lot in life to be a perpetual audience, and an incessant mark of exclamation !’

They strained their eyes to look down the river, upon which rapidly approaching them came a long narrow boat, in which were six men rowing hard. The shape of the boat, the oars, and especially the white dresses of the men, which, in the distance, made them appear as if they were enveloped in sheets, made a most striking appearance ; and little wonder that the Leslies were surprised, or that Margaret had thought it worth while to call them.

‘It is Friedrich Barbarossa himself, it must be, awakened out of his long sleep by the needs of his country ; and these are his companions at arms, conveying him to Frankfort, from whence he is to rule Germany, and give to it once more unity and power.’

It is an old and well-known legend that Friedrich Barbarossa only sleeps in some old castle, until the hour of Germany’s greatest need arrives, and that then he will rise from his sleep to govern, unite, and protect, the descendants of his faithful subjects.

The boat in the distance might, with its strange crew, rowing so hard and coming up against the stream with such rapidity, have accounted for that or any other strange sepulchral idea connected with it ; but as it came near the winding-sheets were converted into tight-fitting suits of white flannel, the skull-caps were little coloured flannel caps to ward off the heat, the faces beneath them resembled more closely the countenances

of healthy joyous young Oxford men, engaged on some enterprising adventure, than those of any resuscitated knights of the middle ages; and the language they heard was the true English vernacular.

'It is the Water Lily! I am sure it is!' cried Philip; 'to think that we should meet that, on its road! They're Oxford fellows, wave your hats to them!' was his command to his sisters, which they promptly obeyed; and the men looked round, surprised at the long loud English hurrah, which greeted them from the shore, as the beautiful little bark darted through the water, and soon sped out of sight.

'How pretty it is! Who are they? What a tiny boat! What a fine-looking set of fellows, and what a costume!' were the exclamations which succeeded each other rapidly; whilst Philip continued to wave his hat, and exclaimed, 'Don't I wish I were with them!'

'It is the Water Lily,' said Mr. Warren.

'We are none of us much the wiser for that; whoever they are, it must be very unsafe to trust themselves to such a small strangely built boat as this,' remarked Dora.

'They are six of the best oars Oxford boasts of at present. They hired the Water Lily, a fine little boat, and are going an excursion up the Rhine and Neckar. I believe they want to get up the Danube; they will have some distance to go first,' said Mr. Warren.

'Oh!' exclaimed Margaret, 'those are the people, and that is the boat, our gardener was talking of; he was telling me there had been at Mannheim the last week, no doubt waiting on account of the inundation, six of the wildest looking young Englishmen, that dressed themselves in flannel during this hot weather, and wore no coats, and travelled with a wonderful shaped boat, which they seemed to value above their own lives. They clothed it in warm flannel, with oilskin over it, and scarcely ever let it out of their sight.'

Warren and Philip both laughed at the absurd account the gardener had given of the beautiful little Water Lily and its crew. They could not understand the extreme astonishment of the people on the banks, as well as of the wonder and surprise of the sisters. Coming straight from Oxford, boats like the Water Lily, and costumes such as its crew were wearing, seemed the most natural things in the world; whereas, to the Leslies, an Indian canoe, with a crew of Red Indians, half nude, with feathers about their heads, and war paint, would not have been more novel and surprising.

Though they were well acquainted with Bonn, and with Heidelberg, as Universities, their eyes had never rested on the glories of Oxford, on its completeness—that perfect 'whole' which has for hundreds of years trained and formed the physical and mental frames of so large a portion of the youth of England. Oxford remained amongst the things in the future, which were to convince Clare that she had no need to be ashamed of the land to which she owed her birth.

'Grüdenau has shown us all it can have to show,' said Philip; 'we

have seen you all, we have seen the inundation, and the Water Lily has outstripped us on our journey, so let us now "be up and doing."

Gründenau, the following day, was more flat and dull to its various inhabitants than it had been for many a long day. Everyone soon, however, fell into their usual routine. Dora did not confide to anyone, that her intercourse with Mr. Warren had as it were awakened her, opened her mind to fresh pursuits, interests, and studies, unconsciously to herself; from henceforth she had one standard, and everyone she met was judged by that standard. There was a future to all her occupations and interests now. Henry Warren was a clever energetic man, and to her he had imparted the dreams, ambitions, and thoughts, of his youth. No words of love had passed between them; but he would have been well pleased, had he guessed on how willing an ear all his words had fallen, or had he guessed how much his views influenced her mind and her studies. The truth was, Dora Leslie liked him just enough for the feeling to give an increased zest and happiness to every occupation of her life, and the unconscious indulgence of her feeling never had time to bring its companion of weariness and hope deferred, for the following summer Mr. Warren inquired for himself, how far his feelings towards her were returned. And after that, the course of their true love ran smoothly on to the end.

The winter passed quietly and rapidly away. Clare and Frida were most constant in their correspondence. Frida wrote to beg Clare might spend a week with them at Karlsruhe; Mrs. Leslie was unwilling she should lose the lessons in music she was then taking, for Clare had not given up her music, although poor Max Koch had said she had no soul for the art. Frida wrote again, begging so urgently they might meet once again before that cruel sea separated them; and held out as an inducement that they would have some private theatricals, for the benefit of the poor at Andenau, if Clare might only come. Clare went, and had a most enjoyable week.

The 15th of April was the day fixed for their departure from Gründenau. No one could think of that pleasant time drawing to a close without regret; and although a golden untried future lay before each one of the girls, they could not, without a regret, leave behind them a past, which had had to them so much happiness.

The last fortnight had been spent in a succession of leave-takings. One long day they spent at Reisen, bidding farewell to all their old friends there, and re-visiting familiar scenes.

Louise Schaaff, the Pfarrer's daughter at Gründenau, was in tears every time their departure was mentioned, for since her sister Wilhelmine's death, she had often been at the Schloss, to see Clare and Margaret.

On the evening of the 14th, which had been as bustling a day as all eves of any great event are, the packing, the leave-takings, the last words, were all over, and they sat down in the desolate dismantled room, to rest for a few hours, before the carriage came to take them to the steam-boat,

which they were to join at two o'clock in the morning. An unearthly hour for travelling; but the *Niederland Steam Company* had fixed that hour for the steam-boats to leave Mannheim.

'It is impossible to sit here, Mother,' exclaimed Clare; 'you must come out, for one last farewell. There is a beautiful moon! and it is not cold, here is a shawl.'

Mrs. Leslie rose, and with her came Margaret and Clara. For some time they walked in silence, through the orange houses, the vinery, the flower walk, past the old umbrella shaped arbour, which was sacred to them by so many pleasant hours spent there, on to their much loved terrace; they walked the whole length of it in silence. There are times when silence expresses more than words; and as each one bid farewell to every tree or flower, to every different glimpse of the hills and the river beyond, they felt words might ill express the different sensations of sorrow, grief, and future hope, whichever was the predominant one in their various dispositions. They paused at the middle of the terrace, the place where they had so often spent their evenings, listening to the voices of the young people of Andenau as they sang their favourite *Volkslieder*; there too they had so often heard poor Koch's wild melodies. Clara regretted, she scarcely knew what. Margaret gave a little sentiment to the fleeting hours of childhood; but her heart was full of the future, the useful life she would lead in her new English home—the schools, the poor around her, which were to be her interests, and the happy feeling that she would be where she could never feel herself an alien, where one language and one faith would bind her to her fellow-creatures in one bond of sympathy. Happy were the youthful eyes to which everything looked so *coulour de rose*, and whose own simple earnestness threw a beautifying halo over everything she let her thoughts dwell upon!

'Flow on, cold rivulet, to the sea;
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns may shine on thee,
A thousand moons may quiver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.'

Clara repeated the words slowly, and with musical voice, as they turned to re-enter the house; and it was well that the darkness of the night hid from each the tearful face of her companions.

Travelling by night is never agreeable, and the bustle and noise on the landing-place seemed greater than usual. At last they were all safely landed with their luggage in the steam-boat. There seemed some delay in the starting; and as they stood on deck, voices of young men singing, came distinctly to them through the night air. They approached nearer and nearer.

'O Margaret!' exclaimed Clare, 'I would not have missed this for anything; it is a fitting farewell to us, for none could be leaving a country more attached to it than we are, and none could have had more pleasure in hearing their music and their Volkslieder than we have had. And listen, how they sing one favourite after another, as they come closer to the river. Do you hear "Scheiden thut weh?" How beautiful that "An des Rheines kühlen Strande" is!—and they are finishing with "Guter Monde!"' And in the stillness of the night air the young girls joined their voices to the last notes of the 'Guter Monde,' with which the young men ended their serenade.

It was no serenade in honour of any ladies' charms, which had so pleased the Leslies; but one of the young lyceum lads was leaving the lyceum to join the University at Bonn, and his fellow scholars were accompanying him through the town, to the steam-boat, with musical honours.

The uninteresting part of their Rhine journey they were glad to perform by night; but after the steamer had passed Mayence they were on deck again, and watching every village, every hill, and every tower, with eager interest. Murray, of 'Handbook' celebrity, would have found a treasure in Clare and Margaret, they were so familiar with all the old legends, ballads, and poems connected with the different towns and castles they passed on their downward journey. That night was spent at Aix-la-Chapelle; and early the following morning they were out, examining and exploring the Cathedral, founded by the great Charlemagne, in his own favourite Aachen. Charlemagne, his family, and his literary companions headed by Alcuin, had always been such favourite heroes of both Clare and Margaret, that it was with double interest that they looked on the relics of him yet remaining. His throne and crown, which were shown to them, preserved in the beautiful Cathedral, one of the few remaining churches built on the same circular plan that was adopted for our Temple Church. It had been the favourite resort and occupation of Charlemagne in his latter days, when family griefs and failure of his best arranged plans had borne in on his mind, that to be the wisest, the greatest, and the most powerful of mankind, even that was 'vanity and vexation of spirit!'

'Dearest Frida, most pleasant memory of my German fatherland! your poor Clare is in England! She took a tender farewell of foreign skies and foreign earth, at midnight, on the Antwerp boat. I resolved to see the very last I could of the much loved shores. The night was glorious; every star we had ever traced together was visible; and the sky was that deep blue—what shall I call it?—that foreign blue, which my eyes are never to behold again. The Antwerp chimes rang out a merry farewell, as though they mocked the benighted beings, who were willingly separating themselves from all the joys to which their town was the entrance. The distant chimes were the last things I could hear through the silence of the night, and the measured splash of the waters.

'When all traces of Antwerp were over, I resigned myself to the sea, the tender mercies of that cruel sea! Unless it is to come and see your friend Clare—an unwilling prisoner on England's shores—I hope you may never experience the miseries the sea delights to inflict. Can I love a country encircled by so cruel a guard? I will not dwell, dear Frida, on that one night and day of my life: suffice it to say, we heard the welcome cry of 'Land,' and it revived us sufficiently to go on deck. I had left the deck at twelve o'clock at night, the white clean buildings of Antwerp, with its beautiful Cathedral and musical chimes disappearing behind me, an atmosphere so clear, a moon so shining, and stars so bright, that every most minute object was visible to our eyes. I came on deck again at eleven o'clock the following morning but one; the deck and awnings were wet with the drizzling rain which had just ceased—a mist so thick—Dear Frida, you know no such mists!—so thick that I could not see ten yards before me. A screaming and shouting of English voices around, fussing as if every moment we were to run aground; and I wondered where were the order and calmness the English boast of so proudly when they are amongst our German officials.

'The sun was willing at last to allow us a glimpse of our native land—but oh! Frida, I thought of Antwerp, and mine eyes rested upon Hull. Dirt, smoke, confusion, tall red brick buildings, begrimed with the smoke of years, greeted me in place of the snow-white houses I had quitted. Where were the officials in light neat uniforms, the women with bright petticoats and snowy cape? Here were only rough men in blue flannel shirts, smelling of pitch and tar, until you wished the organ of smell had been forgotten by Nature when she moulded you. They lead us through wet pavement and muddy roads, surrounded by the odour of stale fish on every side, to one of the best hotels in Hull; and I thought again of Nurlen's at Aix-la-Chapelle, with its lofty rooms, polished floors, areas and verandahs of orange trees and hot-house flowers, or of the Giant at Coblenz; and I turned to see what the wealth of England could provide for the comfort of its visitors. A four-storied red brick house, a narrow entrance, a carpeted stair-case, where the housemaid was evidently defective, led to a landing; four doors opened from the landing, on them was written—No. 1, Neptune; No. 2, Venus; No. 3, Minerva; No. 4, Pluto. 'Pray let us inhabit Venus!' I exclaimed, hoping there to find the greatest attention to ornament. 'It is our best room, Ma'am,' said the waiter. Remember, dear Frida, the first floor of Nurlen's, and listen! A square small sized room, with two windows looking to the street: a thick crimson carpet; red moreen curtains, with white ones underneath; horse-hair half-blinds up at the windows, to exclude the little light the English sky wished to favour us with; a black horse-hair sofa and chairs, completed the furniture of this 'best room;' no flowers, no ornaments about it at all. I forget, there stood on the mantelpiece an arrangement of crumpled paper flowers, with two large shells on either side. I must own there was something a little cheerful in the

open fire that blazed so brightly; but it seems to me they pay dearly for the warmth their coals afford by the smoke and black dirt which makes the town look as if it were built of coal, and the streets as though they were paved with their precious mineral.

'They tell me all towns in the north resemble Hull more or less, and it is in the north that I am doomed to live!

'The streets are so narrow and so crowded, that you expect each moment to be run over by men or by horses.

'Everyone you meet looks grave and care-worn. The women seem only to dress in black, grey, or the most sombre of browns, and I look in vain for the neat heads of light hair, or the pretty caps, to replace these ugly tawdry bits of bonnets. It is quite refreshing to look at Lisbeth's bright face, for would you believe that the force of prejudice is so strong, that Margaret and her willing disciple, Lisbeth, find England quite charming!

'As we walked through those dirty streets to the hotel, we passed an horrid looking object; but I will describe him to you. On the other side of the pavement came strutting along, a tall well-drilled soldier; his face was bloated, and he looked as if he had drunk spirits all the days of his life; but his uniform was clean and new, and he had a little soldier's cap stuck jauntily on one side, ribbons and streamers were tied to it, hanging down on to his shoulders. I think, by the way, the English scarlet uniform glaring, tight, and ugly; how different from the beautiful Austrian white, or even the Prussian blue, with their eagle helmets! And this man came strutting and marching down the streets as you would fancy some nigger, dressed in his master's clothes, out for a Sunday walk, and behind him followed half a dozen disorderly raw loutish looking fellows; he looked, dear Frida, what he was, nothing better than a decoy-duck! a recruiting sergeant! would you believe that in this enlightened country, to collect men for the army, they are obliged to send these dressed-up decoy-ducks about, who collect what discontented silly fellows they can, entice them into a public-house, slip a shilling into their hands; and then forsooth they are the Queen's servants, and cannot get off! Dear Frida, can I say more? must there not be something radically wrong in the constitution of a country that requires the assistance of such means to further its ends?

'I shall not write again until I become more resigned to the inevitable, more submissive to my destiny.

'I never hope to see anyone like my dear Herr Graf in England; here the men are all rushing up and down the streets, as if they were chasing invisible money-bags. How different to the easy calm manner of my dear German father; I wish I could see him now, even his pipe I could love!

'I feel I am not born to flower in an English fog: your Clare will grow silent and misanthropical, already she is cold, cross, and unhappy.'

Such were Clare's first impressions of England, written to Frida, after she had been in her native country for two days.

Margaret, a week later, when they had arrived at Rise, imparted her first impressions to her diary.

'I am at Rise! How delightful to be again in one's own country, to wake in the morning to the music of my own language, to feel myself again surrounded by our own people, able again to hear the sound of our own church bells! I loved Germany dearly, but England offers me far more ways of being happy than Germany ever could have done. What matters it, if the sky be dull, and the clouds heavy, so long as there are no clouds in our own home, and we carry with us an internal brightness, which will be more to us than the shining of any outward sun? And being in our own home will assist us to that. It was a dull misty day, on which we landed in Hull; but still our country gave us a kind welcome. Just as we left the boat, all the church bells struck twelve o'clock. The chimes on St. Nicholas Church struck up the hymn tune, 'O praise ye the Lord,' welcoming us to England with a merry sound; it tuned well with our own hearts, grateful to feel we were so near our dear old home again, and happy in the prospect of the useful future before us.

'We had a very bad passage. I cannot love the sea, except that it is the guardian and the shell of a precious jewel.

'Hull is not so pretty or clean a town as Antwerp; but Antwerp sleeps; Hull is alive with business and traffic, shedding the fruits of its labours in blessings over thousands of miles.

'Everything in the town bears such a stamp of life, thought, and earnestness; and in the country, all, even though the autumnal tints are approaching, looks so peaceful, green, and rural—comfort and plenty everywhere. The green hill sides, enclosed fields with their high hedges, the cattle about the road and in their pastures, and the farmers driving about in their own carriages; how different from the want we have left, the bare look of the farms, fields without hedges, cattle for ever enclosed in their close sheds and stables.'

Margaret might have noticed that England offered wealth, plenty, and care; abroad she had seen more of poverty, but with it a light heart and a merry countenance to endure it. But Margaret's eyes were no less blinded by her feelings than were Clare's.

Margaret continued:—

'I close my foreign diary by saying,

'All my old desires are accomplished. I look forward to a future which seems golden. The business of my life does really commence now, and I do actually stand at the portal of life's great city.'

I need scarcely add as a postscript, that Clare found that there were pleasures in an English summer, pleasures in an English moonlight night, and pleasures in the society of English men and English women, and that her aversion to England in time changed to a real warm interest and affection for her native country. Not that the day ever came when

a real German face, a German ballad, or even a German voice, did not make the blood rush to her cheek, and her heart warm with the recollection of her childhood's days. Margaret too, in time found that England was not Elysium, and that the air of England could not exempt her from a common share of life's fitful sorrows as well as its fitful blessings.

(Concluded.)

FERNDOM.

(BY FILIX-FÆMINA.)

CHAPTER VI.

STILL DEBATEABLE.

It is with something like a feeling of relief that I turn from the bold epicurean-like *L. Filix-mas*, with its over-grown family of varieties, each claiming attention for some beauty, assumed or real, to the shy *Lastrea rigida*, or Rigid Buckler Fern, another of the Cryptogamic family which is said to possess a fragrant, 'balsamic scent,' a fragrance, however, which I am bound to confess I have never observed, although I know it exists in the fern.

I should recognize this species anywhere, from the peculiar distribution of the sori, which, packed densely together in two compact rows, cover nearly the whole of every pinnule in the upper part of the frond; the convex indusium is so decidedly reniform in shape, that the veriest beginner could hardly mistake the fructification for the round naked sori of the *Polypodium*, or for the peltate, orbicular, indusium-covered sori of the *Polystichum*. The stipes is very short, and covered with scales, while the appearance of the entire fern is stiff, and, as its name implies, rigid.

Lastrea rigida is full of interest to me, independent of its peculiar formation and growth; it belongs to my pet list of 'intractables;' it is very difficult to find, and when found, it is very difficult to cultivate; its English habitats are few, and situated far away amidst the limestone hills of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Westmoreland.

Before me as I write, there is a broken, discoloured frond of this fern, given to me in the 'long ago' by my kind friend, the late Mr. Bree of Allesley, and labeled by him 'Ingleborough,' one of the hills which lie to the north-west of Settle, in Yorkshire.

There is a very interesting note relating to *L. rigida* in the *Phytologist* for September 1841, which I copy in part, as it contains hints which may be made of great value in the choice of a home in which to cultivate this fern.

L. rigida 'grows sparingly on the side of a road leading from Morecambe Bay to Arneide, on the very confines of Westmoreland, and in very great abundance on the southern face of Arneide Knot, a limestone hill which rises northward from that road. Phoenix-like, it springs from the ashes of its parent, without any apparent access to nourishment but what it may receive from the decayed fronds of the preceding year, by which it is surrounded. Its tufts are very dense, each consisting of many hundred fronds, so that I cannot entertain the least fear that it should ever be eradicated. I may remark, that from its less elevated site than near Settle, hitherto the chief source of supply to the botanical world, its fructification is more often perfected, and the character of the plant is more fully developed, in the Westmoreland than in the Yorkshire habitat.'

Looking beyond Britain, *L. rigida* has hitherto only been found, according to Mr. Baker, in the temperate zones of Europe; North Africa, including the Azores, Madeira, and Canaries; Asia and North America, exclusive of Mexico. A variety (*pallidum*), but not the species, has been discovered in Palestine.

From these facts we may gather that *L. rigida* is a fern of very marked and decided character, and that to see it developed in anything approaching to its normal luxuriance of form, we must be very careful in our cultivation, eschewing the lower and more damp portions of the fernery, and being especially careful that the drainage is thoroughly good. It is well to put bits of rock about the root, or rather, on the soil above the root, to attract and imprison the rays of the sun on the one hand, and, on the other, to prevent the moisture (which should be sparingly given) evaporating.

This fern has a curious habit of lifting up, out of the ground, its thick crown of rough brown undeveloped fronds, in rather an untidy-looking fashion; and round about this root-stock the young plants cluster, much in the same way as they do round a healthy *P. lonchitis*, which in unbotanical phraseology I ventured to call proliferous.

There is only one British variety ascribed to *L. rigida* (*polyclades*), which is simply a ramose, or twice ramose, form, and is doubtfully constant; I feel almost sorry that this one has been found, for it is pleasant to think, even of a fern, that it is an unvarying form, unaltered and unalterable from the day when God 'saw' it, and pronounced it 'good.'

And now, once more, we must tread on debateable ground, for after *Lastrea rigida*, we arrive at *Lastrea cristata*—the Crested, or Narrow Prickly-toothed Buckler Fern—to which Mr. Moore gives *spinulosa* and *uliginosa* as varieties; but I cannot adopt this arrangement; my practical experience proving, to at least my own satisfaction, that *spinulosa* is entirely distinct from *cristata* in every way.

I find that many able botanists treat *spinulosa* as a distinct species; and I propose to adopt this course, although I cannot make out any satisfactory specific difference between *L. dilatata* and *L. spinulosa*.

Of *uliginosa* in its wild state, I know nothing; in cultivation, it seems to have many features in common with *L. cristata*: I shall therefore leave it according to Mr. Moore's arrangement, as a variety of that species, which I think it may very fairly be supposed to be.

L. cristata is a fragile-growing, although a robust-looking fern; the stipes is not sufficiently strong to support the frond erect; in general appearance it is much like a *Filix-mas*, save that whereas *Filix-mas* grows up tall and strong, *cristata* is erect and weak, so that a gust of wind lays many a goodly frond prostrate.

I always know *cristata* at a glance, from the very distinct and beautiful way in which the veining of the pinnules is visible on the face of the frond. I have never noticed this peculiar feature so plainly marked in any other species, and I find it, together with the bluntly-rounded pinnules, a sufficient index for me to go by.

This strongly-marked venation is to be observed to a certain extent in the variety *uliginosa*, and there is also a peculiarity of growth both in *cristata* and *uliginosa*, which points to the marshy character of the birth-place of these ferns.

In speaking of *Lastreu rigida*, I mentioned a curious habit which that fern had of sending up its crown of fronds from the soil, the scanty nourishment which the fern requires being given by the long black roots. *L. cristata* also sends up its fronds, but not in a compact crown; the root-stock or crown (from which they spring) remains below the soil, deriving all the moisture it can procure; but it sends up the young fronds out of harm's way, so that long before any green is visible, the loosely-packed croziers of pale, yellowish brown are above the marsh, or the bog, imbibing oxygen on the most approved hygienic principles.

Both *L. cristata* and *uliginosa* are described as locomotive, that is, capable of advancing their caudex, which can scarcely be called 'creeping' (as in *L. Thelypteris*). Mr. Lowe, in his 'Native Ferns,' says, 'The rhizoma creeps on the surface, sending roots through the moss to the bog below;' but this habit I do not notice in cultivation. I should speak of *cristata* and *uliginosa* as simply 'increasing rapidly from root division;' and when I take up a large clump of either, to divide them, I find no creeping roots, but only a much enlarged body of roots.

The great argument for the assertion that *uliginosa* is a distinct species, lies in the variability of its fronds, and in this respect it certainly differs from *cristata*; for though, at different times of the year, the fronds of *cristata* present a marked change in their appearance, yet it never amounts—so far, at least, as my experience goes—to even the same sort of difference as is to be seen in *uliginosa*.

L. cristata var. *uliginosa* has three distinct kinds of fronds; those produced earliest in the year are tri-pinnate, with acute pinnules; and with these generally appear a number of barren fronds with more rounded pinnules; while later in the summer, the fronds produced—both

fertile and barren—are bi-pinnate, and *cristata*-like. From my own personal observation of the two plants under cultivation, I should conclude that they were one and the same species; but of the two, which is the species and which the variety, I could not pretend to decide.

Mr. Lowe—who treats *uliginosa* as a distinct species—gives two varieties to *L. cristata* (*interrupta* and *furcans*), both doubtfully constant.

The English habitats of *L. cristata*, according to Mr. Lowe, are the marshy districts of Norfolk, Suffolk, Staffordshire, Nottinghamshire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire; they are described as ‘growing amongst grass in lumps of soil that are elevated a foot or so above the bog.’ The habitats of *uliginosa* are Norfolk, Staffordshire, Nottinghamshire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, and Shropshire; Mr. Lowe also mentions that it has been discovered near Keswick and in Ireland.

Many of these habitats are fast disappearing, from the drainage going on in the bog-lands; so that by-and-by these ferns, which are both rare and local now, may have disappeared from Britain altogether.

Apart from Great Britain, *L. cristata* is found in temperate Europe; North Africa, including the Azores, Madeira and Canaries, and in North America, excluding Mexico.

It is a very easily cultivated fern, free-growing and luxurious; it requires plenty of good earth, a constant supply of water, and no further care; it grows up tall and slender, and although soon knocked down by the wind, it speedily sends up new fronds to fill the vacant place, and lives and grows fat, without a thought of its untidy condition ever appearing to cross its mind.

It will have been noticed that in the two marsh, or bog ferns, *L. Thelypteris* and *L. cristata*, the same fragile texture of stipes and rachis is to be found; it is so remarkable a feature, that we cannot help supposing that there must be some reason to account for it; that reason may, I think, be discovered without much difficulty. The fronds in both species are tall and large in comparison with the depth of the roots, so that if the former had the power of resisting, instead of bending before the wind, we might expect to see the poor things caught up bodily, roots and fronds, from their insecure dwelling-places, and blown here and there at the mercy of every hurricane.

Lastrea spinulosa belongs, as I believe, to a species widely differing from *L. cristata*. I would fain give it as a variety to *L. dilatata*, but so many learned voices being against this arrangement, I have preferred speaking of this disputed fern as a separate species.

I find that in the ‘Synopsis Filicum’ (commenced by Sir W. Hooker, and now carried on by Mr. Baker) *L. spinulosa* is treated as a specific form, while *L. dilatata* is omitted altogether from the list of species; but I cannot look upon this as a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, for this simple reason. I have found whole districts where *L. dilatata* was growing abundantly without a sign of *L. spinulosa*; while I have

never found the latter excepting in close proximity to *L. dilatata*. Of course this cannot be looked upon as a conclusive argument, but I think it is worth something.

I regard *spinulosa* rather as a varied form of *dilatata* than as a variety. In days gone by, *L. spinulosa* was by many supposed to be only a weak growth of *L. dilatata*; but on more careful examination this opinion gives way, for *spinulosa*, under happy conditions, develops itself into a robust plant, although it never loses its graceful habit and delicate proportions. It has always been a troublesome fern to me; I never feel quite sure about it at first sight; I am obliged to examine it carefully before I can decide upon what it is. In a kind note I received long ago from Mr. Moore, there is this remark: 'You should have no trouble in distinguishing *L. dilatata* from *spinulosa*; the habit and scales alone suffice.' With this clue I have done better (accompanied as it was with a characteristic frond of each fern), but I cannot say that even now I have learned my lesson quite perfectly.

The habit of *spinulosa* is *erect* and delicate; it is an essentially high-born-looking fern, with frond and pinnae tapering to the apex, clothed with tender, yet very perceptible spines. But the scales are the best index; these are always pale, one-coloured, broadly ovate, and very sparingly furnished to the rachis; while those belonging to *L. dilatata* are generally dark, with a centre of still deeper brown.

Mr. Fraser gives six varieties to *L. spinulosa*—*crispa*, *furcans*, *interrupta*, *nana*, *strigosa*, and *tripinnata*. Of these, *crispa* and *interrupta* were found in Yorkshire, and *strigosa* in Kent; the origin of the others appears doubtful.

I have hitherto only succeeded in finding *spinulosa* in the shade of woods or ditches. I have never seen it growing boldly in the face of sunshine and the day, nor have I ever found it, where I have so often found *L. dilatata*, by the side of rocks, and jutting out from their fissures.

It appears to be distributed generally throughout England, and it is also found in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. Mr. Baker gives it nearly a world-wide range: it has been discovered within the Arctic Circle; in Europe; North, South, and Tropical Africa; Azores, Madeira, and Canaries; in Asia, and North America: hitherto it has been wanting in New Zealand, Australia, Mexico, and Brazil; but it must be remembered that in Mr. Baker's distribution the species *L. spinulosa* includes *dilatata*.

All difficulty regarding this fern vanishes when once it is found and named aright; it is easily contented if only shade and moisture be given it. In a fernery it is well to place it in close proximity to *Lastrea cristata*, *uliginosa*, and *dilatata*, that full opportunity for close comparison may be afforded.

Leaving the debateable ground in part, we arrive at, what I shall assume to be, the true species *Lastrea dilatata*, the Broad Prickly-

toothed Buckler Fern, to which Mr. Fraser gives the large circle of sixty-six varieties.

When fully developed, I look upon the normal form of this fern as second only to *Osmunda Regalis* in grandeur of size and habit. I have gathered fronds full five feet high with every part proportionably fine, the full leafy pinnæ making in themselves a respectably-sized frond. It has a drooping habit, which gives to it the very small proportion of grace which it has; indeed, when I have complimented it upon its exuberant growth, I have not much left to say in its praise, save that it is useful to fill up a shabby corner of a fernery with good dark green—I had almost said—foliage.

In its normal form, it is the most variable of all our ferns: sometimes a giant, sometimes a dwarf; sometimes triangular in shape, sometimes lanceolate; sometimes the lower pinnules of the basal pinnæ considerably elongated, sometimes scarcely elongated at all. By slow degrees many of these incongruous shapes are resolving themselves into 'varieties,' but the large forms take up so much room, and are to me so little interesting, that I hunt only for the smaller kinds, in many of which I find considerable beauty, although the sort of beauty that is deficient in grace.

Of the numerous varieties, I will first speak of those I have found, and then of those I have cultivated only, adding a few more that appear to me particularly worthy of a good place in a collection.

From the very nature of the fern, we associate it in our minds with the low sighing of wind amongst trees, and the murmuring of waters as they take their way along wooded glens: there is something of shade and repose in the very name of *dilatata* (expanded, or spread out); and, as my thoughts wander to the very first good variety of this fern which I ever found, these conditions are fulfilled by the locality where it was, to the letter; and yet the name of the variety belies them all, for I speak of *L. dilatata* var. *collina*.

On the borders of Dartmoor there is a favoured spot where giant rocks, heaped on each other, stand out in a beautiful confusion of bold reliefs; some of these rocks, fallen headlong down the green slope, rest in the bed of a mountain stream which finds its brawling way in and out amongst them; sometimes whirling and eddying round them; sometimes dashing over the impediment in angry haste at the interruption; and sometimes leaping down a great chasm to sleep awhile at its feet in a dull lazy pool, ere it once more starts on its way to the ever-waiting, ever-welcoming, sea.

Trees, with soft grey bark and shining tendrils of ivy and honeysuckle twining about them, give a delicious shade; while moss, as elastic as eider down, spreads a cushion at their feet, on which you can sit and watch the bright rays of the July sun as they come glinting here and there through the foliage.

In this spot, some few years since, I found a tiny fern, not one alone,

but many; a glance showed me that it was a *L. dilatata*, and Mr. Moore showed me that it was the variety *collina*.

I have cultivated this fern ever since; and it keeps true to its characteristics. The fronds are little more than six inches long, and about three inches wide at the base; they vary in size, but are invariably small, never exceeding a foot; it is a pretty looking form, with tiny pinnules, which are furnished with large coarse teeth.

Still in the moorland district, the scene changed to a wilder locality, where trees are scarce, and the huge tors assume a personality, and 'Bowerman's Nose,' 'Honey-bags,' and 'Saddle-backs,' seem to you as old friends, each with its appropriate tale to tell of by-gone days.

Hunting down the dried bed of a water-channel, half choked with thorns and briars, I lighted on a form of *dilatata*, new to me, and quite the most graceful of any form I had then seen. In shape, it was lanceolate, much lengthened towards the apex of the frond; the pinnæ were opposite each other, and the basal ones very far apart; the pinnules were blunt and round, the teeth finely cut, and remarkably even.

I hoped I had a real prize, discovered then for the first time; but my fern turned out to be *Chanterix*, which had been brought to light some years before, in North Devon, by Mrs. Chanter. The size of the frond varied considerably in the plants I found; the largest were about eighteen inches in height, but some were much smaller. The bluntly-formed and compact pinnules, with the gracefully elongated apex of the frond, are the most distinguishing features by which to recognize this form.

In strange contrast with *Chanterix*, was another form I found in this same locality, the fronds of which grew in nearly a perfect triangle; but this does not prove constant in all its fronds, so that I have not thought it worthy of a name at present.

The most curious and interesting variety that I have ever found of the species *dilatata*, is *crispatum*; each pinnule is crisped and curved in so distinct and marked a way, that it gives to the entire frond a character entirely unique. This I also found on Dartmoor.

Then comes *ramosa*, with its fronds divided midway in a fork, the forks sometimes divided again. This variety I did not find: it is very pretty as a small specimen, but I should fancy it would lose its beauty in larger growth. I have found a plant, which promises to be forked in the same manner as *ramosa*; but as I have only had it in cultivation for a year, I cannot speak positively of it.

The variety, *cristata*, has frond and pinnæ crested as in *L. Filix-mas* and others: the plant I have, is from one found in Devonshire.

Perhaps the most curious variety yet discovered, is *Howardii* (found in Yorkshire). The upper pinnæ have the appearance of an entire frond of *A. Ef. var. Frizellæ*; but the round or fan-shaped pinnules become elongated towards the base of those pinnæ which are at the lower half of the frond.

Howardii is a variety so odd in its formation, that at first sight I

should be inclined to pass it by as a 'sport,' or worm-eaten; but the same form has been found more than once, and it retains its extraordinary development under cultivation. At present, I only possess it in my herbarium.

Amongst the larger varieties, *alpina*, both in its plain and erose character, is very interesting, and well worthy of a good place in any collection.

Besides the plants I have enumerated, I have several others under probation, waiting till further growth decides upon the justice of their claims for distinctive names. I set apart a spare portion of the garden for these uncertificated aspirants; and in the same spare plot, I also put such duplicate plants as I have to give away or exchange: this last plan prevents the necessity of disarranging a tidy fernery.

Of the habitats of *L. dilatata*, I have spoken under the head of *L. spinulosa*. Mr. Moore says of it, 'It is equally common, and widely dispersed over Europe.' I have, however, known many districts in which it was comparatively rare; so that while *P. aculeatum*, *A. Filix-femina* and *L. Filix-mas*, abounded, I have walked several miles without finding one specimen of *L. dilatata*.

In cultivation, it requires depth of soil, shade, and a moderate supply of moisture; it is at all times, excepting in its smaller varieties, an awkward fern in a rockery; it is better to plant it in a shady corner, where it would find room to spread and expand according to its habit.

Who is there, that, having ascended a mountain in a tempest, does not know the intense enjoyment of basking in the clear sunshine, while they watch the clouds roll off in the distance, and listen to the faint echo of the last thunder-peal, as it dies away in the valley beneath their feet!

With a feeling of relief, something akin to this, I emerge from the storm and strife of words, to claim *Lastrea æmula*—the Hay-scented, or Triangular Prickly-toothed Buckler Fern—(sometime called Bree's Fern) as a true species of the genus *Lastrea*.

Many a goodly lance has been broken in favour of this species, and many a doughty knight unhorsed ere its claims were acknowledged; but it is worthy of all the talk it has occasioned, for there is no British fern which opens out more interesting questions than does *L. æmula*, when accepted as a true species—an original creation.

The distribution of *L. æmula* is very peculiar. As far as our present knowledge of this fern extends, it has hitherto only been discovered in temperate Europe, including the Atlantic islands of the African coast; viz. the Azores, Madeira, Canaries, and Cape Verds. Exclusive of the Atlantic islands, its European distribution seems to be limited to England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland (where it is abundant).

All idea that Great Britain was one of the, so-called, centres of creation, has, I believe, long since passed away: the question therefore arises, 'From whence, and how, did *L. æmula* travel into Great Britain and Ireland?'

According to Dr. Hooker, and others, we have only the choice of two theories to account for the transmission of species.

The plants, or their seed, must either have been carried from one place to the other by the agency of man, birds, or the ocean (for which hypothesis there does not seem, in the present instance, to be even the shadow of probability); or the other hypothesis—first brought prominently forward by the late Professor Edward Forbes, in 1845—must be adopted; viz., that ‘continents once stretched across the ocean, so as to include the islands, which were thus peopled with plants by intermediate land, which has since disappeared.’

In support of this latter view, I find in Henfrey’s ‘Vegetation of Europe,’ page 382, the following, ‘There is strong geological probability that a great continent was formed by the upheaval of miocene tertiaries, extending far into the Atlantic, the coast-line of which it is more than likely that the great belt of gulf-weed now marks, between the 15° and 45° N. L.; and that this track bore the peculiar fauna and flora now known as Mediterranean, fragments of which are still met with isolated in the Azores, Madeira, and the Canaries, as well as in Ireland, and on the Spanish peninsula.’

Professor Forbes united (geologically) the west of Ireland to the north of Spain; and out of his views I would make a ‘grand overland route’ for ‘Bree’s Fern,’ over which it may travel at will across the Atlantic.

But although—and contrary to my original determination—I have assisted Professor Forbes in upheaving or submerging on rather a grand scale, in order to make an easy journey for the interesting and pretty *æmula*, I must not forget that it is not yet forty years ago, since this fern was treated ignominiously as a variety; and that it was in part owing to the exertions of the late Rev. W. Bree, of Allesley, that it was rescued from its degradation, and raised to its proper rank.

I have not yet described *L. æmula*, or *recurva* (as it was for some time called); I will do it in Mr. Bree’s own words, as I find them given in a note in Loudon’s Magazine of Natural History for 1830. ‘This fern,’ writes Mr. Bree, ‘I have very little doubt, is really a distinct species, and one which, I believe, has not hitherto been described, at least not as a native of Britain. Although it strikes the eye immediately as being different from *Aspidium dilatatum*, it is difficult, I confess, to seize upon those permanent characters by which it is to be distinguished. The minute divisions of the leaflets in *Aspidium dilatatum*, frequently droop or curl under, while the corresponding parts in the present subject invariably curl back, or upwards in an exactly contrary direction, and thus give the whole frond a singularly crisped appearance. But the strongest character by which it may be distinguished from its near ally, consists in the lower pair of pinnæ, or leaflets, being much larger than the others, (which is not the case in *A. dilatatum*;) so that the frond assumes a deltoid, or triangular form, broadest at the base, and tapering to the apex. The fern occurs plentifully in the neighbourhood of

Penzance, growing in situations similar to those in which *A. dilatatum* is found. I have also met with it in several parts of Ireland, particularly near Killarney. Like *A. dilatatum*, it is a very variable species, the plant differing greatly in size according to the situation in which it grows: on very dry banks I have found perfect fructifying fronds not more than a few inches high.

Like Mr. Bree, I too have found plants only a few inches high; but after five years cultivation, they still retain their dwarf-like character, so that I feel justified in considering the variety a permanent one; and, in memory of by-gone days, I have named it *Allesleiana*.

Mr. Fraser gives six varieties to *L. æmula*; but of these one only (*ramosa*) seems sufficiently characteristic to bear strict scrutiny. In *ramosa* the fronds are divided at the base.

I have never had any difficulty in cultivating 'Bree's Fern': I give it as much shade as is possible in a sunny fernery, peat earth, and plenty of water: and both in winter and in summer, its evergreen fronds reward me with their bright, healthy-looking beauty.

L. æmula abounds in Cornwall, and in some parts of Devonshire: I have never met with it further north; and though it is to be found in Sussex, Somersetshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and other counties, it must be considered a very rare and local fern. The hay-scent, which is accounted one of its peculiar characteristics, I have never been able to perceive; the recurving of the pinnules forms a feature at once so distinct and apart from any other fern, that even a beginner would have no difficulty in recognizing the species.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

My dear ———,

You wished for my first impressions of the Paris Exhibition, so I will write at once what ideas I have gleaned from our first day's visit, and tell you more to-morrow. I am desperately tired, and we have just come up from a long *table d'hôte*: I hope I shall not go to sleep over my letter. You have heard, I dare say, a great deal about the difficulties of getting to and from the 'Palace.' These to ourselves have been nil—that is to say, after having, in the first instance, made a vain struggle to get places in one of the great tramway-omnibuses, which carry fifty passengers a load, we took a *fiacre*, which carried us for a franc and a half, the driver being perfectly civil, and not seeming to dream of requiring more—a pleasant contrast to a London cabman! The newspapers have found an unhappily good simile for the building in comparing it to a gasometer; but one loses the idea when one enters the so-called *parc*, when one instantly finds oneself lost in a throng of busy idlers, eating and drinking, and lounging about the restaurants, which compose the outer ring of the oval-shaped erection. There are refreshment departments of all nations, and they are thronged the whole day—partly because this outer ring

forms a pleasant airy promenade, with a view of the quaint and curious dwellings of all the inhabitants of the globe almost—partly because here there are seats to be had in plenty; and lastly, because everyone likes to be eating and drinking, be it according to their nationality, roast beef and ale, or ices and *sau-sucré*, wherever they may congregate for sight-seeing or holiday-making.

I have a vivid impression on my mind's eye of the dainty appearance of the blue-eyed Russian damsel, standing with smiling dimpled cheeks behind the steaming bright brass samovar, in the Restaurant Russe, with a goodly array of delicate little tea-cups, or small thin tumblers, into which to strain off the clear golden-coloured beverage, which was handed to the many customers by pleasant-faced Russian waiters in the neatest of white linen liveries, fitting closely round the throat, and girded with a narrow sash of blue or red—one or two of them wearing by way of contrast tunics of orange-coloured silk. The maiden's dress was extremely picturesque: on her head she wore a sort of coif, rising from the forehead in the form of a diadem—it was of crimson and gold; her petticoat was of the same colour, of some soft material which fell in easy graceful folds to her feet; it was made sufficiently long to come up just over the bosom, being kept up by small straps passing over the neck, and bound just below it with a broad embroidered girdle; a full loose chemisette of checkered muslin came nearly to the throat, and large sleeves of the same reached below the elbow. She wore a triple necklace of very large beads of a peculiarly pale green crystal, and bracelets on her arms.

We were very warm, for the sun blazed hotly even at ten in the morning, and Italian ices were not to be resisted. These we had in the Roman department; an odd insipidly sweet mess called *cataiva*, resembling fried vermicelli mixed with cream and sugar, being brought to us with them. Continuing our round, we came to the Norwegian 'feding' place, and here I again had to stand and take a long look at the fair-haired waitresses, in their small turban-like caps of scarlet and crimson, with short skirts to match, very neat stockings and shoes, and gaily-striped aprons. For those who like them, there are plenty of light pretty *fauteuils roulants* to be had, in which to explore the grounds and building, drawn by attendants got up in liveries of grey and red to match the neat new leather coverings of the chairs. For these the charge is two francs an hour. It should be remembered, that no change is given at the doors of the Exhibition; but it may be obtained at a discount of about thirty or thirty-five centimes upon twenty francs at a small *bureau de change* annexed. There are pillar-posts and telegraph dispatches annexed.

In fact, the whole place forms a little sort of world in itself, and will do so still more when all the foreign houses are inhabited. Turks, Moors, Algerines, and Mexicans, were already hanging about the several dwellings with things for sale. At one, a party of blacks were preparing to give a concert, which had attracted a considerable crowd of loiterers. To us, this sort of thing considerably spoilt the effect of the houses, giving a tea-garden air to the place. There are amongst others some model labourers' cottages, two of which were inhabited, and open to public inspection. To enhance the effect, a model labouring man stood at the door of the one, with a model little boy in his hand; at the door of the other a model labourer's wife, with a model baby in her arms. Quite too model altogether, we thought. Some of the most interesting habitations, such as wigwams, Esquimaux huts, Japanese houses, Egyptian temples, and so forth, are not nearly finished yet; and we could not help saying, as we went from one to another, later visitors would be better off than ourselves. One, however, pleased us very much, and that was a Russian farm-house of the far interior. It was quaintly carved like a Black-Forester's dwelling, and we admired its arrangements and spacious airiness as well as its solidity. There was a very good shallow staircase, a balcony outside, a comfortable family room, with a seat running all round its wainscot, and a great well-tiled stove; a good bed-room, well furnished with coffers and boxes of all sizes in sets—chiefly of

white wood, with neat patterns of flowers painted on their fronts and lids; one great one looked like an heir-loom, or possibly the abode of heir-looms; it was covered with beaten work of brass and steel, as bright as it could be kept. We were very much pleased with a Turkish house, with its court, and bath, and small chambers—its divan, and stairs leading to the flat roof, and above all its carved lattices.

The 'Palace' is built in the form of an oval, with a hollow centre laid out as an Italian garden, with grass and fountains and statues, and a shaded walk running round it. To this centre the sections all radiate, and over their entrance their country is inscribed, and each section is arranged in the same order—food, natural productions, machinery, fine arts, pictures, and so forth; so that if you were to pass down one section, and up another, and down through the next, and so on in turn, you would be sure of missing nothing, and in due course would have taken in the collections from each country exhibiting. We had too short a time before us to do this, and so went straight to whatever we thought of most individual interest at the time. I wanted to see the collection of religious publications, and was pleased at discovering the Monthly Packet and the Coral Magazine in conspicuous positions. Then we made our way to the Indian court, where I wished to find out the collection of work sent over by some of my Bhaghpoore orphans. Mauritius comes next; and we admired specially the fine basket-work of '*coco ouïer fibre*;' and then we were attracted by the carved wood-work from the Caucasus, and thought we should like to bring away with us some of the quaint little beads or spoons ornamented with paintings.

We took a hasty look at some of the wonders and curiosities—Serres China, Dresden glass, ebony cabinets, Russian Pietra dura, which is too beautiful for description almost, and ended with a glance at the pictures—one of W. Linnell's, 'The Shepherd divideth the Sheep from the Goats,' representing a flock in the foreground of a mountain pasture, with a flood of ruddy light shed over it, keeping our attention all to itself for many minutes. The English gallery certainly bears the palm in the matter of pictures, I think.

By this time we were terribly tired out; and passing down the chief approach amid many banners and flags and gilded staves, which look rather like gingerbread finery, we made our way over the Pont d' Jéna, and entered one of the giant omnibuses, and were drawn swiftly and quietly along the tramway, until it came to an end, when we stopped to change—not horses, but *wheels*, and in ten minutes sped on again to the Palais Royal, being charged thirty centimes for the course.

Good-night! I am too tired for more now. We shall be there again early to-morrow.

HINTS ON READING.

THE many who take an interest in the history of the hymns now happily become almost everywhere a part of our Church Services, will find much interesting information in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, annotated by the Rev. L. Coulier Biggs, (Novello.) Each translated hymn has its original printed in parallel columns, and in many cases the modern hymns are attended by Latin versions, which will enhance their value to the scholarly eye.

A graceful *Baptismal Hymn*, with music, can be procured from the printers, Messrs. Harriid.

For home reading, we greatly recommend to our readers *Sermons on the Holy Seasons*, by the Rev. G. C. Harris. (Rivingtons.) They are as deep and earnest as they are original, and speak to the point of matters of the present day, in a manner that makes them specially valuable.

Pagan's Principles of Religion is not a promising title on the back of a book; but when we open it, we find that it is a publication of Messrs. Mozley, by the Rev. S.

Pagan; and that it contains an excellent exposition of the Catechism, bringing a grand array of Fathers and Divines in the notes to illustrate every point, and the margins bristling with references to Holy Scripture. We heartily recommend it as a manual to all who desire to be able, with clear understanding, to give a reason for the hope that is in us—especially as a study to those preparing for Confirmation.

Miss Sewell's *Journal of a Home Life*, (Longmans,) is the journal kept by Mrs. Anstruther, a step-mother, who having lived at the Cape with her husband, returns a widow, to take charge of his two girls of sixteen and fifteen, who have hitherto lived with their grandmother. This lady, Mrs. Penrhyn, dislikes the new influence; and when an old friend of her own family goes to reside near Mrs. Anstruther, she promotes an intimacy with her grandchildren, which proves very undesirable. Of course, the form of the narration makes us see the whole from a single point of view; and there is no doubt that the grandmother is wrong, the step-mother right; but still Mrs. Penrhyn was not quite fairly used by Mrs. Anstruther's not writing to explain her objections to the acquaintance; and the poor girl, who gets all the blame, and deserves most of it, never receives any pity or sympathy for her very difficult predicament between the wishes of step-mother and grandmother. With this drawback, the book is full of lively interest and great excellence. The moralizings are sound, and often full of humour and keen observation; and there are some capital characters—the clergyman, and the little morbidly conscientious child, are specially original and life-like.

Dear Old England, by Miss Winscom. (Nisbet.) A sort of compilation of hand-books, which may be a useful supplement to an English geography lesson, or serve for a good school-prize.

'*So very Genteel*,' and *Mary's Trial*, are both excellent numbers of the Curate's Budget. We hope the rest of the *Saints' Day Stories* will rise above the level of either *Beatrice Lindsay's Wish*, or *The Three May Days*. We fear these criticisms on good little books often seem unkind; but we feel strongly the inexpediency of representing Church Literature among the poor by things so unreal, dull, and washy as these, when Dissenting and, far worse, irreligious books are so much better written, and entertaining. Can a man or boy of any rank or education be supposed to be edited by *The Three May Days*? Is it not more likely to confirm any unhappy fancy that religion is puerile and feminine?

The May number of *Mission Life* is most interesting: and the *Net* as much so as its size will permit.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No MS. can be returned unless the Author's name and address be written on it, and stamps be sent with it.

Contributions must often be delayed for want of space, but their writers may be assured that when room can be found they shall appear.

Thanks to M. C. T. for £1 for the *Kable Memorial*.

Declined with thanks.—Little Cristal; E. O.

The Crossing Sweeper.—Stamps were sent herewith, but the address, not being on the MS., has become detached. The MS. shall be returned on the receipt of the address.

The *Clewer Sisterhood* thanks L. A. N. for a parcel of clothes for the *Clewer Fields Mission*.

Fir Tree.—We should suppose that hopes of flies attracted your wagtail.

Violet.—We should recommend Bishop Ken's Prayers for the scholars of Winchester College, of which a modern edition may be had from Parker's (Oxford); or Mr. Brett's Office of the Most Holy Name. (Rivingtons.) We are not sure of the price of either; but neither can be more than 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d.

'Elaine' would feel much obliged if the Editor of *The Monthly Packet* could tell her where to find the quotations—

'Not lost, but gone before;'

and

'He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb.'

The Rev. Louis Coutier Biggs (who has recently published an annotated edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern, with names of Authors, &c.) gladly answers the hymnological queries in one or two late numbers of The Monthly Packet:—

'THREE IN ONE and ONE IN THREE,'

is translated (perhaps by John Marriott) from a German paraphrase of 'O Lux Beata.'

'Sion's daughter, weep no more !'

is translated, by Sir H. W. Baker, from 'Venite celo Mediator alto.'

'While shepherds watched their flocks,'

Nahum Tate, 1696; from St. Luke, ii. 8-15.

'Jesus, meek and lowly,'

Rev. Henry Collins, Roman Catholic, in Hymns for Missions, (altered.) He is also the author of 'Jesus, my LORD, my GOD, my All.'

'For man the SAVIOUR shed,'

is from the Paris Breviary hymn, 'Ex quo, Salens mortalium,' translated by the compilers of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

'What our FATHER does is well,'

is from a German hymn, by Benjamin Schmolck—'War Gott thut, dar ist wohlgethan !' The translation is Sir H. W. Baker's.

None of 'Luther's Hymn,' except the tune, was written by Luther. The German hymn on which the English was founded, is by Bartholomew Ringwald, and begins—'Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.' W. B. Collyer is the English author of several stanzas; but the author of the first is unknown.—[Grendon Vicarage, Northampton, April 26, 1867.]

Ground Ivy.—The only real objection we ever heard made to placing the Commandments over the Altar, is that they take up space that might be occupied by something more appropriate.

C.—Your first is an invidious question. We believe that all we said was, that we regretted the graceful magazine having fallen into the ugly fashion of burlesquing fairy tales. Tales of the Bush are, we believe, published by Masters, as is The Churchman's Guide to Faith and Rites, price 6d. Would not the Readings in Volume I. of The Monthly Paper serve for your dictation lessons?

M. M. would be glad to learn, through the Notices to Correspondents, who are the Authors of the following Hymns, beginning—

'Jesus Christ is risen to-day !'

and

'Eternal Father, strong to save !'

D. R. ventures to send the following, in answer to E. H.'s query. The lines—

*'Although the day be never so long,
At last it ringeth to even-song,'*

are mentioned in Southey's 'Book of the Church,' as having been spoken by George Tankersfield, one of the martyrs in Queen Mary's reign, on the day of his execution, which was delayed till the afternoon, that the sheriff's might attend a marriage feast.

Received and accepted.—Delhi Female Medical Mission; Lincoln Nursing Institution.

S. E. E.—Warfare and Rest cannot claim to be a genuine production of the sixteenth century. It is original, not translated.

M. D. wishes to know the appropriate emblem to be used for obedience in illumination.

If the inquirer from Bristol, who wished to know of books against infidelity, would address—A. D., 23, Meridian Place, Clifton, she thinks she could suggest something that might be useful.

Kate.—Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More.

IVANOVNA acknowledges thankfully £5, £2, and £2, from Three Sisters, for the St. Luke's Mission.



